

Horslips

"Local 580 High Ass Tha Fuck"

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[Chorus: PxMxWx (The Big Man)]

Local 580, Local 5

Local 5, Local Local 580

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Local 5, Local 5

Local Local 580

[Lil Slim]

Here comes an all star rapper,

Blowin' blunts with "The Big Man"

I'm the dick slanger that these niggas just can't stand

Since I'm a fuckin' hustler bout bills and mills

They got buster ass niggas try'na test my skills

The Local 580 is where the gangstas dwell

When I'm not spittin' gangsta shit I got dope to sell

Cause I'm "Tha Lil' One" ready to peel one

Itchin' to pull the trigger, from my brand new gun

Smoke bailin' out my nose, feelin' real tore down

I'm "Thug'n & Pluggin" cause I'ma Ca\$h Money clown

Tec-9?

[Tec-9]

What up nigga?

[Lil Slim]

Do me a favor?

[Tec-9]

What's that?

[Lil Slim]

Load me gun and motherfuck play a hater

Smokin' blunt after blunt

But I'm up on my game but

These scandalous ass hoes

Put dirt in niggas names

I'm so tore down, I'm so tore down

Damn! Pimp! I feel ya callin' cause I'm so blowed down

[Yella Boy]

I said to blow me a gun, now smoke, now blow me a
gun,
Now smoke, now blow, blow me a gun, now smoke, now
blow
Blow me a gun, now smoke, now blow
I need that bud in my life to propalize a situation
Hurry up in lite that shit ain't got no time
For no fakin' I'm down with Two plus One
That's the story we crackin' faces
Like Nate Dogg and Warren G
It's time to regulate the situation
Blow me a gun, now smoke, now blow me a gun,
Now smoke, now blow, blow me a gun, now smoke, and
now
Blow me a gun, now smoke, now blow
Cause I heard that had them sac's in the bricks ya see
Nickel, dime, quarter even halves ya see
I like to smoke a blunt on a regular fuckin' basis
Take that bitch straight to my head, it makes me
Make many faces, now I'm walkin' up the block
Seein' Boo-Koo fiends, they can never boot me up
Cause, I'm a Third Ward King
Now the Edward Sweet in the cigar we use
I can never forget about the hoe, cause it makes it burn
smooth and
I hope ya brought some incense, cause we gonna do it
again
I'ma keep on boastin' my high, I'ma keep on makin' my
head spin
I got sweet in the tires for my nigga Lil Slim
PMW is in the back with the "Juice in Gin"
Now pay attention to the next story, as it is told
Local 580 is on a mission and you know we stay blowed

[Gangsta Dee]

I say we back, and we still gettin' paid gee
Ca\$h Money Family better known as Local 580
The real ass niggas that

[Mr. Ivan]

Piggy de pop up on that ass bitch!

[Gangsta Dee]

Nigga we the rollers, so motherfuck that dumb shit
I'm down with old gee's I'ma B.G.
Out the One Three, the set that I'm claimin'
You know it's really Valence Street
For those who don't know
B.G. is Baby Gangsta
If you try to play me I'ma play you like a pranksta

Baby and Slim they stand they grounds real tall
They look out for a lot of people so God's gonna
Bless y'all, but I'ma nigga bout gettin' paid
Them punk niggas gettin' sprayed
Them freaks come tweakin'
Without no money they gettin' laid
Cause I'm gettin' paid, that's all it's about
The Local 580 niggas will put a dick in yo mouth
I'ma heart breakin' nigga, I've been slingin' that iron
Well fuck o'l dog, cause bitch I don't mind dyin'
My nigga the Mannie Fresh will have ya jumpin'
Out of ya seat, he slam the dick in yo mouth,
Like he slam them funky beats
Well I'm a gangsta hoes be strugglin'
Better they be strivin'
I'm down with UNLV, Pimp Daddy, Lil Slim and Mr. Ivan
P-M-W a nigga that's about that pap
Some old Valence Street nigga's Suga Slim and Baby
Well I'ma Gansta with the Local 5-8-0

[Chorus]

[Kilo-G]

The Local 5 is gettin' high of the fire ass smoke
Smokin' the gangster fat blunts gettin' ready to break
You nigga's of a chunk, if you want some motherfucker
So check my nuts them me grabs me glock
The split yo fuckin' wig the fuck up fool
I get's ill on the real deal
If yo dog ass can't recognize I'ma have to propalize
A real gangsta situation , and bust ya me told ya not to
step
Me gives a fuck so where my Neanors at?
That fire ass chronic had me trippin' again
Had me wantin' to grab my gat and
Bang them bitches still it start to clickin'
But it ain't no need to throw a hoe stroke
When I can smoke that weed, and stay constantly
blowed
All the time, me keeps my nine, and it's on my mind
To bigge buck buck! don't even try to blow my high
Gangsta leave 'em paranoid and stumpin' him with my
trigger
Bangin' up Bangvro, I'm killin' with my Uzi nigga
Because the fools in my click is dope
The Local 5 Mob is gettin' gangstaly blowed nigga

[Mr. Ivan]

Buckin' 'em on that ass for the Nine-Four
Mister Mr. Ivan nigga the gangsta from the 5-8-0
We kickin' blah blah! rollin' up a blunt full of that

chronic
A slug you can find that where the Luger-9 at?
I got my fire gat, How the fuck ya think you can hit my
swisher
A Hockey Mask murderin' motherfucker
Bitch, I hope ya got yo picture hmm
Yo brains all over the side walk
I only want to get blowed with the blunt in my mouth
Bitch I don't wanna talk
Situation kind of scandalous
I'm breakin' out the boy's so bitch ass can't get away
With the fuckin' madness, bluk bigge-de bluk
When the sound of my bullet hit 'cha
Hittin' straight from Luger for yo face
I don't give a fuck, give me a gun to blow my brains out
Smokin' on that chronic gettin' blowed,
You know what I'm talkin' about
You wanna get blowed with an Ninth Ward nigga the
Gangsta
Strapin' up the weed pipe with a motherfuckin' hanger
Hmm, ya dirty Bi-tch, why the fuck you all on my back
Bluk-Bluk Bluk! yo janky ass all over the chronic sac
Smokin' out the blunt, givin' ya what 'cha fuckin' want
You at my tip, pass the blunt, I pass ya with the gun
Shoot you in yo head till you dead then I'ma blah!
Fuckin' with an Ninth Ward nigga I'm on yo ass!

[Tec-9]
Well if you know this or not
Shit's real hot, and all you suckers better hold up
Cause this track is swole up
Don't need nothin' but for my niggas to support me
Talkin' bout the Local 580
A group of gangsta ass niggas
That hang real tight, got a lot of enemies
Cause we doin' it right, stop in yo tracks and
Set you a few feet back, I got my glock, I got my glock
So nigga I'm bout to pop, before I got to get my serve
on,
I need about an ounce of that dank, so I can
Get my fuckin' blunt on, called up Big Man ya see
Get in the Vile nigga let's chill, got to get smoked up
So that we can feel, the insides of a pussy
Before I start to stickin' I grab my lighter and
Start to flickin' to an fire ass blunt
So nigga don't stunt, and I'm smokin' to my eye's get
swole
Cause a nigga from the Local 580 stay gettin' blowed

[Chorus]

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