

# Westside Bound 3 (feat. Joseph Chilliams)

## Saba

And I'm from the part of the city that they don't be talkin' about, hey  
Austin my grandmama house, hey  
Madhouse on Madison, middle school graduate  
Coulda been traffickin'  
But I would rather do better than my uncle had it  
My head to the sky like a Jesse White backflip Westside nigga go crazy  
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And I'm from the part of the city that they don't be talkin' about  
Austin my grandmama house  
Madhouse on Madison, middle school graduate  
Coulda been traffickin'  
But I would rather do better than my uncle had it  
My head to the sky like a Jesse White backflip  
Slept on the palette  
Promise my momma I turn into palace  
My granny house is right where Wallace's Catfish  
Corner below and behold what is below zero  
And you watch someone spray at the corner  
And I will no longer eat norm'  
Used to hoop daily we thought we was Jordan  
He went on to high school but dropped out a junior  
I went to college, he went on a shooting  
He went on to juvi, I went on a tour  
Bicycle with the juice in the wheel, if you was a real nigga  
We wouldn't have to hit the kid proving yourself 'cause who really cares bout  
What side or block you reppin'  
Your whereabouts will keep you seperate  
I lost some niggas to some weapons  
That's why I'm walking like I'm welcome  
Hennessy bet they'll buy that  
Just to pour it on the curb  
We blinded like an eyepatch  
'Til your boy is in a hearse  
"Where the Westside at?," Shouts the thugs, shouts the nerds  
Shouts the kids claiming Chiraq, know you was born in the 'burbs, boy  
Westside nigga go crazy  
Westside nigga go crazy  
Westside nigga go crazy

Westside nigga go crazy And I'm from the part of the city that they don't be talkin' about  
I gave the west side a new meaning  
I took it to the Europeans  
The police took my nigga freedom  
I probably be in there with him, 'cause honestly I think like all of my niggas  
And honestly I should've reached out to Twista  
Like "Ay bro I got one I need you on this one"  
Austin division ironic that that's the divide  
Below the poverty line  
My mother was on the southside  
Z-money told me it's fine  
I caught the bus off of pine  
I say my work double time  
Knock on wood, I have not ever been robbed but a few niggas tried, on the train on my way to school a couple  
times Westside nigga go crazy  
Westside nigga go crazy  
Westside nigga go crazy  
Westside nigga go crazy And I'm from the part of the city I was sittin' on my front porch when I saw my first  
tittie  
Probably throw the west side up when i was 5, watching Pac dissin' Biggie  
Whole fit off of Madison  
Eating Uncle Reamus, f-ck a Whole Foods  
Shorty used to act like Stone Cold, flippin' niggas off, crackin' cold brews  
Westside prep was my old school  
The block was hot like Suzanne Somers  
Seen someone that got hit with a shotty walk a block while they shoot at his body  
Cops came, started lifted his body  
I went back to watching NickToons  
Watch it back when it's mid-June  
You could always be my big spoon  
Know you in the hood when you see the poles  
With the blue lights steady flashing like cheerleader clothes  
I remember letters in the first grade 'cause of GD's and Fours  
Mama speaking in code, tryna get a job at the store  
Never gonna get it like En Vogue  
All my Westside niggas go  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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