Kick This One

Jeckyll & Hyde

Now kick this one here for me and my city
Now I was rocking this party in the hundreds wilding
You know where them killaz get right and rock a party
From Friday to Saturday night
Fifth of remy I'm scum and I still hold the mic
I tried to put it down, and say that I'm cool
But they give it back to me and say continue
That's the thing about the hundreds, they never give up
On the drugs and the music and all that hood stuff
That makes ya life worth hustling for
Projects is the crowd, the crowd that I draw
Never am I fake and never ever shall I be
Ain't a chicken alive that can deal with me
And if you think you're the one, that can deal with this
Well, you a, bets prepare 'cause I spit that shit
Kick this one for Southside
Kick this one for the Westside
Now kick this one here for me and my city
Yo, I was chilling in the 50, minding my own
When this braod walked up with a chrome microphone
She said, "Hey bitch, look up, I heard about you
So here's the microphone, let's see what you can do"

So I took the microphone and I threw it to the bar
'Cause I need no assist when it comes to going hard
When I start to rap, she start to shake
She sort of confront me was truely a mistake
So she picked the mircophone up and I took me a shot
And before I turned around that bitch was down the block
Now kick this one for oakyell
Kick this one for the low end
Now kick this one here for me and my city
Now when I'm on stage, everyone starts choking
Is it what I'm saying or is it what I'm smoking?
50-50 chane is what I'm blowin'
And at the same time DTP got 'em open
If you can get hype and sort of like loud
Yo Jay Cee, kick this one for the crowd
I been to lots of parties, mostly off a pound

And one thing I notice my niggaz get down
So hip-hoppers from all around
Look what the fuck they found
Kick this one for Chi-Town
Kick this one for the wild wild
Now kick this one here for me and my niggaz

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