

# Hometown Pride

Allday

This one's not for going away  
This one's for the Hills to the bay  
This one is for the hometown pride  
Tonight tonight

This is a scumbag story  
My whole heart  
Less in black all where the apex all caused part  
My humble start  
Blunts that we rolled up  
View of the city  
First pulser in a Pulsar  
Was it a Pintara dreaming of an Impala  
Taming of the shrew these formal suits are a thin armour  
And a suit Ferrari feeling all super starry  
The days I worn 'em, girls love me and my cruising army  
Ha I've been there, tell I've felt the future tugging  
I've seen the dukes of nothing  
In the cars zooming past me  
Even a few thats nasty  
I've copped a few cherries  
I've popped a few of my own  
Some say its too many  
I say its just enough  
I had my first kiss  
First tag, first fight, first spit shutless  
First fuck, first drink, first rap verses  
All in my hometown where the birds sing

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See its a bit colder where I came from  
Especially in the foggy mornings tryna stay warm  
Especially walking home with a crayon  
Til everything here got my name on  
"What did he write bro?"  
Screaming cool across the valley  
Then drop the bally  
Some minor crimes and here to party up  
Its for the tally  
Hoes are off and order in hungrys and  
Quarter baggies in my head  
Yeah well we're fatties and we're rolling fatties  
Low [?] fuck the climate and fuck assignments  
Without a sense of time emotion and there's nothing like it  
Mother asks you your career, you say 'undecided'  
She's like 'Never get to see you since you started driving'  
And all you wanna do is fucking die young  
And stay pretty forever  
Ripped to friends we lost my eyes run  
Thinking back to the day I got the call  
And my focus is the moment won't forget  
You know it all is for you

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Its the classic shit  
If I knew the difference  
I'd have gone make all my lyrics or would've had a  
Fit from bathroom cabinets or fast lane weaving through the  
Traffic it was always my belief  
And I'm no Catholic so fuckin I'm a Maverick  
And the city your church  
Its crystal hairs not sock and I'm with this  
While other guys are tweaking  
My demons try appearing  
But I'm not tryna feed 'em  
So I decide I'm leaving  
But I couldn't find a reason  
So I focus on my hobbies  
Started blowing up like pressure mines  
Hoping I'll tread softly but I'll never  
Cos they're home and they hope I know they're watching  
But its so exhausting  
The recording shows in tone  
All the pressure, all the cities  
Sometimes I wanna quit  
Other times I wanna kill it 'til these rappers on my dick  
Telling me I am the best  
Yeah I'm hoping all these years  
But I know I am the shit because I work for all I get  
Where my city baby

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