

Bankhead (Feat. Young Dro & PSC)

T.I.

Westside nigga, hey I got my 44 and my dro and my Chevy on 24s
And my ho, now where am I s'posed to go
I got my 44 and my dro and my Chevy on 24s
And my ho, now where am I s'posed to go, hey See me ridin' in a Chevy 44 on the seat
With a quarter or a blow get low than we see
No tag, no license, trunk loaded with D
Ridin' Fulton in D where we know it to be They pull us over, you think I'm stoppin', you must be fuckin' wit me
If they don't want to die tonight, they best stop fuckin' wit me
I'm gonna pull over in born home my cousin and B
And they gon' hide me in they home while they looking for me
Hey we the neighborhood superstars, couple Chevy's pullin' hard
Thousand dollars worth of dimes in the trap with rock stars
We're puttin' fear in cowards hearts, when they see us on the block
Swervin' in the deuce in quarters, bustin' shots just because The hell I care about gettin' caught, I'm makin' bail
by 12 o'clock
Back in the spot with the same bomb serving drops
I pull a hoe in Bangkok, dropped her off at TIP's spot
I'm burning rubber, fuck the cops, another dead on my block, hey I got my 44 and my dro and my Chevy on 24s
And my ho, now where am I s'posed to go
I got my 44 and my dro and my Chevy on 24s
And my ho, now where am I s'posed to go, hey I'm Cadillac daddy, pull up on some hoes from old Natty
I said I'm Pimp Squad ho what's happenin'
Westside get them panties, snap, she asked me can I do the Laffy Taffy
I said I do it to make the pussy happy
Let's get a room over on Virginia, step inside sweeter than continue
Ya airing for a little fender bender
Baby just remember, make it quick
These niggas kind of know me, I'm the shit I'm in a bubble kush Chevy, well, at least that's what it smells like
Hit the gas, blue fire blowing out the tail pipe
Tail pipe, that's all these hos wanna lick for the night
I treat 'em like Tina, beat that pussy and you call me Ike That's right, monster ride sittin' on the 28s
It sound like a stadium, you would of thought the Braves played
The engine running like Vick, with the Falcons on the hood
Mr., Mr. Westside, yeah you know they in my hood I got my 44 and my dro and my Chevy on 24s
And my ho, now where am I s'posed to go
I got my 44 and my dro and my Chevy on 24s
And my ho, now where am I s'posed to go, hey Ain't no tellin' where I'm goin', less I'm steppin' out
Sittin' on the high life, windows up, in the clouds
Open up the console, that's where I got my gun

Right next to that, get that bag and roll another one I got the vitamins, make a freak fuck all night
Hos know, killers on the west side earn stripes
Make that money turn bright, just look at my piece and my grill
Swervin' off Church St. the pimp God gave me skills I was born up in Bankhead, y'all remember me
Way back in '83, T.I. stayed up the street from me
Just 'cause I'm from Bankhead, niggas having beef wit me
Half never seen a G in a cap in my Beamer V Ten screens falling, my Chevy watch it lean on me
Ridin' down Simpson, 'bout to waste my purple lean on me
Purple linen clean on me, the whole zone 3 on me
Waffle House Charger, yellow, black I got a bee on me I got my 44 and my dro and my Chevy on 24s
And my ho, now where am I s'posed to go
I got my 44 and my dro and my Chevy on 24s
And my ho, now where am I s'posed to go, hey
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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