

Trick Daddy F/ Society

"Palmdale"

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Yeah

Yeah

Just like bums, we used to stay
In the slums of LA, by the way
Gang-bangers killin' each other for reps
Sellin' rock cocaine on my doorstep
Had a ball to bounce plus a bike to ride
But my mamma never would let me play outside
But when I got enrolled in elementary school
Started bangin' like a fuckin' fool
So cool, throwin' up gang signs to the gangster beat
Shot an enemy from across the street
Mamma came home, said she got a good job
Daddy did too, now they don't squab
Financially, we improvin'
2 months later, "son, we movin"
No more duckin' from shotgun shells
Bought a two-story house in East Palmdale
Give it to me now

Palmdale, come back to me
I need you and I love you, baby
Palmdale, come back to me

Check it out, check it out, check it out
No more rats and no more roaches
Livin' next door to football coaches
Now I got a new place to sell my crack
Now I got little white kids to jack
I stopped wearin' blue, wasn't trippin' on red
Too busy squabbin' with the skinheads
Stupid questions, distract the class
Rubbin' little white girls on the ass
I didn't really care if I passed or failed
I knew I was headed for the NFL
Until the playoff game, shoulder got hurt
I thought about my future, layin' in the dirt
I can't jump, I can't flinch
Superstar player, ridin' the bench
Graduate from school? Don't make me laugh

I got an F+ in basic math
Give it to me now

Palmdale, (Hell yeah) come back to me
I gotta do one song for my neighborhood (chicken
sound)
Palmdale, come back to me

Uh, uh, check it out
I knew I couldn't make it in the white man's world
So I bought me some khakis and a Gheri curl
I knew I couldn't make it to the NFL
I went to East Palmdale and started slangin' yell
Fo' sho'! I was makin' crazy dough
Shoulda dropped outta school a long time ago
Bought a cell phone, like a nut
Now I deliver like Pizza Hut
I drunk whiskey and Bacardi
I sold dope to anybody
Me and my homies sold dubs and dimes
Took turns bustin' rhymes just to pass the time
A white man drove up to my spot
He said, 'â,¬Å“Hey homeboy, what you got?'â,¬Å□
I put a fat rock inside his hand
About 25 sheriffs jumped out the van
'â,¬Å“Get down, punk.'â,¬Å□

Palmdale, (Hell yeah) come back to me
Uh, I need you and I love you baby
Palmdale, come back to me

Check it out, check it out, check it out
Can't get drunk, can't get blunted
LA County, 95 hundred
Crips wanna take my All-stars
Bloods wanna eat my Snicker bars
Them peckerwoods don't want none
but the Mexican's straight own one
Them Essays, ???
That Essays always try to test me
So I jumped off the bed, cause I ain't no punk
Jammed his head up against the bunk
Socked that Cholo in his chin
Black mother fuckers scared to jump in
Sheriff broke it up when we hit the floor
I kept talkin' shit cause I want some more
Back in town, we get along with the brown
Now I'm in jail, they tryin' to beat me down
Jail is hell, but I'll adapt
Won't hesitate to get in a scrap.
Cause I'm down for mine, and that's for certain

Sittin' in the hole with my knuckles hurtin'

(Palmdale) Palmdale, (Hell yeah) come back to me
I need you and I love you, baby
Palmdale, come back to me

Yea, check it out homeboy
Now I got a fucked up life
Two bad kids and a naggin' wife
Dead end job at the airport
Check too short to pay the house note
Turn on the TV, then I see
Different homeboys that went to school with me
Playin' in the NFL
We used to kick back in East Palmdale
Rodney Williams, Lorenz Tate
Zeno plays for Colorado State
I wish my homeboys much success
But at the same time, I still get depressed
Walkin' through the wind with a cup full of gin
Thinkin' 'bout things I coulda, woulda, shoulda been
I wipe my tears, sip my beers, wish good luck to my
peers

(Palmdale) Palmdale, come back to me
I need you and I love you, baby
Palmdale, come back to me
Cause that's where my heartache began, heartache
began
Palmdale, come back to me
I need you and I love you baby
Palmdale, come back to me
Cause that's where my heartache began, heartache
began
Palmdale, come back to me
Hey, all the homeboys on the football team, where y'all
at man?
Palmdale, come back to me
Hey, wherever you at in the world, I don't care if you in
Japan, Africa
Hey, you know how we used to do it, man
Hey, hey, hey

Yo, let me get a Palm (Palm!)
Yo, let me get a Dale (Dale!)
Yo, what do we sell? (Yell!)
Yo, where we gonna go? (We gonna go back to jail!)
(4x)

Dale. Palmdale (Hey, everybody just clap your hands)
Dale. Palmdale (C'mon, c'mon, c'mon. Chicken noise)

Dale. Palmdale

Dale. (Where them Falcons at?) Palmdale.

(It ain't over 'til the fat man sings)

Dale. (Little Rock can't get none. What, what?) Palmdale

Dale. Palmdale

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