

# Bankhead

## T.I.

What's happening nigga  
Hey, hey, hey, hey[Chorus]  
I got my 44's, and my dro  
And my Chevy on 24's  
And my hoe, now where I supposed ta go  
I got my 44's, and my dro  
And my Chevy on 24's  
And my hoe, now where I supposed ta go[T.I.]  
Riding in the Chevy 44's on the seat  
With a quarter of blow get low lemme see  
No tags to license, the trunk loaded with d  
Riding fluids in the engine, when know to be  
If you wanna assault make it stop you must be fuckin' with me  
If they don't wanna die tonight  
They best stop fucking with me  
I'ma pull over and boy hom  
And my cousins start beat  
And they gon hide me in home when they lookin' for me[Young Dro]  
We the neighborhood superstar  
Pimp a Chevy pullin' hard  
Thousand dollars worth of diamonds  
In the trunk with rockstars  
Couldn't fill cowards hearts  
When they see us on the block  
Swirvin' in juicy fo bustin' shots just because  
The hell I care about getting caught  
I'm makin' mils at 12 o'clock  
Back in the spot with the same old serve and drop  
I pull a hoe in Bangkok, drop her off at 10 spot  
I'm burnin' rubber fuck the cops[Chorus][P\$C]  
Cadillac that put a boss in holstrum and own that  
Set up Pimp Squad hoe what's happenin'  
Westside getting them panties, snap  
Tracks should I do the Laffy Taffy  
I said I do to make the pussy happy  
Lets get em home over our Virginia  
Step aside a sweet nigga  
You in here for a lil fender bender  
Baby just remember make it quick

You niggas kinda know me I'm the shit I'm the in the bubble, push Chevy  
Well at least that's what it smells like  
Hit the gas, poof, I run out the tailpipe  
Tailpipe that's all these hoes wanna lick for the night  
Treat them like Tina beat the pussy in the ya car and be alright  
That's right ridin' in sittin' on the 28's  
Sounds like a stadium, you would of got your brains sprayed  
Get you runnin' like Vick  
What the fucks on ya hood  
This is Mr. Westside [Chorus] Tell em where im goin', im steppin' out  
Singin' on the high life  
Windows up in the clouds over nothin'  
On my counsel that's where I got my gun as for that  
After that get the finger role and blow one  
I got the violent bitches make em freak fuck all night  
Hoes know killers on the Westside  
Earn stripes make the money turn right  
This the kid just to get my peeps and my grillz swirvin'  
Off church street all the pimp blockin' the street I was born up in Bankhead  
Dro you all remember me  
Way back in 83', T.I. stayed on the street for me  
Just cause I'm from Bankhead, niggas havin' beef with me  
Half never seen a G, in the cap of my beamer v  
10 screens folded, my Chevy watchin' enemy  
Ridin' down 6th about the West rockin' and leanin' on me  
Purple don't mean to me, the hoes on premo lean  
Lawful house charges [Chorus]

Songwriters

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