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Lucky Boys Confusion "City To City"

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[Intro]

 $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{c}\hat{a}, \neg \tilde{A}, \hat{A}$ Where we at? $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{c}\hat{a}, \neg \tilde{A}, \hat{A}$ one of the $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{c}\hat{a}, \neg \tilde{A}$..."Ft. Lauderdale $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{c}\hat{a}, \neg \tilde{A}, \hat{A}$ one of the seediest towns in the country. It's gross. Sex shops galore. $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{c}\hat{a}, \neg \tilde{A}, \hat{A}$ $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{c}\hat{a}, \neg \tilde{A}, \hat{A}$ $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{c}\hat{a}, \neg \tilde{A}$..."You like it? $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{c}\hat{a}, \neg \tilde{A}, \hat{A}$ $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{c}\hat{a}, \neg \tilde{A}$..."I feel right at home. $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{c}\hat{a}, \neg \tilde{A}, \hat{A}$

[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 x-out, 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 arrest; stop 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 truth
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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