

City of Houston

Lone Star Ridaz

[ad-libs:]

[Russell Lee:]

Sometimes I feel like I don't have a problem
Sometimes I feel like my only fear
Is the city I live in, the City of Houston
Lonely as I am, together we ride.

[Happy P:]

These muthafuckers be hatin' on me & they hatin' on us
Cause our city's movin' up, it's over what what
Well you can suck my dick, you can thank a nigga when
Cause we gon' bring it to your ass fo' sho' what.

[Rasheed:]

Uh 59 I-10, 45
6 to the 88, hittin' all sides
We all ride, the city ain't a small tie
Wanna explore, well let me be your tour guide.

[Max Minelli:]

Cadillac pure coat, white pearl
When I pull out, they swear I'm movin' white girl
But I ain't with that, I make sick beats
I hit my homey Toe Roll blowin' big sweets.

[Grimm:]

In the Southeast telephone rollin' on drop
Sittin' at the light like I got a knot on the side
I'm gon' punch it once it turn green
Let my rubber burn clean like it done served me.

[Russell Lee:]

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[Low G:]

Me & my flow, flow for my dough

Ride so clean 54 when I come to the show
Deuce double O, deuce is my word, word is my derb
You fuck with the move & you'll be done with desert.

[Baby Bash:]

Well now the po-po's won't leave my ass alone
I'm on the 6-10 loop by the Astro Dome
I'm in the city where them laws get tough enough
Pulled over with a pocket of that fluffy-fluff.

[South Park Mexican:]

Man, my kind I'm as pure as the snow
And my words stay way below zero
All my life I been different niggas tellin' me it's cool
But partner it really isn't.

[Max Minelli:]

I'm comin' down from the booth cause I'm sick with this
& me & Russ fin to flip down the Richmond strip
Up in Sharpstown, my buyin' t's & Nikes
At the light sittin' clean on D's & whites.

[Russell Lee:]

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[Grimm:]

On Ferrisberg and Wingside, in the daylight
You can bet a thug movin' bud like a hay ride
Same guy, might move & turn to you
Within' another boo we be shitin' in front of you.

[Happy P:]

Man I wasn't born here but it sure feel like home
And all across the muthafuckin' state we known
From Alpasso to Beaumont, you know who won fools
I'm 59 blowin' smoke out the sunroof.

[Rasheed:]

Uh huh, we get the more down cheap in the sector
Worldwide, Wet Black like onector
It's the myates speaking different languages
Changin' shit, breakin' bricks in the city mix.

[Low G:]

Then if I will, then if I won't
Catch me runnin' downtown in the Screwston
Them boys in the hood, yeah save make 'em noisy
I'm good with these hands I got aim with this dose.

[Russell Lee:]

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Lyrics submitted by Mike.

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