

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

South Side, South Side, South Side
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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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