

# Kick This One

Shawnna

Now kick this one here for me and my city

Now I was rocking this party in the hundreds wilding  
You know where them killaz get right and rock a party  
From Friday to Saturday night  
Fifth of remy I'm scum and still hold the mic  
I tried to put it down, and say that I'm cool  
But they give it back to me and say continue  
That's the thing about hundreds they never give up  
On the drug and the music and all that hood stuff  
That makes ya life worth hustling for  
Projects is the crowd, the crowd that I draw  
Never am I fake, and never ever shall I be  
Ain't a chicken alive that can deal with me  
And if you think your the one, that can deal with this  
well you a... bets prepare cause I spit that shit

Kick this one for Southside  
Kick this one for the Westside  
Now kick this here for me and my city

Yo I was chilling in the 50, minding my own  
When this braod walked up with a chrome microphone  
She said "hey bitch look up, I heard about you  
So here a microphone let's see what you can do"

So I took the microphone, and I threw it to the bar  
Cause I need no assist when it comes to going hard  
When I start to rap, she start to shake  
She sort of confront me was truely a mistake  
So she picked the microphone up, and I took me a shot  
And before I turned around that bitch was down the block, Now

Kick this one for oak yell  
Now kick this one for the low end  
Now kick this one here for me and my city

Now when I'm on stage, everyone start choking  
Is it what I'm saying, or is it what I'm smoking?  
50-50 chane is what I'm blowin  
And at the same time DTP got 'em open  
If you can get hype, and sort of like loud  
Yo Jay Cee kick this one for the crowd  
I been to lots of parties, mostly off a pound  
And one thing I notice my niggaz get down  
So Hip-Hopper (Hip-Hoppers) from all around  
Look what the fuck they found

Kick this one for Chi-Town  
Kick this one for the Wild Wild  
Now kick this one here for me and my niggaz