Hillside

Winter Gloves

[Reporter:]Thus topic of news right now surveillance cameras
Captured a terrifying attack at a store in Vallejo
[Chorus:]Ridin through the turf, on Magazine
You know I stay strapped, with a magazine
Put it to your face, like a magazine
I stay on the case, cause I'm from Magazine
Nigga I'm from Hillside
H.I.L.L.S.I.D.E
Nigga I'm from Hillside
H.I.L.L.S.I.D.E
[Verse 1:]H.I.L.L.S.I.D.E
M.A.G.A.Z.I.N.E. Vallejo, California my city
No pity, for a sucka can't be no sissy
Motherfuckers smoke weed like a hippy, get tipsy, like Wine-O's, stay whisky
Country ass city boys with honey rifles bring the ruckus
Beverly Hillbillies big old corn-fed motherfuckers
What'cha mean my nigga, got every narcotic in the world for sale
I ain't Wayne Brady but let's make a deal
Like Drew Carey, mane the price is right
I got pills, trees and that white white white
The Hillside, have money have heart
Just like the Watts column we got the kidney walk
That's the hood landmark like John Davidson Park
Cutlass Oldsmobile thangs cruisers and larks
Posted with thumps ginormous oversize guns
Me and my potnas my brothers and my cousins
[Chorus][Verse 2:]Uhh!
When I was a young cope a lion though a young cat baby buffler

Money and muscle born in the struggle, turf wars not tug-a-war
Shootouts, high speeds, on top of the roof and trees
On the side of the house with cages, rifles and 223's
Back then it used to be pagers not Wi-fi and 4G
When I was seventeen me and my crew went half on a key
Now I'm making more in a day and my momma making a week
Jewelry, clothes, new shoes on my feet
Having my cabbage hella slap a laffish trunk full of prop
Roofers, tweeters and horns, doing they fuckin job
Getting em up thrown em, bobbing and weaving beastin'

Nickeling up with OG's in the middle of the street in
Earning my strips and medal no process Zurich-est gold
Pickos in the summer, even when it ain't cold
I throw my H in the sky, everywhere I go makes you wide
If they ask you where I'm from, tell em Hillside
[Chorus][Verse 3:]Alhambra, Beverly Drive, La Brea
Earl Street, Carmel, Didion Court, Wilshire
Hollywood Ave, Volute, Magazine Street rolling
Half of my cash yolkin, punching the gas smokin'
... parking my car in the grass feeling good
Sitting on top of the hood be flicking and serving knocks pushing bags, giving them love juh
24 hour shift and grittin everyday all day
7-11 turf for even a lil warmed up in the microwave
Hillside for life, always been about my bread
Look up to Alick, Rick Young, Too-Shay, Ju Ju and OG Nitch
Jon Jon and Robert Craig, Victor, Cook and Tyrone and em
Miss Smith and Loney Smurf, Jimmy Blackman and all of them
See the spot right here, this used to be Mr. Jimmy's
Why give a Wine-O a dollar to buy a beer for me?
Around the corner from the Travelodge and Mickey D
You 'lible to find me at the Kit-Way Bowling alley
BEATCH!
[Chorus]

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