

My Boston

Big Shug

Yeah, we got it poppin right now, Boston baby
This is my town
Ah ha
I got some peeps with me though
My man Singapore Kane, Termanology

Ah ha
We goin' in right now,
Hold it down for Boston baby, it's our time right now,
We ain't got next, we got now
You feel me?
Boston, it's what it is,
Ah ha, yea, here we go...

It's not the NBA, we don't jump in the air and bump
It's around the way, where cats jump outta the car and pump
Boston: where some cats, guns are props
Some pop, some end up in the morgue shop
From Blue Hill Ave, to Talbot Ave, to Derby Park
I pushed the whips, made my money, and got my start
Norfolk Park is where I drop the De la Soul
Boston: outta control, death toll
We got cops on foot, and bike patrol
It's been the same way since I was eight years old
Racism: we beat that back
I seen the whole world, but I still keep comin back
I love my town, not for Paul Revere
But for Big Shug's legend and Murderpan Square
Just on stage, as a gangster or survivor, I rep for Boston, and it gets no l
ive-r
Damn!

Yo, think of Boston I think of racists, Charles Stuart cases
Crooked Jakes shine flashlights in our faces
Home of the Red Sox, Celtics, and the Patriots
And crash dummy kids with guns ready to spray shit
Every city's the same shit, no matter the size
Anywhere the population is poor, then you got crimes
Some dudes be doin' crimes, some dudes be doin' rhymes
Salut, my dawgs in the System doin' their time
What - you think 'cause we got Harvard,
Boston niggas don't be robbin', mobbin' when we starvin'?
Smoke blunts like red or black in the Garden,
We'll see who's hard, when you're confronted by my squadron
Talk on and on 'bout your million gats, but if you're pussy
We'll skin you like Brazilian Wax
A lotta cats die flossin',
Bitches shed tears for years, 'cause you got Paul Pierce in My Boston

Chyea, it's the L-A-W-T-O-W-N, Law-town, niggas done it again
Let me tell you 'bout my city,
It's wil' gritty, I got a hundred and fifty spics that ride with me
Wanna know 'bout crooked cops livin' in Boston?
Hit the block, bust a homie, cop the departed,
You can learn about my Bean in Hi-D, these sirens in my dreams,
It's a wild scene
Mamas in the street pick up their son, like "Why me? "

No ID, the boy got stuck like IVs,
Throw my threes, these wild streets, can't retire me,
On my beats, they all bang, like I signed with Preem {DJ Premier}
Legendary like, Paul Pierce, in the wheelchair
Lotta cats hatin' on me, but I'm still here
From Hell-town, back to Mattapan Square,
Beware!
What a wonderful place to live...