

## The West

Blu

Hey yo, cruising down west with them colorful hats  
Golden, that black, such a lovable match  
The rap constable, comfy like bubbles in baths  
Was with the pudding brown, duffels and bags  
I'm from the west, my flag got that brown bear on it  
Sagged and racked rags when my folks don't condone it  
When the folks in the storms was opponents I was posting in my  
room  
Staring at the wall, wishing I was a baller, a little bit taller  
Now I'm 6'4, I want a 64 impala  
System serving the city, city staining walls up  
Thinking about my father when I look at that revolver

Nigga, hey, yo, peeling off the?  
Bb be the boss  
I'm trying not to floss the hog sauce?  
Mad personality swag on  
Finna have trojans on the trojan cap  
Oj simpson, thinking I'mma merk that  
Circle back, I seen her, she bendy, she kinda bad  
And she don't know your boy  
Tell her hop in the back, I keep the chrome strapped  
Under both seats like my og  
Cold streets, put the heat back where it's supposed to be  
Rolling through the drive-in, stay, we pull up  
Where niggas wasn't supposed to be back then  
The west

Sitting on, flossing for the fish and the bread  
Seas on my head like the cincinnati bread  
Fucking niggas on my business like they feds  
I'm like?  
I call mad just to get to some meds  
Call flare, cough red, gangrene to the head  
?  
Chick was all peppered 'cause she knew I sweat her  
If I was a regular  
But I'm a g, I do that letter up  
Got me some g2, I met her once  
She told me when all the west africans stay in here  
They chatter up  
Gave her gold as a child born, flesh and blood  
Call them? to prove  
The west won