

Welcome To My City

Hustle Gang

Broadcastin' live from the mothafuckin' gutter
With a semi-automatic, sellin' slabs with the butter
Me, my partna, my cousin, my brotha tryna duck them suckas
And dodge undercover like a Charger
Every day they see us outside, try to charge us
Bail on they ass, I'ma make 'em do their job bruh
Chopper spit a hundred, better pull out that revolver
It'll take more than a robber to rob 'em
Duh, I'm king of the mothafuckin' town
Where the work come first and it all go down
Where the broads so down to get the mall tore down
Where that nigga ride dirty with a hundred club pound
Ridin' 'round in the trunk, fuck around if you want
Nigga lookin' for some trouble, you can find what you want
Get slapped right now, pussy nigga say I won't
Made 80k today, I never see a day I don't
Hey nigga pull up with your order, ain't no speakin' on the phone
Cause the money too long, can't leave shit alone
Home of the drop Chevy, the Chevelles and the dope
Where them suckas can't chill but the real niggas don't
I move a bale in a day, hundred ki's in a month
Sellin' hard in the back, nun' but weed in the front
Nigga might fuck around, make a mil' in a month
Where the suckas can't hear but the real niggas won't

I'd like to welcome you to my city, nigga, welcome you to my trap
Oh, welcome you to my city, nigga, welcome you to my trap
I treat my city just like my trap, I treat my city just like my trap
I treat my city just like my trap, I treat my city just like my trap

I'd like to welcome y'all to my city, welcome y'all to my trap spot
Step up in my kitchen, there's a digi scale and a crack pot
That glass pot is for collard greens, and speakin' of that we got collard greens
White boy, that Charlie Sheen, nigga fuck the club, come shop with me
I'm from the home of the , where they robbed and shot niggas
Half a bag get you dropped, nigga, hearts colder than popsicles
I swear it's a jungle out here, it's like Jumanji out here
Niggas got the munchies out here, this my trap, I'm runnin' this shit
It's 4th and long and I'm goin' for it, I said I'm runnin' this shit
Cause chances make champions, y'all niggas puntin' and shit
I done made more plays than Nick, Saban like a caveman
I'm in the trap and I ain't comin' out 'til a young nigga got Ray-Bans

Here where you gon' need some manners, here where you gon' need a blammer
Oh you still swerve in a Phantom, it is outside of Atlanta, boy chill out
When fuckers around, it be stressin', snatch your ass up out the Lexus
Better be through with the flexin', time you get off of my exit
I see the trap through my lenses, for the yola
I pull them hoes out them Benzs, I said I don't buy Corollas
I keep nothin' here but the gas, that's why you smellin' an odor
I get too much of the paper, I just might need me a folder
Half a bag of gas, that's like 20 hundreds
I be eatin' shrimp, meet me up at Benihana's
I can't take no L, we done come too fuckin' far
I don't got no scale, exit out the fuckin' car

and the heats off sendin'
I don't wanna talk about the freaks I'm hittin'
In the streets I'm winnin' with the cleats on in it
Louis Vuitton shoes and the Keystone denim
In the Chi gettin' money with the peace on in it
See me with the GD's and peace throw niggas
Everything paid, nigga lease long, nigga
Try somethin' slick, you meet the wrong nigga
I'm certified in the streets
Got 4 on call with choppers
I ain't worried 'bout a beat
You know you heard about a G
Niggas murder 'bout me
I'ma leave that alone, I'ma get me some money
I deserve quite a fee, I'm the early Tyson, G, I'll knock me a nigga out the
real way
I learned that one in the trap, 'round the candy lady and the real J's
Sold dope to keep a bankroll, but I cash in the city, you're irrelevant
But whatever we do, ain't a goddamn fool
Ain't goin' back to Fulton County jail again