

# Midwest Baby

King Iso

Yeah, I know I'm always on the road  
But I'm always repping where I'm from, you know what I mean?  
Hey

Midwest baby, some folks say we're just farms and no sign of life  
But this is what made me, must be crazy thinking you could come here trippin  
' and be alright  
Somebody better tell 'em just 'cause we lookin' peaceful doesn't mean you'll  
survive  
But I'm just cruisin' down I-80, gettin' high like crazy  
It's the good life, come take a ride

Was a baby when I moved, was it oh so steady?  
It get cold in the middle, get your snowblower ready  
Push your product like that, got the cocoa, Betty  
Go out on the wheel ma, you don't know Freddy  
Kickin' pebbles through the rubble, hope to never get in trouble  
I was sitting watching Barney in the grown folks setting  
Find a clue rockin' blue then my bro Roth said he  
Better never see that, get the rojo ready  
Wild how you change life  
'Cause now I'm with the gang like C-O-O-L-E  
We duckin' po-pos daily  
Sippin' full loco's with the hoes and the po-pimp go, so heavy  
I was just 13, rapping ghost, don't test me  
OG Snake, Serenio, no Hesi  
Ridin' with the shawty in that four door messy  
Dont get caught up home alone  
What you on, Joe Pesci?  
Back then might've sold coke, no Pepsi  
The press in my album and photos, let's see  
Poppin' up on niggas with the rose gold  
Present me a tune, so a gimmick 'til we broke, 'cause levees  
Bleed in the block like a hobo bled him  
I needed a doc, but you don't know, savvy  
Jumpin' out the bush, get smoked, no Reggie  
Never went pro, but they got the GoPros ready  
On the road now, comin' from the old town  
Where they pretty women even got a pack of fo-fo really  
We been in the mental war, all the way to mental wards  
Now I get awards 'cause they know the flow so deadly  
From a place where the sunsets look so good  
And the land so beautiful to know, homesteady  
Where the animals get to roam and the ground's light gold  
I be pushin' in my four door Chevy, I'm a

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Snake Lucci  
It's times like these that lets you know you're alive  
Been through so much, it's like God gave me a sign

Down in the O, this ain't no cap, it's a vibe  
And I'm on a grind, coming up I gotta get it this by design  
I was in the city, making plays with generals  
In prison and catchin' fades that's physical  
But back in the day, the wave was critical  
Safe subliminal, be a slave to syllable, we'll be crazy, finna go  
Back in the days, niggas gettin' paid was criminals  
When I'm on the stage, made and finna blow  
I be in the days, blaze, my nigga smoke  
Was pushin' CDs, now these days it's digital  
Weed game was lipid, the ski game was critical  
Flocka flame, the whip for the cream came political  
Weed strains incredible, card game and edibles  
Art game impeccable, dark game on schedule  
Mark Lame, spark flames, heart, dame, the devil though  
When I would hustle, I start 'caine to better blow  
I hit the gas, I'ma never let the pedal go  
Omaha, my city, we tryin' not to go federal  
Tryin' to push a label, but I ain't up on a pedestal  
Dying to make it out on the nine is on the level, bro  
Grind so we never broke  
I be runnin' out of time, if it's never though  
If a nigga outta line heavy metal smoke  
I be runnin' with the slime when it settles scores  
Ride with the metal pole  
Nine to the double O

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Yeah  
I remember me and Snake was kids out here, homie  
Talkin' 'bout "One day we'd be doing this shit"  
I know we makin' Missy proud, nigga  
You know what I mean?