

In Tha Chi

Shawwna

Good evening everybody
I like to welcome y'all to the 'Go
But let me warn you
Before I take you on this trip
Keep your mothafuckin head straight
And your bitch better not have no purse
Let's go

Oh so pumpis now laid back may back and the top is down
They use to say that I was a awkward child
Made it hard for my pops to smile
'Cause I was blocked by
What you know about the city lights, top down blow tree
Feel the breeze through the city night
The 23s got me sittin right
The Cartier's on my sleeve, Frankie Bs got em fittin tight
We quick to get up when it bust down
But see its G's round here so nigga please do not fuck round
This for my niggas up in Bucktown, you know the business
Every fifteen minutes you gotta duck down

We send it up then we slide out
But if a nigga wanna fuck wit my nigga we finna grime out
I tryin to tell you what the Chi about
'Cause ain't no city like my city

We be ridin rollin rollin ridin it crazy
We smoking sippin sippin smokin baby
We be ridin smokin sippin pimpin baby
I know you feelin me now
This is how we do it in Chi-c-a-go

And we don't kick it on the late no more
Ain't no parties in the hood, we don't skate no more
See err'body wanna chase the dough, I sip Bacardi
With a shot of strawberries so I taste the dro
I lay back and then I blow the haze
One for my niggas who were here before but are gone today
Dumpin out liquor, takin shots to make it go away
Down on my note ready to go 'cause I don't wanna stay
I'm on my way and I hope somebody call me back
Or maybe I do it for my nigga, G, baller, scrapper
'Cause when you look up in the sky you know he smiling at ya
This windy city got that Reaper steady coming at ya

But that's a common factor, we set it up and then we slide out
'Cause if a nigga wanna fuck with my nigga we finna grime out 'Cause ain't n
o city like my city, you either with me or ride out

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And I remember rappin in staircases clappin them 12 gauges
Stackin them big faces praying to god I made it

My life is so funny mo drama mo money
So now they see me off that remy gettin so scumm
Reproduction, most of my niggas facin life or they on they way
Depending on what I'm makin
So now you see yourself real baby girl
And I hope you ain't trying to bring it here baby girl
'Cause uh, this ain't my occupation, this just a fuckin hobby
Half of y'all bitches waited on my album just to copy
But you sloppy and your verses will never top me
A real lyricist and you bitches is carbon-copy
Now producers wanna give me the boot
'Cause they know I spit the truth
And I can fuck they bitches up in the booth
But they still see me lettin it loose
See I make em feel the juice like a hundred-proof
And the hook goes

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