A-Town Hatz

Disturbing Tha Peace

A-Town hats and A-Town jerseys

Watch them A-Town boys, they play the game dirty

Matter 'fact floss in the A-Town witcha jewelry

Will getcha laid down in the A-Town, shorty you heard meA-Town hats and A-Town jerseys

Watch them A-Town boys, they play the game dirty

Matter 'fact floss in the A-Town witcha jewelry

Will getcha laid down in the A-Town, shorty you heard meYou can find me in a, Polo shirt, Polo pants, Polo

boots

Looking cute, in my Polo suit, that was back then in '95

(Yeah)

In West Lake, pep rally, reping, Banker High

(Yeah)Them boys ain't like it, but they had to play it cool, shorty

I'm wit them hersey roll boys, they was acting fool, shorty

You know, Cam, Chip, Zae, bought these seagulls wit me

Quincy, Langston, Ron, and Shondre was wit mePlease believe, college park, back jumping, mayne

Sunday nights, Frozen Paradise, off the chain

Youngsta's flossing old school, wit the candy paint

Sitting on chrome feet, old enough to drankLook, homes, this my state, my city, my home-boy

So I'ma rep the park hard, for my home-boys

Gotty Road, Riverdale, Hillendale, boys

That jump out the day, shorty, get to take yoursA-Town hats and A-Town jerseys

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Will getcha laid down in the A-Town, shorty you heard meUh, uh, me and the A-Town model niggas, stick to the script

You see me riding on flash, when I'm parking the whip

Before I enter the club, and endangered species

Looking sharper than a mugg, and them heavy creasesBitch jumped out, Lac, wit the bump

And before they could say that it was very crunk

Get gon' and get the gat on, out of the trunk

And I walked around wit the hat on, like I was drunk Yeah, and I play on left-field

Like I swing so much iron, they call me Gary Sheffield

And I'm brave as player, and I'm dead real

I got them O's for them low, what you got ain't dealLike taking pennies out ya stow, you can take

The boy off the tity, but can't take the tity off the boy

And I got so many A's, that people thought I was cheating

Nah, got so many Z's, that people thought I was sleeping, and themA-Town hats and A-Town jerseys

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Will getcha laid down in the A-Town, shorty you heard meYeah, yeah, yeah, it go Eastside, Flat South, Glenwood

Here we go, they call me "D-Lo, Mr. Bronx" and bitch, one-two-zero

I'm down in Jazzy T's, I spend thousand G's, I like them hoes

That dance for me, then they leave wit meOh, so strong hoes love the country accent

Hit it a hour and a half, then she won't me back and

Bitch squeeze, if it's beef, I'm bucking feels

A.k.a., R. Kelly, 'cause I'm fucking with kidsYou know [unverified], slouch socks, Air-Ones and braids

Throwbacks, academics, and a wave cap, old school caddy

Riding on grown men, that's how we live, you don't never

Leave the crib before ten, uh, there's just something bout usOur system beat the loudest now we deep in the game

You can never out us, think you know a nigga, greater

Then bet, put money on it, please believe it

In Decatur, if it ain't got twenties on itA-Town hats and A-Town jerseys

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Watch them boys in them, A-Town hats, they play the game dirty

Shorty ya heard me, shorty ya heard me

Don't floss in the A-Town, you get laid down surely

Songwriters

Derrick Williams; Jr. Sandimanie; Sr. Wilson; Tauheed EppsPublished by EMI APRIL MUSIC (CANADA) Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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