

## Lucky 7

### "City To City"

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[Intro]

Where we at?

Ft. Lauderdale, one of the seediest towns in the country. It's gross. Sex shops galore.

You like it?

I feel right at home.

[Chorus]

Hey, city to city

Hey, one shot tonight (one shot tonight, y'all)

Hey, city to city

Hey, one shot tonight

(Toothpick)

And I stop when I couldn't go  
Feet are deep, go pop when I hear da flow  
I'd roll with my sock cause I slide down  
Lie down in the back with the top down  
Relax any place that I might go  
Tight flow, and I'll leave with the right ho  
Back down when it come to the quick draw  
Act out, cut rhymes like a jigsaw  
Big dog line up on the front line  
Insane, smoke weed in the daytime  
Take mine, waste time in the bus back  
Roll up with a philly and a dub sack  
Know that this cat got a attitude  
Show up, how I do what I gotta do  
And it's all for the love of the game, see?  
I stand tall and this shit don't change me.

[Chorus]

Time zones, area codes, and clones  
Truckstops and microphones  
And there ain't enough free petrone  
To make a motel feel like home  
When you got none

I can't stop when I'm in demand

I go exile, AWOL, and back again  
We stand stuck to the plan  
I grew up from a mixed up kid  
To mixed up kid with a van

Banned in several places  
Pissed off dad's in several cases  
Pissed off fans on the Net  
Talking shit that we changed  
But never show their faces

And if you want out, lookee, now is your chance  
Otherwise put that little finger back in your pants  
'Cause we ain't gonna stop. I know where I am:  
Putting miles on this fucking van  
Come on

[Chorus]

The rubber hit the ground  
The kid was never crowned  
I'm looking at the shit  
That's ahead of me now

I got my head high  
Mind higher  
Flipping off the world  
Before I jump in the fire

I got a hand in my pocket  
One's full of a Red Stripe to get comfortable  
I sleep with the sunrise, blue skies,  
A pair of sunglasses, and bloodshot eyes

I've been to the Roseland and the Troub  
I'm probably even playin' in your living room  
I trashed all your treasures, drank your mom's gin,  
Fucked your girlfriend, and I'll do it again.

[Chorus]

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