

RZA**"West Savannah"**

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[Big Boi]

February 1st, 1975 it happened

Was born in West Savannah way before I started rappin

My mamma had a nigga at the age of fifteen

My daddy was sellin that sack, now he's gots

responsibilities

Stayed at me granny's while me mammy was at work

and she couldn't watch my every move so shit I started

servin

Around Frazier Home, down in the West Side projects

Changin over foodstamps, and hittin a lick was next

see

I'm just a playa like that, my jeans was sharply creased

I got a fresh white t-shirt and my cap is slightly pointed

East

So flyin, or floatin, a Brougham is what I'm sportin

Sade is in my tape deck, I'm movin in slow motion boi

So meet me deep in the streets that's where I learned

the capers

Us lickin blunts, lickin leaves, rollin reefer papers

I'm slightly slouched, in the seats off in my bucket

But the niggaz around the Ave. and the hoes, they love

me

They wanna be me and my family too

Because the money that I make be puttin cable off in

every room

So follow the beans, follow my lead through the nooks

and crannies

It's everyday life off in my hood so come and holla at

me

But go 'head on, with that foolishness bitch

Let me get lovely with my swerve because I'm true to

this shit

And if you comin with eight dollars, you shit out of luck

Because the West Side ain't takin no shorts on the dime

So fire it up

Chorus:

Now now now nine in my hand, ounce in my crotch

Diggin the scene with a gangsta slouch,

mmmmhmmmm!

(like that now, like this, and it don't quit, and it don't stop)

Nine in my hand, ounes in my crotch

Diggin the scene with a gangsta slouch,

mmmmhmmmm!

(and it don't stop, and it don't quit, it's like that and ah)

See, niggaz in the South wear gold teeth and gold chains

Been doin it for years, so these niggaz ain't gone change

They comin around the ghetto so you might call em soul

Been wearin furry Kangol's, so that shit is old

You might slang a rock or two just to pay the rent

Five dollars for a table dance so now your money's spent

You listen to that booty shake music in your trunk as long as there's that "tic tic" followed by that bump

I'm down to stick a hoe if she got a G-strang

Cause the niggaz in the Pointe ain't changed, main

You might call us country, but we's only Southern

And I don't give a fuck, P-Funk spot to spark another

Chorus w/ variations (repeat to end)

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