

Westside Bound 3

SABA

And I'm from the part of the city that they don't be talking about
Austin my grandmama house
Madhouse on Madison, middle school graduate
Coulda been traffickin'
But I would rather do better than my uncle had it
My head to the sky like a Jesse White backflip

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Slept on the palette
Promised my momma I'd turn it to palace
My granny house was right by Wallace's Catfish
Corner but lo and behold when its below zero and you watch your best friend
hit the corner
And now I no longer even know him
Used to hoop daily we thought we was Jordan
He went on to high school but dropped out a junior
I went on to college he we went on a shooter he went on to juvi
I went out on tour
Bicycle with the juice in the wheel if you was a real nigga
We wouldn't have to hear ya keep proving yourself 'cause who really cares bo
ut
What side or block your reppin
Your whereabouts will keep you seperate
All lost some niggas to some weapons
That's why I'm walking like I'm welcome
Hennessy bet they'll buy that
Just to pour it on the curb
We blinded like an eyepatch
Til your boy is in a hearse
Where the westside at? Shouts the thugs shouts the nerds
Shout the kids claiming Chiraq know you born in the burbs boy

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And I'm from the part of the city that they don't be talking about
I gave the west side a new meaning
I took it to the Europeans
The police took my nigga freedom I probably be in there with him
Cause honestly I think just like all my niggas
And honestly I should've reached out to Twista like aye bro I got one I need
you on this one
Austin, Division, ironic that that's the divide
Below the poverty line
My mother was on the southside
ZMoney told me hit his line

I caught the bus off of Pine
I say my words double time
Knock on wood I have not ever been robbed
But a few niggas tried on the train on my way to school a couple times

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And I'm from a part of the city I was sitting on my front porch when I saw m
y first tittie
Proud to throw the westside up when I was five watching Pac dissing Biggie
Whole fit off of Madison eating Uncle Remus fuck a Whole Foods
Shorty used to act like Stone Cold flipping niggas off cracking cold brews
Westside prep was my old school
The block was hot like Suzanne Somers
Seen someone that got hit with a shotty walk a block while he shitted his bo
dy
Cops came started lifting his body
I went back to watching NickToons
Watch your back when its mid june
You can always be my big spoon
Know you in the hood when you see the poles with the blue lights steady flas
hing like cheerleader clothes I remember letters in the first grade cause of
GDs and fours
Mama speaking in code tryna get a job at the store
Never gonna get it like En Vogue
All my westside niggas go

On my bucket list, I want ten million dollars in my bank account
And I want to fuck ten bitches at the same time
This your boy, Stunt Taylor