

# The Rough Side Of Town

## Organized Konfusion

South Side's a town with a lot of hustle and bustle  
A kid got stuck for a buck under the trussle  
Died with pride, he thought he had a big heart muscle  
He fought back, but the attack was brutal

Futile to his survival and the event that his crew will  
Seek revenge on the assailants who rushed him  
They crushed him, snuffed the life all out of his body  
He had friends, a Benz with rims by Gotti

Guys wanted to beat him, girls wanted to greet him  
Kids wanted to be him when they saw him in the Coliseum  
Lots of cash hoppin' fast on the avenue  
Pump up your system loud and he'll laugh at you

'Cause under the Tec is a gooseneck  
And a Glock 9 when he stops at the light  
Pumpin' rides into the top in

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I grew up on the rough side of town, kids play stick-up  
Playing the game of survival going uptown to pick up  
Supportin' the taste with leathers and bamboos and black Timbs  
Benz parked at the curb while puffin' herb  
(Word)

Cruisin', one-six, oh, with the lean  
Sportin' BV's on the Beamer with the Italian wintergreen interior  
While the Alpine pump, you get open  
Hoppin', hopin' to catch them all open, girls scopin' as you unlock

Now you gotta go, gotta go  
Hoppin' down Merit to get back to the four, oh  
Back in the days Queens never got props  
But South Side had citywide respect plus knockouts

Forty, Baisley, Suptin, Merit  
Queens wack step back  
I don't wanna hear it I'm from

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Projectiles are fittin' inside of a clip  
And personally there's no particular name that's written  
On the side of a slug, damn, it's bugged  
When pretty women begin to bend over a drug

She used to be the type of girl that was flashy  
Now the scars from the concrete make her knees look ashy

Cops constantly stay on high speed chases  
Trying to remember faces from previous arrest cases  
Bulletproof vest is the hottest items to invest in  
Shots fired, one was hit with the hollow-tip and it caved his chest in

Kids are gathered around him coffin' quiet  
Softly they're standin' 'cause there's baby left as an orphan  
'Cause the life of an illegal entrepreneur  
Is more than a rag-a-ma-jaga, a Scorpio buy my cure

South Side, South Side  
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Your man wants to get rid of ya 'cause now you're the number  
One neighborhood pharmaceutical distributor  
How could you ever expect this  
From your man that he would plant product inside of your Lexus?

Today you're having lunch with a cutie  
You gotta hunch, you're the type of brother that's moody  
So instead you drive a sterling, lime green  
To match the colors inside of your eight ball sherling

So today he escapes fate to live another day  
To pick up scale weight inside of a ghetto  
Inside of the ghetto, cars gather together  
Gettin' ready to hop under the summer weather  
Armor all glistenin' in the sun, it's four cars

And they're each two deep  
But you still find it necessary to carry a gun  
Hoppin' to the beach with a jeep  
Full of Chinese cut broads passin' by perpetrators

Perpetratin' frauds, you're on the beach playin' cards  
Thinkin' about pickin' up a convertible Saab  
As the sun sets, you all jet inside of the ride  
But your mentality flips 'cause you gotta get back to the

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