

Mandy

"Town Shit"

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This is my townshit, (townshit...)
Wit the Raleighs, for the niggaz, that whoride

Chorus:

This is my townshit for the niggaz
in the 'Maros and the Mali's wit the Raleighs
This is my townshit for the niggas that whoride and the
bustas high side
This is the townshit where we have sideshows that get
raided by the five-o's
This is my townshit for the niggas, that strap gats, and
accumulate scratch

This is my townshit for the niggas in 'Maros and the
Mali's wit the Raleighs
And the kits can't forget the 'Stangs the Coupes, and
old schools wit the duals
Sittin on gold ones, beats in the trunk straight blowin
for blocks
But ain't trippin on the cops, ballers ballers
Knots in ya pocks, non-stop action
Hoes be flaggin, playas down in the traffic
And vice versa action, tongue lashin
Pooh butts be draggin, so they get passed by
But don't blame it on the high
Just smash off and better luck next time
You hittin the strip, don't trip, cause every few blocks
You run into a knot ya stop and pop one
Sittin pretty tight, holla at me later on good night, trick
This is my townshit

This is my townshit for the niggaz
in the 'Maros and the Mali's wit the Raleighs
This is my townshit for the niggaz that whoride and the
bustas high side
This is the townshit where we have sideshows that get
raided by the five-o's
This is my townshit for the niggaz, that strap gats, and
accumulate scratch

Let me touch down on makin paper hit on the pager I
do you little favor
For a fee, I pitched it to my foleys we skin deep you're
crossed we
And re-ve-enge we blend in like two chameleons
can't see our skin when we bounce in
Cause we be covered in leather, and it goes down
however
we want us and when we
slide up on ya on the corner and start bustin like
whoridas
With them choppers, makin niggas wanna retire, and
that's how you handle your
business, man, what is this?

This is my townshit for the niggaz
in 'Maros and the Mali's wit the Raleighs
This is my townshit for the niggas, that strap gats, and
accumulate scratch

Mr. Critical don't wanna get physical,
I'm freakin this empty signal as Big Nose
Jay-Z or Reggie, are they ready for some straight laced
who rida joggin
That we be splurgin lurkin nightstalkin
chalkin fools up in the list a hits and
check this

[Saafir]
Westbound lick the town shit give me a pound shit
Give it playa status and smash it to ya hideout
Then knock on me on ya block foley on a come up
Till the sun's up gettin this paid another who-rida
Escapade-us, the greatest side-show on earth
Was givin birth in a town-bitch
Cowards get infected by a five-O can't feel nuthin
but a cool, calm and collected
when I ride though
Sideways on a hoe call her a bitch then bump this
gold fingers on bomb tell ya son
got that townshit

This is my townshit for the niggaz
in the 'Maros and the Mali's wit the Raleighs
This is my townshit for the niggaz that whoride and the
bustas high side
This is the townshit where we have sideshows that get
raided by the five-o's
This is my townshit for the niggaz, that strap gats, and
accumulate scratch
This is my townshit for the niggaz in the K5, who ride,

stay high, you know

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