

# Where I Dwell

Gangsta Blac

S-O-you-T-H, M-E-M-P-H-I-S, take a guess  
Can you figure it out, huh you see that park sign  
Huh, you know what time it is on, yeah....

Got me runnin' duck and survive, up in this rap game  
Play it fly, and movin' equipped, wid blunts and blaze man  
Suburban to the curbin', hold up cause I ain't servin'  
Jump up and get ah cut ah that stuff, get off to servin'  
Armani or some coochie, her figure mixed wid coochie  
I'm ridin' fully loaded, plus cut, whatever suits me  
Lil Buck and all your kinfolk, you know the click was my folk  
South Memphis bout to blow up, boo-hoo and they can't sop us  
So far from where I was, sometimes I feel like catchin' myself  
Before I go just let me know am I a fool wid myself  
Is spv with my wealth, is spv 'til the death  
A Gangsta B so smoke the ashes passin' pullin' that health  
So comin' simple and plain, I guess the rules ah the game  
Is hocus pocus tryna focus, barely it just maintain  
So take a smell in hell, get the loot and get bail  
Spv I dwell, and all the times shall tell

Dj Paul, Gangsta Blac everybody hate us so  
It's all about a come up man,  
Bustas can't be actin' strange  
See I dwell in spv, over here ya cannot hang  
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Fuck haters ain't savin' none ah you hoes in the never P  
The Prophet the Possee, the bhz click wid spv  
The bustas we rush 'em quick, come one come on scary bitch  
We squeezin' them forties wid the mufflers and them reds trick  
Straight at your, fuckin' dome, coward shoulda stayed at home  
Never shoulda come South, never shoulda ran his mouth  
Sherm wid Bourbon comin' through,  
Slammed wid eight killers of my crew  
We trill, we killin' already the body we spilled  
But bitch I thought you knew,  
The motherfuckin' scores, cover them holes in your fuckin' back  
You leakin' like ah faucet any second your body gon' be on flat  
Triple fuckin' Six, in your face got you shakin'  
Duck my thugs from Two Lane and Queensmound, give 'em a reason to duck,  
They never shoulda took the trip, knowin' that the Haven's buck  
Buckshots that we produce, and we leavin' 'em loose in they insides  
They bleedin' through his guts,  
The closer ya come the closer ya encounter from outer space  
The Black Haven Zone, the bhz niggas gon' take your place over

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1995, Mystic Styles the album was the shit  
Me and dj Paul hit the back and catch the fattest chicks  
We was movin' team was comin' clean wid something flexin'  
Paul bought a Bourbon after that '92 a Lexus  
Playa haters started comin' cause they saw us slammin doors

I couldn't, stop, here, they don't fuck, wid a nigga no more  
But yet I still fuck wid you, I also fuck wid business to  
Tryna stack some cheese, for the keys, to my crib fool  
Everything was cool when you saw a nigga hype the street  
Everything was true, when I said you hoes didn't fuck wid me  
Now I'm makin' money and my company is risin' quick  
Major labels callin' everyday, tryna get wid this  
Northside for life man, a nigga ain't tryna change  
I trick it wid the niggas that stay real, true to the game  
Lames don't step up, stuck up bitches need to suck, a mean ass dick  
For the nine six, fuck them ducks

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