

707 breh

I'm throwing up the V  
The 707  
She rolling up the tree  
707  
Got a.223 (where you from breh?)  
From the 707  
I'm throwing up the V, bitch  
From the 707

I'm a Hillside Kitty Walk nigga of course  
You bound to see a nigga do a drive by on a horse  
Country-city boy, big corn-fed nigga  
40 ounce sipper, discount liquor  
On the corner of Magazine and Sonoma Boulevard  
Across the street from Grant Street, suicide backyard  
Play them boys for false, fuck around and get stolen  
They rep that shit hard, shout out to Soulin  
I got the munchies 'cause I'm smoking on a log  
Went to Bridgeside for some Sac's hot dogs  
I'm slapping "Hubba Head" the Luvva Twins - Albino Rod  
The first record Vallejo record ever pressed up as far as hip hop  
Then came M.V.P.: 40, D-Shot, Suga, and B  
Then came The Mac, then came Mac D-R-E  
They doing the Thizz Dance in front of SolTrans  
Everybody activated with a pistol in their pants

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I was taking a shit and Cousin Fik hit me up  
He said "40 on the other line," I told that nigga "What?"  
Pressed mute, wiped my ass, bounced the fuck up  
And started talking business with the boss of where I'm from  
The seven hundred and six plus one  
I be in the trap with in the flats  
Was born in '95 and after that it's been a wrap  
I'm a hustla not no rat  
I'm about my Gouda I'm about my scratch  
I'm heading to the tippy so I'm always on my toes  
Times Herald taking pictures for so I'm striking for the pose  
My niggas on Alhambra still be playing with their nose  
Even if this rap don't blow I still get money out a ho  
I was raised by OGs so it's class in me  
I'm allergic to broke bitches so they bad for me  
You want a verse from lil Neffy then start cashing me  
Bitch I'm from Vallejo muthafucka stop asking me

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V-A-double-L-E-J-O  
Hop in this form, bitch, ride with the roller  
What's your motive? Them ain't the cops, them the rollers  
Flow straight colder, talking sicker than Ebola  
Had a tramp out in Rosa and I fucked her good  
I found out she was a ho so I kept it hood  
Yeah, we counting C-notes like a musical  
I'm slapping Young D-Boyz "Selling Cocaine as Usual"  
I went to House of Soul, I need the usual  
Never wore a suit but I'm suitable  
WataBoys down to the cuticles  
Moved to the A, the shit was beautiful  
I moved back, start killing niggas, your funeral  
I'm sideways, nigga, that-a-way  
Shout out to Legit, my nigga 40 'cause they paved the way  
Hell yeah, I'm a rep, they gonna hate me anyway (BEEZY!)  
So anyway (Feel me!)

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