

# West Savannah

## Outkast

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 gots 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 food stamps, 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 niggaz 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 beans, 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  
(And it don't stop, and it don't quit, it's like that and ah)  
Diggin' the scene with a gangsta slouch  
(Like that now, like this, and it don't quit, and it don't stop)  
Nine in my hand, one in my crotch  
(And it don't quit, like that now, like that now, like this)  
Diggin' the scene with a gangsta slouch  
(And it don't stop, and it don't quit, it's like that and ah) See, niggaz in the south wear gold teeth and gold chains  
Been doin' it for years, so these niggaz 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 hoe if she got a G-strang  
'Cause the niggaz in the pointe 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  
Now now now nine in my hand, ounce in my crotch  
(And it don't stop, and it don't quit, it's like that and ah)  
Diggin' the scene with a gangsta slouch  
(Like that now, like this, and it don't stop, and it don't quit)  
Nine in my hand, one in my crotch  
(Like that now, like that now, like this, and it don't stop)  
Diggin' the scene with a gangsta slouch  
(And it don't quit, it's like that ah, it's like that ah, like this)

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