

## Concrete Blonde

### "V-Town"

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(\*dial tone\* )  
(Hi, the state and what city, please?)  
Vallejo, bitch!

Ha yeah, what's up though  
We got some players in the concert tonight  
and they all from the V-Town  
These muthafuckas is dope though  
I'm tellin you, bro  
you ain't never heard no shit like this befo'  
So Jay Tee, step up to that mic and tell em how you  
rollin

[ VERSE 1: Jay Tee ]

A 40's what I'm holdin when I'm rollin around  
We got the top down bumpin the sound  
It's the boys from the V-Town, come right inside,  
straight pimpin  
Dip, hit the strip, I take another sip, then  
Kick back and count my bank, yeah, I got dank  
Straight skunk, that shit that stank  
So now I got my mail on, got another sale on  
I don't care who you tell, I got my bail on  
Fuck jail, man, I'm out on the street  
Here to kickin it with the crew or with a young freak  
It's Jay Tee comin cooler than most  
Rhyme sayer, pipe layer from the West Coast  
Where we toast, kick up and hang  
No, we don't gangbang, it's just a crew thing  
So you know that I'ma always be down  
(With who?) With the muthafuckin V-Town

V-Town, V-Town  
(Vallejo, Californ-i-a) --> Mac Dre

[ VERSE 2: TL ]

Once again in my 'Lac, strictly sex on my mind  
Got the kind so it's time to relax and unwind  
( ? ) I need to get my yak on  
Once I get a rock on I'm gonna throw a sack on  
So it really doesn't matter if she's thinner, if she's

fatter

Than a bus, all I'm gonna do is bust nuts up in her guts  
Trust, thrust just a little more till I hit the vibration  
Down on my fours, finish up my nut  
I make you come through, gee  
Look at my pager, it'll say 553-  
0461 ( ? )

The Vogues got the hoes just waitin in line  
( ? ) TL (back to the hotel)  
And after that we'll (hit another hotel)  
If the bed is taken throw her on the ground  
Cause yo, that's how we sling it in the V-Town

V-Town, V-Town  
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[ VERSE 3: Jay Tee ]

Now it's the V-a-double l-e-j-o  
We hope you know that ( ? ) with a hoe  
Cause yo, the players don't roll like they don't do it  
But no one's gonna know that every player's been  
through it  
So buy you some ( ? ) and everything'll be cool  
And just to be safe, yo man, you better wear two  
Cause yeah, they thick and they all look good  
But they hot as a fire and they burnin like wood  
In the V-Town...

Now when I say the V I mean Vallejo  
You gotta have game to stack your mail  
You see the times is tough and the streets is rough  
But hey, nobody said that you was put here to play  
So just be a mack like me (Jay Tee)  
Get signed to Rated Z and get paid correctly  
I make my money, then bounce  
Jump in the train with a real cold 40 ounce  
Before I sleep with sluts, playin nothin but old cuts  
I'm feelin on big butts  
I love life, no wife, I'm just straight up mackin  
The big dollars I'm stackin  
The plug is on every time that I pick up the mic  
I do what I feel and I say what I like  
I'm on top cause you know I've always been down  
(With who?) With the muthafuckin V-Town

V-Town, V-Town  
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[ VERSE 4: B-Legit ]

Legit from the Click, yeah bitch, I'm down  
Another muthafucka representin the Town  
I'm from the V-Town Hillside ( ? )

Two-inch white walls, Vogues and Zeniths  
You gotta be right when you side with B  
It ain't too ( ? ) when they're fuckin with me  
(What you got?) Gold tone plate with the shoes to  
match  
(What else?) Gold pin stripes and gold tone sacks  
Sick Click shit, man, that's for reala  
And California lifestyle's cool, killer  
Late night loungin, I'm in pursuit  
Of naythin but legs open after two  
So I hops in my coupe and I'm after a  
Bitch in a '92 Acura  
Straight ( ? ) and you know I'm down  
I'm up in em when I bust one for the V-Town

[ VERSE 5: E-40 ]

Magazine Street, Hillside  
Vallejo, let's side  
Would you look, would you listen  
I know you're sayin to yourself: E-40's missin  
But man tiger, I was outside of Rated Z pissin  
Comin off ( ? ), perved, keyed out my fuckin head  
Burnt, twisted, eyes bloodshot red  
On the cooch muthafuckas don't want me to let loose  
We get our 'Lacs, me, Muggsy, Mac D-Shot, Lil' Bruce  
The Valley-Jo, these are the things that you need to  
know, man  
The shit I'm spittin, niggas don't understand  
Speakin up for my land ( ? ) all that old shit  
Straight up out of Vallejo, E-40 and the Click  
Scattin Cutlasses, the beat is boisterous  
Smokin muthafuckas like a clitoris  
Me and N2Deep, you know we're at this  
E-40 holdin his ground  
(For who?) For my folks in the V-Town

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