

## Horton Johnny

### "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 Local 580, Local 5

Local 5, Local Local 580

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 slangin' 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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