

T. Rex

"Bankhead"

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Westside niggas
(hey, hey, hey, hey)

[Chorus]

I got my 44's, and my dro
And my Chevy on 24's
And hoe, now where am I supposed ta go
I got my 44's, and my dro
And my Chevy on 24's
And my hoe, now where am I supposed ta go

[T.I.]

Ya see me ridin in the chevy 44 on the seat
With a quarter "o" of blow gettin loaded with C
No tag no license, trunk loaded with d
Ridin fluids in the e, when we know to be
If you wanna assault ya think I'm stoppin' you must be
fuckin? with me
If they don?t wanna die tonight
They best stop fuckin? with me
Ima pull over in bowen homes
And my cousins with me
And they gon hide me in they home while they lookin?
for me

[Young Dro]

We the neighborhood superstar
Pimp a chevy pullin? hard
Thousand dollars worth of dimes
In the trunk with rockstars
We puttin fear in cowards hearts
When they see us on the block
Swirvin? in the deuce and quarter
Bustin shots just because
The hell I care about gettin caught
Im makin? bail by 12 o?clock
Back in the spot with the same old serve and drop
I pull a hoe in Bangkok, drop her off at T.I.Ps spot
Im burnin? rubber fuck the cops
Another day on my block

[Chorus]

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And my Chevy on 24's
And my hoe, now where am I supposed ta go
I got my 44's, and my dro
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And my hoe, now where am I supposed ta go

[P\$C]

I'm Cadillac Daddy pulled up on some hoes from old
natty
Said I'm Pimp Squad hoe what's happenin
West Side gettin them panties snappin
She asks me can I do the Laffy Taffy
I said I do it to make the pussy happy
Lets get em room over in Virginia
Step inside a suite and then continue
You in here for a lil fender bender
Baby just remember make it quick
You niggas kinda know me im the shit

Im the in the bubble, kush Chevy
Well at least that's what it smells like
Hit the gas, poof, I blowin out the tailpipes
Tailpipe that's all these hoes wanna lick for the night
I treat them like Tina beat the pussy and ya call me Ike
That's right monsta ride sittin? on the 28's
It sounds like a stadium, you woulda thought the
braves played
The engine runnin? like Vick
What the falcons on ya hood
Mr. Mr. Westside
Yeah and you know they in my hood

[Chorus]

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And my Chevy on 24's
And my hoe, now where am I supposed ta go
I got my 44's, and my dro
And my Chevy on 24's
And my hoe, now where am I supposed ta go

Aint no tellin where im goin?, once I'm steppin? out
Sippin on the high life
Windows up in the clouds
Open up the console that's where I got my gun right
After that get the finger role and blow one
I got the "vitamins" make em freak
Fuck all night
Hoes know killas on the Westside
Earn stripes make the money turn right

This the kid just to get my peeps and my grillz swirvin?
Off church street all the pimp God gave me skills

I was born up in Bankhead
Dro you all remember me
Way back in 83', T.I. stayed on the street for me
Just cause im from Bankhead, niggas havin? beef with
me
Half never seen a G, in the cab of my beamer(BMW) V
10 screens fallin', my Chevy watchin? lean on me
Ridin? down simpson about to waste my Purple lean' on
me
Purple ??isn't clean?? on me, the whole zone three wit
me
Waffle house charges
Yella Black I got a bee on me

[Chorus]
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