

I'm out that 5-0-4, that's my home
Ain't no need to ask they know what I'm on
Baby I'm NOLA grown
Like who dat said I ain't no Saint
Why cause I smoke I drink
Don't give a fuck what you think
Nigga fuck what you think
I give a fuck what you think

Oooh. Alright alright alright
Catch me riding for my Citi like bikes, you don't have to ask who dat
Reeboks on you already knew dat
On the I-10 highway cruising where the view at
Was on the west coast but u know a brother flew back
An oz in my zone, no place like home
An ode to my pops boy I been a rolling stone
But when I come back it's the same as just before
To all my haters this gone play up in your second line
To all my favorites, let's eat greedy bitch it's paper time
To the rest of the world we boutta stay a while
Giving food for thought jambalaya

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Uh Sleaze
Look, I keep it playa at all times
It's tatted on me bitch, I got Sega the whole nine
That's game baby
Shit ain't the same on dis side
Ashame baby
How you be wastin yo precious time
With lames baby
You only got a limited time in this game mama
You need a 504 nigga we ain't da same potna
You sensitive I got a temper I bang potna
Stay in yo lane potna
She callin me
Cus she know I keep it playa I hit her with the fee
I can't fall in love nigga all of these bitches freaks
My city fulla rats
If you tryna get down with me
Just hit my jack
You know I'm from that

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