# West Savannah

## Isaiah Rashad

February 1st, 1975 it happened
Was born in West Savannah way before I started rappin'
My mamma had a nigga at the age of fifteen
My daddy was sellin' that sack, now he's gots responsibilities
Stayed at me granny's while me mammy was at work
And she couldn't watch my every move so shit I started servin'
Around Frazier home, down in the west side projects
Changin' over food stamps, and hittin' a lick was next seeI'm just a playa like that, my jeans was sharply creased
I got a fresh white T-shirt and my cap is slightly pointed east
So flyin', or floatin', a brougham is what I'm sportin'
Sade is in my tape deck, I'm movin' in slow motion boi
So meet me deep in the streets that's where I learned the capers
Us lickin' blunts, lickin' leaves, rollin' reefer papers
I'm slightly slouched, in the seats off in my bucket
But the niggaz around the Ave. and the hoes, they love meThey wanna be me and my family too
Because the money that I make be puttin' cable off in every room
So follow the beans, follow my lead through the nooks and crannies
It's everyday life off in my hood so come and holla at me
But go 'head on, with that foolishness bitch
Let me get lovely with my swerve because I'm true to this shit
And if you comin' with eight dollars, you shit out of luck
Because the west side ain't takin' no shorts on the dime
So fire it upNow now now nine in my hand, ounce in my crotch
(And it don't stop, and it don't quit, it's like that and ah)
Diggin' the scene with a gangsta slouch
(Like that now, like this, and it don't quit, and it don't stop)
Nine in my hand, one in my crotch
(And it don't quit, like that now, like that now, like this)
Diggin' the scene with a gangsta slouch
(And it don't stop, and it don't quit, it's like that and ah)See, niggaz in the south wear gold teeth and gold chains
Been doin' it for years, so these niggaz ain't gone change
They comin' around the ghetto so you might call em soul
Been wearin' furry kangol's, so that shit is oldYou might slang a rock or two just to pay the rent
Five dollars for a table dance so now your money's spent
You listen to that booty shake music in your trunk
As long as there's that tic tic followed by that bumpI'm down to stick a hoe if she got a G-strang
'Cause the niggaz in the pointe ain't changed, main
You might call us country, but we's only southern
And I don't give a fuck, P-funk spot to spark anotherNow now now nine in my hand, ounce in my crotch

(And it don't stop, and it don't quit, it's like that and ah)
Diggin' the scene with a gangsta slouch
(Like that now, like this, and it don't stop, and it don't quit)
Nine in my hand, one in my crotch
(Like that now, like that now, like this, and it don't stop)
Diggin' the scene with a gangsta slouch
(And it don't quit, it's like that ah, it's like that ah, like this)
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