

## Mason Mila

### "In My City"

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[Hook - 2x]

The things, that's on my mind  
When I be sliding by, in my city (in my city)  
It's the things, that's on my mind  
When I be sliding by, in my city (in my city)

[Z-Ro]

I bet you wanna know what's on my mind, when I be  
sliding by  
Mean mugging, relieving some of this stress don't fuck  
with me  
You'll get this beam, cause I ain't trying to look in the  
rearview  
Cause if I done passed it, it's forward march tired of  
living in the past  
bitch  
Wearing pain like it's cologne, y'all niggaz tell me to be  
strong  
But y'all niggaz don't even know, what the fuck is really  
going's on  
After done-datta, searching for my throne I reign  
someday  
Heartless motherfucker, celebrate Black Sunday  
I blow dro, as the dirt covers the coffin up  
Life is so fucking hard, Jesus will it ever soften up  
I'm tired of crying tears in my eyes, when I roll through  
And I don't trust nobody, that's why I act like I don't  
know you fools  
Y'all niggaz might fuck around, and jack your dog  
That's the reason why when we be chilling, my pistol  
still up in my palm  
Cause I done seen some fucked up shit, at the red light  
Quickly pass on get my ass on, and keep my head right

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil Boss Hogg]

I'm on a gangsta roll, in my two do' Regal  
With four 12's in my trunk, that'll bump like a beetle  
Under the seat is the desert eagle, for you and your  
people

Think you seen it the first time, this ain't nothing but a sequel  
Niggaz is hating my G's, keep skating my plates stay scraping  
I get most of my product, from Eses to Jamaicans  
Bandanas on my left antenna, and they can't standing  
The scene is abandoned, when the first shot is fired and landed  
Two deep sliding my mask on, really get my blast on  
Creeping on cowards cocked up in a Coupe, getting my sag on  
Lift the front end up, let the ass end just drag on  
Me and a couple of loc niggaz, up in a rag rome  
Five deuce and six zones, six treys and six fo's  
BMG B's down moves, tree tops and windows  
Penitentiary poems on fo' do's, dipping in low low's  
Finger fucking my 4-4, on a bitch made nigga fo' do'

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

Slow mo', when on the block 4's glide so gangsta  
Trunk banging and screens raining, let my top down tailored  
Nothing but money to make, sliding through the West  
Niggaz left me for dead, so now I be equipped with a vest  
I got my mug on mind frame, on leave me alone  
I ain't gotta explain shit, you niggaz better get the fuck on  
I done beat the game, just like my brother would say  
If you keep them niggaz away, you live to see another day  
I had a hater watching me, (what happened to that boy)  
I caught him slipping, and committsed a clapping through that boy  
I'm in hella-fied zone, trying to get my rhyme on  
If I can't fuck it, I'ma still be breaking down zones  
From the bottom to the top, from the top back to the bottom  
Whatever they want whatever they need, believe I got em  
It ain't no slowing down my hustle, with the block dried out  
I'ma bleed every section, until the block bleed out

[Hook - 2x]

[Hook - 2x]

