

H-Town

Propain

Yeah, yeah

Shit really the lifestyle, y'know what I'm saying?

H-Town shit, know what I'm talm' bout?

That's how the time goes by

Boofin, no lie

Man, these hoe niggas, get 'em high

Got a nigga goin' crazy, yeah, crazy

It's H-Town, ho'

A new slab was only thing ever known to grind for

Niggas droppin' 4s up in they cup, and move the time slow

Swinging lane to lane look like you driving with a blindfold

Choppin foreign tops, and all these hoes'll have your mind blown

For all these diamonds in they mouth, these thousand dollar combos

Boosters got 'em dressing like they walkin' in design shows

Rule number 1, when you shining, keep the nine close

But please don't get it twisted, nah, this shit ain't all good

Fucking jackers, all them fiends is barking off the dog food

Young bosses wylin', niggas drawing like it's art school

Red niggas rise up, call that shit a carpool

These crooked ass laws is sending shots like we apostles

See, most our homies came to lookin down on us from God's view

Shit, I done shed tears and I don't like how all I show is [?]

One day you here, the next you X man like cartoons

I know it gets better

Gotta keep your head up

Gotta keep your head up

We hustling for this cheddar

Trying to get our bread up

(Oh yea, oh yea)

Tryna get our bread up

(Oh yea)

Close your eyes and visualize candles customized

84's pokin' right up out body of a homicide

He was tryna' visit his brother's heights, he from the other side

Thought that he'd be safe from all his opps so over there, he'd hide

Real unfortunate in [?] town, where every street we slide

2-2 phone calls and lil' buddy was dead right outside

Niggas drinking themselves straight to the feds, won't put them cups down

With a firearm, and a pint, and a felon, and a super long ride

But how the fuck you supposed to sell dope without your pistol?

On 28th you know them rovers sliding with the missiles

They want all your rocks and crystals, and big booty lil' sisters

Home of the playas, yeah, they play the game a lil' slicker

Niggas talk a lil' slicker, [?], know what I'm talm' bout?

Pimping with a super soaker, I'll still punch you in your fucking mouth

Bad bitches on the couch, it's a fine hoe in every house

Way before [?], all my hoes asses was swollen out

I'm from H-Town, same place Beyonce came down

I'm from H-Town, I made Jay-Z drop bucks on facetime

Everybody gotta play now, is it cause of me?

I just want to see my city all rich and free

I know it gets better

Gotta keep your head up
Gotta keep your head up
We hustling for this cheddar
Trying to get our bread up
Tryna get our bread up

Listen, I'm from Houston where we rather jam out-of-town nigga shit instead
And we don't congratulate, we hate on the niggas getting bread
Good help goes unnoticed, we talk about who to sic instead
And what you think is a bad bitch might be a nigga, don't get mislead
Styrofoam inside a styrofoam, that's what we known for
We supposed to be on our way but we so fucked up, we just don't go
Lil niggas 'bout 15 years old, they swear they grown though
Like fuck playing PlayStation, we got a pocket full of stones, hoe (A pocket full of stones)

I got some partners still stuck in 1994
I smell that shit on your clothes, I thought y'all wasn't smoking fry no more

Brother that used to be suicidal don't wanna die no more
Cause PPP Longs got him at the airport about to fry yo' hoe
To Texas, yeah that's that H-Town to be exact
Where she don't want a relationship either, she want her freedom back
Drank man still got drank, you just need to know where to meet him at
Still riding slabs, Martin Luther King Boulevard is where you see 'em at

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