Valley

WildLifePhotographers

[1] - I'm going to the valley el valle por halle
I know a place on the Boystown its trip
Straight to the spot where the mexicans hold tons
Down in Mexico where the girls just strip
But me I'm a pimp let them hoes keep dancin
I'm chancin, grindin winnin, advancin
Go it now im gone with a clovo full of hate

And when I get to Houston fo show I'm getting paid
[2] - I'm coming from the valley staning em slanning em
Got my clavo small paper tall
Rising realizing sizing em up
From smuggling a cross the ocean
Just clowning with the three wheel motion
Roll me a sweet in a cadilac fleet
I flip the cash but my stash flips faster
Cause I'm pushing the real good pine
[3] - I'm going to vauco in my black seville
I follow two my behind a truck with half a mil
I make my first stop at my homeboys ranch
I ask him "whats in the bag" he says "two acres of plants
It's easy going in but hell gettin out
I wanna make this paper and I think I know how
Suprise suprise I done made it back home
in an ice cream truck "who wanna buy a snow cone"

Hook - repeat 2X
I'm going to the valley
Vauco the valley
I'm goin to the valley what you think fo

[4] - From Texas to Cali we get our ye from the valley
We be hustlin on blocks moving in and out the alley
We call it medicine thats what u need when you get sick
Sometimes it's hard rock sometimes it's white pearl brick
Across, across the state line just me and my girlfriend
From powder to pine I got money on my mind
Unload all the cargo and meet me at the docks

Stop wasting all my time and get me over to the spot

[5] - Going back to the valley staying on top of my game
Only thing that ever mattered to me
Meeting up wit my bitches snow white and mary jane
Stacking dollars shit we making a week
Who the cowards who the killas whos the niggas wit scrilla
Felt all up in they pockets rocking fo' niggas that try to kill us
Then maybe later you bitches bother me

You wanted to pay you too late don't bother calling me
[6] - Going to the valley fo' soliders in a caddy
And in the back of the caddy got fifty pound of smally
Tryed to jack but can't catch me
I just keep that paper stacking
Always packin never slacking
leaving you hoe ass niggas unhappy
Chopping burs when able, fucking hoes on the table
Watching cable in a Sable, Dope House is the label
Selling em three for ten to my closest friends
Rolling back to H-towm big body Benz

hook

[7] - Houston Texas cowboy wit a dime and a fiesta saddle
And I'm moving mo weight then a whole herd of cattle
I grip up the grain blowing up the panhandle
mobile phone on scramble cause rap hustlin is a gamble
Brick moving these H dudes gonna keep you grooving pursuing
Shit, hell on my surella ice water lyrical good fella
SPM got the hook up, say watch out
I hit the highway, let twenkies crawl
I'm going to the valley

In a Navigator bus bringing back some bricks
[8] - Man I'm flipping up to Mexico to hit some licks
Get to checkpoint now I'm past the border
tell my guy alemar to play some more
Fat money cause we in the mix
I got that white girl and that stinky bitch
Better ryders and roamers can't really ask
"We going out T?" "Bitch I'm headed to the valley
So I'm out about to make some money
Pull up to a trailor wit about 800
Unload it I flip it get paid let's ride

Chunk a deuce to the guys and I'm back to Southside
Cruisin wit a couple of pines
Trying hard as hell to make it back to H-Town
Flippin but only make one stop
Then I'm buring out moving shit to a dope house

[9] - Cruisin to the valley checking up on me campos
Make thirty calls so I can wire free samples
Get me a plane so I can make my drops
Flying real low to avoid the cops
Weighing my weed on a digital beam
My windows are tinted so nobody sees in it
Wrapping it in a plastic quick so I can make my green
Wit mary jane and snow white the sky's the limit

Hook
[10] - My package is small, stack em in the entire wall
Fuck the chotha must be loca
Everything a nigga want make it to the border wit the motha
Pockets rising better quit sizing me up
But these coffe beans fucking the smell up
de bull lada I'm talking pronto
Call me the head honcho start a new revloution
What's up, back in the city
He yah see yah wouldn't want to be yah
like a back poncho
Gots to flee, start the G
Switch the ride I'm headed back to the valley

[11] - Get um up hit em up
They want to know what it is all about
They way that we roll down south
Start baby wit dope house josie wells gonna
stunna pimpin in a humma millenium smuggler
there aint nuthin funna then being and outlaw runna
Real mobsters, they never worry
Dope game juggla, no nuts no glory
but we ain't home yet so dont get happy
we aint paid Officer O'Malley
Thinking of my profits going to the valley

It's all cavi
[12] - I'm flipping to the valley federalies
Fucking wit michael decodie motorcycles

?? cruises my disciples
I'm the type to crew smoke two and synas
wit my G's I'll hunt you
like Arnold hunts Sarah Connors
Primadonnas big tymers, playa, and rob reports
benz sports,courts, naked hoes, lascivious resorts
I get short my last resort tell L
to keep the Cali cause little down wit his essays

parlaying down in the valley
Hook

[13] - I'm a creep 59
to the end of the rainbow land of the llello
Dope fiends on my payroll, got rocks to blow
behind the stop and go they holla
cause they can tell you're nervous just by looking in your eyes
goodness graious great balls of snow
Don't speed or trip when you see the lights
in H-Town the business in booming
but it won't last long if you don't know what you're doing

[14] - Yeundo pal el valle in a nice Expedition
Got me creepin for mi ruka and my boys blowing swishas
Mcallen brownsville harlingen
six hour trip to get my endz
I'm out to get my Benz
on the lean coming clean
lean man flashing green
el meadow meadow meadow
???
thendo vact is none stop
daily stackes to the top
???
keep my hoes by the flock

[15] - Who rides like me come wrapped that tightly
L be's moving by the ton
Packed up in tanks under the trunk, 59 to 77
Collecting my lot not even sweating, back on 35
wit my cheeder just gettin mine
You know me your boy O-Z
Never left lonely wit out my G see
One trip cocks a flip
The way I flip multiplies a chip

I'm steady ?? cash flow
Transactions stacking paper rolls
The currency connect from Houston to the valley

hook till fade

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/