

Chicago

Sauce Walka

It's so saucy
Know what I'm sayin'
Mmh, man, I think this shit is 'bout 2007
Chamberlain, he's got it
Chicago, am I 17?
Maybe, yeah, 17
Some shit like that
Inglewood, South Side, man
Winter time, you know what I'm sayin'?
Gold-huntin' baby

Auntie breathin' on the respirator
Cigarettes in the ashtray, burn the kitchen 'bout her mashed potatoes
Grandma playin' the lottery, havin' the funnest dreams of havin' paper
OG's walkin' down the block in Maury suits and bare gators
I was outside with the vicelords and the paper chasers
Folks end up four corner hustlin', shootin' by skyscrapers
Ridin' on the L with a handheld in my coat daily
Mama made me a coke baby, I sold what she smoked daily
Had me livin' so brazy, twenty-seventh floor, blazin'
OG kush hazin', but the sacks was small as two raisins
Copped me two zips for 700, that was too brazy
Pounds of reggie 12 hundred, sharp money, used to scrape payment
Tried to make him come down to Texas but he was too lazy
The way this shit would roll back then, we missed a cool eighty
Evisu my jeans in the winter, though
I was drippin' in Timberlands in the snow
Out in Chiraq, I'm fuckin' on college hoes
Presidential towers, all the real niggas know
I had bitches in art school to pay my clothes
Every time they threw parties, I got new hoes
Only nigga that's country, mouth full of gold
Never lack or you'll get shot at the corner store
That was nothin' to me, I been known that code
I came back to my city and hell I rose
I came back to my city and hell I rose
That's some shit that everybody knows

Ooh-wee
Sauce 1200, 70 block, 80 block
RIP Mama Sauce, nigga