

Dizzee Rascal

"H-town"

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Yo, you know I can't forget about H-town
Down south
Family, Texas (woop)
Holdin' me down from young
Trust me, trust me, trust

[Hook:]
Keepin' it trill for real
In the home of the brave
Chillin' wit' the OG's U-G-K
Rollin' up swishers, and I
Smoke Till I faint

Rollin' round H-Town where
Texas mandem hold me down
Rollin' round H-Town where
Texas mandem hold me down
Rollin' round H-Town where
Texas mandem hold me down
I said, rollin' round H-Town

[Verse 1: Dizzee Rascal]
Rollin' round H-Town where
Where Texas mandem hold me down
Actin' an arse cool me down
You know it's all mad when I'm
In town. No I don't drink, fuck the
Juice, DJ Screw got me feelin' loose.
Got diamonds in my tooth, got alot of
Money that's my excuse, sittin' in the
Slab with a trill OG, holdin' the smoke
From A big ol' tree, lookin' for a girl
With a big ol' B she can swallow these nuts
A-S-A-P
Not out tune like Pimp C, these hoes ain't
Gettin' no sympathy.
Got a whole lot of goons and whole lot of guns,
Now we in the strip club throwin' up a whole lot
Of ones, there's a whole lot of tease and a whole
Lot of bums, yeah the down south breddaahs,
They're a whole lot of fun, hypeand I never

Wanna leave,

[Hook:]

[Verse 2: Bun B]

Aw, man, got a call from a boy from
London, young kid what it do my g?

That's cool with me,
Now I'm in H-town posted up,
Let's get some drank, toast it up
Hit up the scene and light up the
Green and burn that and
Pick the rude boy up the jag,
French as fuck and we got the swag
And we rollin' clean,
and these boys wanna hate why you mad?
You don't want these boys
. .
You better back up bitch and show respect
Before you get the check

[Hook:]

[Verse 3: Trae The Truth]

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