

Dave Strait**"Chi Town"**

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Verse 1:

Uh, any chance I get I'm on a plane
I book advance tickets and pay the fees with no complaints
In the summer its off the hook no time to waste
Just lie at the lake and I'm shoulder dry to the taste
Even though some niggas I grew up with hate
I keep a few good homies that try to stay outta jail
Tonio tell me what the bail is it'll be there
And when you get out my coke tail here
The crack head deals in my daddy
And all he seem to dream about is bad ass habits
The gun shots scream loud
So I soak the radio from upstairs to outside the house
With the extended cord no night is boring
On the front porch even if its pouring
In the summer, winter, fall, or spring
I love it when my bitches and my ballers sing

Chorus:

Chi town chi town the city where I'm from
As a kid to who I become live to get what I want
Chi town the city with the best skylines
Born there that's home there in my lifetime
Chicago show'em how we do
The best place some hate but they still come through
Chi town the city with the best skyline
Born there that's home there in my lifetime

Verse 2:

The liquor store on every corner packed
The bus run twenty-fo and my stop Jackson
Fire hydrant busted time for action
Niggas come out like its the beach in Miami
The cops chase thieves all through the alley and don't stop
These niggas kill for rocks
If you can't stand up for your spot don't squat
Shop for a vacant lot or get shot
Cuz Chicago niggas don't play them games

When it comes to slanging them thangs for the money
mane
Fuck around and get short for the playas ball
And call don Juan to flash green on yall
The pimps got the hoes pinned up on the wall
Just pass me the blunt and I puff it all
In the summer, winter, fall, or spring
I love it when my bitches and my ballers sing

Chorus

Verse 3:

Don't worry about what I do for my city
Some of yall run your mouth too much and what a pity
If you outside looking in, shit seem pretty
But its a lot of shit to do with bitch...I did it
I'm cold in the winter my mink track the flow
With the hat to match cadillacs in the snow
If its a block party the whole hood know
Niggas from 3 and 1st streets overcome the smoke
Its K Town times 22 next shine
Who label he on mine Westside nigga right
To my Southside niggas and my Eastside niggas
And my Northside niggas get high
We really don't give a fuck what side you from
Just keep on hollering out Chi!!!
In the summer, winter, fall, or spring
I love it when my bitches and my ballers sing

Chorus: say 2x

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