

Guttaville (Feat.Boe Skagz & Tay Nati)

Dro

~Hook~

Guttaville, niggas pop pop, people get killed down in
Guttaville, hustle hard or broke steel down in
Guttaville, for a wait for society
Guttaville, I wish the Devil would try me~Verse 1~
Im riding low white walls on the caddy steel
Im high as the rocks all the way to Lattyville
Not far from figures stop ask him how yah papi feel
Clean cut ? keep the head nappy still
Guttaville, yeah we broke out here
Peel the road like blunts when u smoked out there
Imagine takin the stunt some place where niggas left you
Then they tried to test you, you made them all respect you
See, thats exactly where my people come from
The grind, the audience the slash and beans come from
We done walked through the stormy weather sleep with my gun
Theres a lot of math i dont wanna teach to my son
The hide of rocks, the stove and the beaker be one
See the simple mind will always have to pay a hard price
Where im from its cold, we keep the heater at night
jay aint the only one that had to live the hard knocked life, we from...
to the hook)~Verse 2~

You can die on the corna come up off a quarter
Place an order, have over easy under some water
You can get whatever you need
40 ounces and weed, coca leaves cook in the kitchen, kids play in the streets
15 with heat belt buckles stuck on they knees
Could we disrespect jump and you niggas will bleed
Money, this and burnas, cars beef and the murdas
Tryin tah change for em juss say fuck em we dirty
Get jacked for your jersey
Get that ass shot for your rims
Shootin dice broad daylight up on kakies and timbs
At the club niggas 16 deep in the truck
Niggas talkin shit they aint strapped, stupid as fuck
go to the 51 tray you would see wat i mean
You aint gotta be an actor to get cut from the scene
The roads'll spot him he here for the whole part of him
He don't care he only stopped

He will ran on your whole block We from...
(hook)~Verse 3~
Either kill or be killed
You can fake or be real, turn into somebody's meal(chyeh!)
My whole section is 8 steel
We live off of "Lets make deals with killers that take pills"
No marta we stay real eat off your meal
Fat but posted on your god for wantin meal
God, my hood's ill save 'em
Workin hard 9 to 5 but wont pay 'em
The Lord treat my niggas like roaches they tryna spray 'em
The government be hallin ten fo, they OK 'em
Black to the future they tryna back to the day
us
The Devil never played for Oakland we still Raiders
Only God can save us
(hook)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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