

Dro **"Guttaville"**

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~Hook~

Guttaville, niggas pop pop, people get killed down in
Guttaville, hustle hard or broke steel down in
Guttaville, for a wait for society
Guttaville, I wish the Devil would try me

~Verse 1~

Im riding low white walls on the caddy steel
Im high as the rocks all the way to Lattyville
Not far from figures stop ask him how yah papi feel
Clean cut? keep the head nappy still
Guttaville, yeah we broke out here
Peel the road like blunts when u smoked out there
Imagine takin the stunt some place where niggas left
you
Then they tried to test you, you made them all respect
you
See, that's exactley where my people come from
The grind, the audience the slash and beans come
from
We done walked through the stormy weather slepted
with my gun
There's a lot of math i don't wanna teach to my son
The cop of rocks, the stove and the beaker be one
See the simple mind will always have to pay a hard
price
Where im from it's cold, we keep the heater at night
Chained, the only one that had to live the hard knocked
life, we from...
To the hook)

~Verse 2~

You can die on the corna come up off a quarter
Place an order, have over easy under some water
You can get whatever you need
40 ounces and weed, coca leaves cook in the kitchen,
kids play in the streets
15 with heat belt buckles stuck on they knees
Could we direspect jumpin you niggas and bleed
Money, this and burnas, cars beef and the murdas
Tryin tah change for em juss say fuck em we dirty
Get jacked for your jersey

Get that ass shot for your rims
Shootin dice broad daylight up on kakies and timbs
At the club niggas 16 deep in the truck
Niggas talkin shit they aint strapped, stupid as fuck
Built to the 51 tray you would see wat i mean
You aint gotta be an actor to get cuffed on the scene
The roads'll spot him he here for the whole part of him
He don't care he only stopped
He will ran on your whole block We from...
(hook)

~Verse 3~

Either kill or be killed
You can fake or be real, turn into somebodys
meal(chyea!)
My whole section is 8 steel
We live off of "Lets make deals with killers that take
pills"
No marta we stay real eat off your meal
Fat but posted on your god for wantin meal
God, my hood's I'll save 'em
Workin hard 9 to 5 but wont pay 'em
The Lord treat my niggas like roaches they tryna spray
'em
The government be hallin tin folk, they OK 'em
Black to the future they tryna back to the day
Us
The Devil never played for Oakland we still Raiders
Only God can save us
(hook)

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