

# Broadway

Jo Jones

f/ Rasheed

[Verse 1: SPM]Now we sleep all day and party all night  
Tommys on my shirt, and nikes on my shoes  
I'm picking up my homie from the what, Northside  
We rollin in the 'burban on them killa 22's  
Hit the Southside, and pick up 2 twins  
You can take Kelly's booty, I'ma do Kim's  
Cops dont like me, not everyone agrees  
I sag so low that my belts around my knees  
Bass be boomin, make the girls butts wiggle  
My girls gettin drunk and she's showin me her nipples  
Sunday afternoon, I put Mason on the map  
23rd and Sherman, I stop to get a sack  
'cause the dopeman got em in a 6-4 drop  
Sometimes I'm on elbow, sometimes I'm on chop  
Dopehouse Clique, and we all got cloud  
Peace to DJ Lobo and my homie Bill Styles  
(SPM)

'cause my posse's is on Broadway...

(Rasheed)

I ride with my nigga, lie for my nigga  
Smoke fry with my nigga, shine with my nigga  
I'd die for my nigga, cry for my nigga  
Stay high with my nigga, my nigga

My Nigga

[Verse 2: SPM]Chickens in my kitchen cookin in my stove  
Hanging with my niggas in the Hillwood Grove  
Imagine I've been saggin ever since I could walk  
Been beggin you to listen ever since I could talk  
Double-in my money, even make it triple  
I've never been a bum, but I'm beggin for a nickel  
Still dippin sticks with a throwed ass bitch  
Roll with fuckin killers, we all got straps  
Workin those lips, but I dont mean a kiss  
Slip em in a coma, slangin on my cut  
Walkin through my hood with a woodgrain mac  
It took alot of work to get my block so crunk  
(SPM)

'cause my posse's on Broadway...

(Rasheed)

I eat with my nigga, sleep with my nigga  
Cook beef with my nigga, Creep with my nigga  
Pack heat with my nigga, my nigga  
On feet with my nigga, drink with my nigga  
My Nigga

[Verse 3: SPM]Now we back in population, we all got straps

Run around town, in trophy trucks and 'lacs  
The wheels keep turnin, I'm choppin up the wind  
I see the ladies lookin, they wanna jump in  
Now the front ends hoppin and the car begins to dance  
Ridin too deep, in the 4-door '77  
My 40 ounce bottle, is spillin on my pants  
I'm tryin to count my TV's, I think i got eleven  
Now we all got love for the '63 Impala  
Ruby is the short one, claimin Guatemala  
Behind us in the Cougar and he's hoppin like a bunny  
Bobby is the mix-breed, people think he's funny  
Bird's keep flyin, I feel like a Hawaiian  
'cause my backyard looks like an exotic island  
Creepin Harrisburg, the party broke left  
I make a U-Turn, 'cause I'm BROADWAY TO MY DEATH

(Rasheed)

(SPM)

'cause my posse's on Broadway...

I roll with my nigga, smoke with my nigga  
Buy clothes with my nigga, throw with my nigga  
Fuck hoes with my nigga, blow with my nigga  
I chill with my nigga, deal with my nigga  
My Nigga

Pop pills with my nigga, steal for my nigga  
Cook dope with my nigga, my nigga  
I'd kill for my nigga, feel my nigga  
On wheels with my nigga, my nigga  
My Nigga

SOUTH PARK'S IN THE MOTHERFUCKIN HOUSE YA'LL  
SOUTH PARK'S IN THE MOTHERFUCKIN HOUSE  
SOUTH PARK'S IN THE MOTHERFUCKIN HOUSE YA'LL(\*gunshots\*)  
SOUTH PARK'S IN THE MOTHERFUCKIN HOUSE

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>