

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 me
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Will getcha laid down in the A-Town, shorty you heard me
You 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 me
Please 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 drank
Look, 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 yours
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Will getcha laid down in the A-Town, shorty you heard me
Uh, 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 creases
Bitch 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 deal
Like 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 them
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Yeah, yeah, 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 me
Oh, 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 kids
You 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 us
Our 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 it
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Shorty ya heard me, shorty ya heard me
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

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