

Babybash, My side of town

[Baby Beesh]

I super size my fries, fuck bitches two at a time
Pistol whipping punk fools when they step out of line
Its going down (uh-huh)
Yall mutherfuckers should've known
Its cyber space pimping, micro chips and capones
The static cant get up on it, untamed I'm a gorilla
A grain grippa, with the pocket full of killa
Get rid of the evidence they looking for finger prints
Situation getting tense, so quick I hop a fence
Mexican, acrobatics with oozyes and automatics
We don't gotta be grabbing so, beware we bringing static
All gas no brake, sipping on muddy grape
Baby Bash finna smash in the lone star state

[Uchie]

We don't wanna pull it hardcore
Players in the south
We spitting that lyrics staright out of me mouth
And if you not ready nigga get the fuck out
I'm a bring it hard to your peeps no doubt
With my fourty four, or my mack or my nina
Got my pretty bitches chilling up in Pasadena
Another one, (whoo) chilling up in D-town
When I first started rapping yeah she help me get around
I keep entertaining while I'm stacking my cheddass
Roll with Baby Beesh, DFO and Twin Beradaz (Uh-Huh)
Let them niggaz tell us where you really wanna meet us
We gone take you down, if you like don't believe us
For Real!

(Chorus 2X)

[Lucky Luchiano]

We the boys up on the mic representing where we from
Put your set up in the air, don't be scared get yo gun
Got a clip of hollow tips whenever we ride around
But, we sipping on that syrup over on my side of town

[Eternal]

On my side of town, realest hustlers in the country
Making money of these suckers flip eight bows for at least one twenty
Chop the pounds I get for four and sell them hoes for sixty five
Wondering why I like the outskirts, with a matching missing why
See Enternal aint no dummy I'm a get my fucking paper
But the cops in little cities boy you know they gonna hate ya
See a player rollin twentys and they wanna check your ride
Pull you over for the doja that they think you got inside
Man I'm flipping and dipping and see these white girls I'm pimping
Got they daddys credit card so you know that I'm living
Hood rich, fuck a bitch call me Mr. Neva-die
You can do what you do but just don't hate on my side

[Eddie]

My side and your side got some similar shit
We got haters, hoes, players, thugs, pimps, is here
Dope fiends at gas stations washing windows for dollars
Females at young ages acting like they in college
Most niggaz since twelve been clocking in
Even slung a little dope supposed cost for ends
Thats the live of my side, the streets of Oak Cliff
Spending most of my time high, with my whole click
Hater-Proof mutherfucker and we do it for Texas
Thats where we from so, thats we repping
Spitting lyrics on these beats with a country accsent
Brand new ever brought to you by these player hispanics

(Chorus 2X)

[Big Cease]

I'm a young mex more juice than Jumex

Represent for the best, as that Oak Cliff Tex
Where chickens lay eggs, we flip them to make ends meat
To put the pancakes on plate (?-----?)
Off a exchange brief case and we gone like hoffa
Disrespect you get split, I put rush in the choppa (Brrrrrp)
Black dress, tears runnin down your T-jones eyes
Thats why we run this shit down that I-35
Kick doors, flip coke, pimp hoes Western park to Keiston Poke
We done did that shit before
Country boys don't play when it come to our pay
Hater-Proof, Oak Cliff Texas boy thats where I stay

[Ese-Loc]

Flip bows in Ledbetter, couple Ki's in P.G.
I got people up in Garland all the way O.C
I'm a cow tipper nigga maybe set tripper
A country mutherfucker, I'm a methazine sipper
T-shirt with my Nike, you aint gotta like me
How come when I'm drunk niggaz always wanna a fight me
Kick doors and kidnapps is all a gangsta know
We bout dirty money and we like our music slow
On the phone while I'm shitting watching T.V. from the tub
You won't catch me ridin on nothing less than dubs
Call the jungle, it's a playground to me
Representing Dallas for the two thousand three
(Chorus 2X)

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