Disturbing Tha Peace "A-Town Hatz"

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A-Town hats and A-Town jerseys Watch them A-Town boys, they play the game dirty Matter 'fact floss in the A-Town witcha jewelry Will getcha laid down in the A-Town, shorty you heard me

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You can find me in a, Polo shirt, Polo pants, Polo boots Looking cute, in my Polo suit, that was back then in '95 (Yeah)

In West Lake, pep rally, reping, Banker High (Yeah)

Them boys ain't like it, but they had to play it cool, shorty

I'm wit them hersey roll boys, they was acting fool, shorty

You know, Cam, Chip, Zae, bought these seagulls wit me

Quincy, Langston, Ron, and Shondre was wit me

Please believe, college park, back jumping, mayne Sunday nights, Frozen Paradise, off the chain Youngsta's flossing old school, wit the candy paint Sitting on chrome feet, old enough to drank

Look, homes, this my state, my city, my home-boy So I'ma rep the park hard, for my home-boys Gotty Road, Riverdale, Hillendale, boys That jump out the day, shorty, get to take yours

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me

Uh, uh, me and the A-Town model niggas, stick to the script

You see me riding on flash, when I'm parking the whip Before I enter the club, and endangered species Looking sharper than a mugg, and them heavy creases

Bitch jumped out, Lac, wit the bump
And before they could say that it was very crunk
Get gon' and get the gat on, out of the trunk
And I walked around wit the hat on, like I was drunk

Yeah, and I play on left-field Like I swing so much iron, they call me Gary Sheffield And I'm brave as player, and I'm dead real I got them O's for them low, what you got ain't deal

Like taking pennies out ya stow, you can take
The boy off the tity, but can't take the tity off the boy
And I got so many A's, that people thought I was
cheating
Nah, got so many Z's, that people thought I was

sleeping, and them

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, it go Eastside, Flat South, Glenwood

Here we go, they call me "D-Lo, Mr. Bronx" and bitch, one-two-zero

I'm down in Jazzy T's, I spend thousand G's, I like them hoes

That dance for me, then they leave wit me

Oh, so strong hoes love the country accent Hit it a hour and a half, then she won't me back and Bitch squeeze, if it's beef, I'm bucking feels A.k.a., R. Kelly, 'cause I'm fucking with kids

You know [unverified], slouch socks, Air-Ones and braids

Throwbacks, academics, and a wave cap, old school caddy

Riding on grown men, that's how we live, you don't never

Leave the crib before ten, uh, there's just something bout us

Our system beat the loudest now we deep in the game You can never out us, think you know a nigga, greater Then bet, put money on it, please believe it In Decatur, if it ain't got twenties on it

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Shorty ya heard me, shorty ya heard me Watch them boys in them, A-Town hats, they play the game dirty Shorty ya heard me, shorty ya heard me Don't floss in the A-Town, you get laid down surely

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