

Conway Twitty & Loretta Lynn

"Dedication"

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[Mr. Do It 2 Death talking]

So you wanna spread a lot of talk about my city
Milwaukee huh

All that talk about Laverne and Shirley
Happy Days, all that bullshit
What the fuck ya think, ain't no niggaz here
We got something fo ya mutha fuckas
I got something fo ya mutha fuckas

[Chorus]

Ain't been to the city in awhile
Now we had to shout ya'll down
And if you don't let us thru the do'
We'll have to go and get the 4-4
Oh act like you didn't know
(?) hoes
I know one thang fo sho
Betta not bring your ass hoe

[Coo Coo Cal talking]

All my Thug P niggaz
All my Hillside niggaz
All my (?) Park niggaz
All my tre-8 niggaz

[Mr. Do It 2 Death talking]

All my 4-5 niggaz
All my 2-6 niggaz
My tre-4 niggaz
My 4-8 niggaz

[Coo Coo Cal talking]

All my Eastside niggaz
All my Northline nigaz
All my Park 9 niggaz
All my North Meadow niggaz

[Mr. Do It 2 Death talking]

All my Hillside niggaz
My 2-8 niggaz
My 2nd & Keith niggaz

All my Rest In Peace niggaz

[Verse 1: Coo Coo Cal]

It's Milwaukee Wis-consin, stompin' over the game of rap
Got lil' pimp in us, (?) got game and a strap
It's where the thugs stay and drugs lay
But hungry hoes will pack your shit and turn some tricks(?)
We play the game till the last quarter
If money drop like the spot then you can't leave till the last boulder
We gettin' older, and wise 'n rise wit advengance
Puttin away then 'lacs and comin back slid'n in dem Benz's
We blowin' up like the World Trade
Half of the scratch we pack,
come from rap, and all the rest your girl made
So if we don't see you at the top
wavin' hangin outta drop dawg
bumpin one of my songs that got the game on lock
Top of the charts with this hardest rap
It's Coo Coo Cal child representin Milwaukee where I started at
Whoever thought of that of us bubblin up like champaigne
Ridin' thru your city on dem thangs nigga, fo real

[Chorus]

Ain't been to the city in awhile
Now we had to shout ya'll down
And if you don't let us thru the do'
We'll have to go and get the 4-4
Oh act like ya'll didn't know
(?) city hoes
I know one thang fo sho
Ya betta not bring your ass hoe

[Mr. Do It 2 Death talking]

All my 2-9 niggaz
My 8-tre niggaz
All my 1-4, 1-5, and 1-9 niggaz

[Coo Coo Cal talking]

All my 86 niggaz
My 6-tre niggaz
My 2-4 niggaz
and my 1-9 nigga

[Mr. Do It 2 Death talking]

All my eye-to-eye niggaz

My stumppdown niggaz
My Infinite 4-5 niggaz
and Block Mob niggaz

[Coo Coo Cal talking]
All my O.P. niggaz
My PPD niggaz
My 2-7 niggaz, and dem 4-5 niggaz

[Verse 2: Mr. Do It 2 Death]
Nigga, fuck what ya heard, Milwaukee County 'till they
down me
Do It 2 Death Midwest you know how my town be niggaz
Big pimpin', ridin' 20 inches
Twerkin in Excursion, workin dem thirty-sixes
Pimps up, hoes down, canny-ivy
All the niggaz be-sheist hoes, greezy-grimmy
Love my city these streets remind me
All the days I used to hustla wit dem D's behind me
Hello, niggaz still ghetto, still playin' games
Still Jheri-curl'd up, still slang 'caine
Milwaukee County niggaz here now, still gone change
We the last niggaz to get in this game, holla

[Chorus]
Ain't been to the city in awhile
Now we had to shout ya'll down
And if you don't let us thru the do'
We'll have to go and get the 4-4
Oh act like ya'll didn't know
(?) city hoes
I know one thang fo sho
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