

HOUSTON TRIBUTE MEDLEY (NPR MUSIC'S TINY DESK CONCERT)

Tobe Nwigwe

What's good
My name is Tobechukwu "Tobe" Nwigwe
I'm an Igbo boy from the southwest side of Houston
And I came to put on for the SWAT
In Houston, Texas

We roll on choppers
I said southside, we roll on choppers
Southside, we roll on choppers
Southside, we roll on choppers
Or hold it down (Hold it down)
Hold it down (Hold it down)
We gon' hold it down
The south gon' hold it down
Hold it down (Hold it down)
Hold it down (Hold it down)
We gon' hold it down
Southwest gon' hold it down

Look, off the bat I attack, word to Bruce Wayne
I spit crack and I stay strapped, don't need the shoestring
But don't confuse things, the good shepherd gave me a new frame
Of mind so you could see that I'm different, that's word to 2 Chainz, ouu
But I'm still the same ol' G
I stay low-key with more sauce than aioli
I play goalie when blessings start to rain on me
And catch a lot the chips and guacamole, ouu
That's monetary blessings for you slow people
My flow a monastery for them extra poor people
That don't get commentary and get honored rarely
For the guava jelly they produce even though they get thrown fecal
Matter on a platter made by they oppressor
I shatter all the chatter that seem to make us lesser
Than anybody that put on they drawers the same way I do
Name could be Motley the way I get it rockin' with my crew
But it ain't, my name Tobechukwu
Which means 'praise God,' but just like Face Mob, I knew too well
Just how good it felt to be a gangster
Roll with more Gs than bankers but somehow found sanctums
All up and through the streets of Alief
Grew up a beast but, in my pants, kept a crease
Now I slay beasts, 'member when I would slay freaks
Back when Sherwin worked at Popeye's and would sneak an eight piece box
Of chicken straight through the drive-thru
Back when we was young, dumb and broke in high school
And we would dodge guns and swung on those in piru
And would ride, live and die by one concise rule
That's 'less it's a one on one, no spectatin'
Or you'll get hit and be tryin' to breathe with your chest vacant
That's the hood definition of breathtaking
No Wes Craven, I seen horror films on the west daily, ouu
But you play the cards you dealt when you don't get to pick it
Fat ain't the thickest but she solicit Jahweh the quickest
Most people get explicit when tryin' to visit
The mountain top to sacrifice all with that and the thicket, ugh
I'm speaking solely of atonement
And most would get it if they weren't livin' just for the moment

The air we breathe is rented, repent if you think you own it
That's hard to comprehend when you busy bendin' them corners
Loners is what they say you must become to separate yourself
That's a misnomer, relationships are the greatest wealth
The problem is you in relationships with hate itself
Is the sole establishment so much so you wouldn't date yourself
Ouch, that's a pinch that might cause an abrasion
But don't fret, we all miss some steps F'n with Satan
He got to pissin' on my leg and told me it's rainin'
But that urination led to the actualization
Of me crackin' the safe in my life 'til I passed the frustration
Of one of my partnas clappin' his gal then blastin' hisself and
Realizing that the world is flawed
Though it's all Gucci, it's the same dookie in different stalls
Elohim introduced to me to Lucy so we could waltz
Then wipe me down like Boosie and use me to make withdrawals
On folk that got integrity and light
Then pass it back to those that lack the necessities of life
The recipe for equity ain't in celebrity hype
And your destiny low-key tied to the death of the device
That has your spirit mangled, I peep your frustrations
Stop giving CPR to their situations
Some people don't go far 'cause they too impatient
I went from rappin' in the car to rappin' with Sway and
Tracy G, I audaciously
Murdered every beat that they gathered on the plate for me
So they plainly see how the spirit embraces me
Way before I get to see all the Gs like freemasonry
Ouu, taste and see the goodness
Of the drinking gourd, my Lord, reward the horde
That follows the torch you stored inside my pen
My flow be leadin' towards shores that might convince them
That healin' might just could happen for the nappy heads
But the feet can't stop at the beach, then dig much past the edge
And let your toes hit that water, renew your aura
But keep a pistol to slaughter any demons that come at your neck
Yeah
I said keep a pistol to slaughter any demons that come at your neck

Southside, we roll on choppers (Big Moe would be so proud)
Southside, we roll on choppers (DJ Screw would be proud)
Southside, we roll on choppers (My grandpa would be proud)
Southside, we roll on choppers

Now that's how you do for June 27th