

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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