

H-Town

Dizzee Rascal

Yo, you know I can't forget about H-town
Down South family
Texas (woop)
Holdin' me down from young
Trust me, trust me, trust me, yo

Keepin' it trill
In the home of the brave
Chillin' wit' the OG
UGK
Rollin' up swishers, and I smoke till I faint
Draped up whilst hitting them switches in the car all covered in candy paint
I'm rollin' round H-Town
Where Texas mandem hold me down
I'm rollin' round H-Town where
Where Texas mandem hold me down
I'm tollin' round H-Town
Where Texas mandem hold me down
I said, rollin' round H-Town

I'm rollin' round H-Town
Texas mandem hold me down
Actin' an arse, yeah I fool around
You know it's all mad when I'm in town
No I don't drink that purple juice
DJ Screw got me feelin' loose
Might put a diamond in my tooth
I've got a lot of money, that's my excuse
Sitting in the slab with Trill OG
Holding a smoke in a big old tree
Looking for a girl with a big old B
And she can swallow these nuts ASAP
I've got an attitude like Pimp C
These hoes ain't getting no sympathy
And breddas better not talk shit to me
Cause that's a good way to get an injury
Whole lot of goons and whole lot of guns
Now we're in the strip club, throwing up a lot of ones
There's a whole lot of titties and a whole lot of bums
Yeah the down south breddas, they're a whole lot of fun
And I'm always on a hype when I come, there's a whole lot of sure and I never wanna leave, the party's never done
We just take it to the parking lot, and then we laugh a lot, until they call the cops, yo

Man, got a call from a boy from the boy from London
Young Diz, what it do my G?
Said he wanna come down to the states
You already know that's cool with me
I'm in H-town posted up
Let's get some drinks, toast it up
Hit up the scene and light up some green
And burn that purp till we roasted, what
Pick rudeboy up the Jag
Fresh as fuck and we got the swag
And we rollin' clean,

And we acting bad
And these boys wanna hate, why you mad?
Gladiators stay on deck
You don't want them boys catch your wreck
Cause they'll bus your face
And they'll break your neck
You better back up bitch and show respect
Before your ass get checked

When I pull up in the city in a back of a slab
I got a late night bitch saying come out the cab
I'll have a whole trunk going off like jabs
Nigga everything paid, I ain't got no tabs
Do this here for Texas, that's my city
Diamonds all in my chain, they cost like 50
Yeah, I'm up in the gutter where niggas play gritty
Ain't nothing here pretty
We bad like Diddy
Everything screwed up where I'm from, slow it up
R.I.P. Big Moe, everybody pouring up
When I throw the hood up, everybody shown up
If I make it out the gate, everybody blowing up
I'mma do this here for my nigga Dizzee Rascal
King of the streets, here to block my castle
I'll tell the whole world, go ahead and respect it
I've got this bitch like it ain't no hassle