

Clowntown

Wordsplayed

Oh my goodness
Yeah, we out here
Wylin'

Had to send shoutouts to Marty and Fern and my misfits who wylin'
My team on that Sosa, still beef with the dark like it's racial profilin'
My, ooh!
Westside, foam cup with that horchata
85 on that 5 South, we done messed around and hit Tiajuana
Met a cutie named Catalina, but she ain't prayed since they shot Selena
So I dipped like, "Gotta go"
Still hit the squad like da da doe
Momma prayed for this vagabond
No stone when I'm dead and gone
That Clowntown, please turn it on
No autotune, just autobahn (bounce)
Used to be the rude boy, derelict
Now a brother walkin' with the Rock, Pete Maravich
League chumps, lil' giants
That big green, I used to eye it
That fettuccine
V12 in that Lamborghini
That white girl in that black bikini
That red steak with that tortellini (oh, you was wylin'!?)
Now we fightin' like shoot the five
Fiery darts, still duck and dive
Cali' rolled through that full stop
Hands up and that bass drop
GP like it's '96, that Kirk Frank and that still hits
Live free, die hard
Little rascal, big God

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Clowntown, clowntown (man up or man down)
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[?] and me, we used to scrape that rice from the pot
There's people dyin'
Y'all still debatin' if we can drink or not
Shouts out to the squad
Standin' up, mannin' up
MOP on that ante up
These other dudes still panty up
Nah, see I ain't wylin'
I'm just hyped about family business
That lamb and lion
Shouts to Gawvi, that boy's a witness
Shouts out to the ladies
All faith, no sight
Standin' tall, point to the Word
Shawties up on that Vanna White
I put it on for my squad and ain't nobody stoppin' me
I wanna see all the hands in the air like I'm pullin' a robbery
Thank God, that good shepherd don't lose sheep
Tribe of Judah
Cliqued up, still 40 deep

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