Beantown

Truman Peyote

Big up, Boston
Yeah, whassup, baby?
We gon' do some things right now
Show you how we do 'em in the Bean, y'knahmsayin'?
N.Y. representin', Dirty South representin'
Chi Town, L.A., they all doin' their thing
We got a lil' somethin' bubblin' in Beanpot over here, y'know?
I got my crew right back gon' show you how it's done
Straight up, hittin' one, two, like Manny Ortiz, ya heard?
It's John Cena, baby, an' we heatin' up the Beanpot
Big up, Boston, you know the whole team hot
Yo, we fresh, y'all a little bit stale
An' we 'bout to make it ugly, just like Kevin McHale
Cena takin' over, I'm 'bout to make the scene mine
I got a tea party, baby, meet me on the Green Line
Ain't too many kids that flow better than me
Roll thick like Yaz's sideburns in seventy-three
Like Tom Brady an' the Pats, we rollin' kids
Cross me an' pay a toll like the Tobin Bridge
From the home of the curse, y'all know what I mean
We like the left field wall, we stackin' 'Monster Green'
Knock you out of the park, you land on Yawkey Way
My shit be butter, but around here we say Parkay
I rent my own team, we takin' over the industry
Like the big dick, baby, nobody can finish me
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
(Yeah, it's a trademark baby, biggin' up Boston, yeah, 617)
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
(978, 781, 508, 1234)
An' I don't mean to brag, but it's in the bag
An' we alone on top, like we goin' stag
It's a dynasty, that's how I see things
In four years we countin' three rings
I'm the M.V.P., baby, gimme that key ring
An' me, Brady an' Branch'll own our sleek thing
Yeah, an' we ain't gon' stop

We at the Eagle flare, cook 'em all as they flop
An' T.O. takin' on the B roll an' that's the past
Beatin' everybody an' the salary cap
What now? You say Titan's your rep
That's like Peyton winnin' big games out on Gillette
We don't forget y'all, we're keepin' it grimy
Had the Steel Curtain lookin' like venetian blinds
Yeah, baby, that's how it go
That's why next year it's lookin' like 3 in a row
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
(Yeah, uhh)
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
(It's Esoteric, tunin' in, puttin' it down for Boston, Mass)
Yo, I rep the Bean, y'all see the way it be
Home of Source magazine, the Pats an' Edo. G
Steadily poetically, I'm Bill Russell in command
Peace to Dorcester, Roxbury, Mattapan
Pack a man down quick, like Neanderthals
Standin' tall after brawlin', up in Faneuil Hall
As a young buck, Mom said I disobey
All she heard was, ?No, ma,? like fans in Fenway
But they sent him to the dugs, I'm like Manny when he shrugs
An' they bug [Incomprehensible] women wearin' Sevens in the club
A deadly combination, like venom hits your blood
Jason Varitek with the glove, it's all love
I'm like Schindler with the red sock, when I get hot
My aim is dangerous, like the Larry Bird set shot
It's clear now, you livin' in fear now
Big up Boston, the champ is here now
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity
Big up, Boston
Big up, Boston

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