Broadway

Nicoletta

f/ Rasheed
[Verse 1: SPM]Now we sleep all day and party all night
Tommys on my shirt, and nike's 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

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