

West Savannah

OutKast

February 1st, 1975 it happened
Was born in West Savannah way before I started rappin
My mamma had a nigga at the age of fifteen
My daddy was sellin that sack, now he's got responsibilities
Stayed at me granny's while me mammy was at work
And she couldn't watch my every move so shit I started servin
Around Frazier Home, down in the West Side projects
Changin over foodstamps, and hittin a lick was next see
I'm just a playa like that, my jeans was sharply creased
I got a fresh white t-shirt and my cap is slightly pointed East
So flyin, or floatin, a Brougham is what I'm sportin
Sade is in my tape deck, I'm movin in slow motion boi
So meet me deep in the streets that's where I learned the capers
Us lickin blunts, lickin leaves, rollin reefer papers
I'm slightly slouched, in the seats off in my bucket
But the niggas around the Ave. and the hoes, they love me
They wanna be me and my family too
Because the money that I make be puttin cable off in every room
So follow the fiends, follow my lead through the nooks and crannies
It's everyday life off in my hood so come and holla at me
But go 'head on, with that foolishness bitch
Let me get lovely with my swerve because I'm true to this shit
And if you comin with eight dollars, you shit out of luck
Because the West Side ain't takin no shorts on the dime
So fire it up Now now now nine in my hand, ounce in my crotch
Diggin the scene with a gangsta slouch, mmmhmhmmmm!
(Like that now, like this, and it don't quit, and it don't stop)
Nine in my hand, ounce in my crotch
Diggin the scene with a gangsta slouch, mmmhmhmmmm!
(And it don't stop, and it don't quit, it's like that and ah) See, niggas in the South wear gold teeth and gold chains
Been doin it for years, so these niggas ain't gone change
They comin around the ghetto so you might call em soul
Been wearin furry Kangol's, so that shit is old
You might slang a rock or two just to pay the rent
Five dollars for a table dance so now your money's spent
You listen to that booty shake music in your trunk
As long as there's that "tic tic" followed by that bump
I'm down to stick a ho if she got a G-strang
Cause the niggas in the Point ain't changed, main

You might call us country, but we's only Southern
And I don't give a fuck, P-Funk spot to spark another
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Songwriters

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