

# Welcome To My City

## Hustle Gang

Broadcastin' live from the mothafuckin' gutter  
With a semi-automatic, sellin' slabs with the butter  
Me, my partna, my cousin, my brotha tryna duck them suckas  
And dodge undercover like a Charger  
Every day they see us outside, try to charge us  
Bail on they ass, I'ma make 'em do their job bruh  
Chopper spit a hundred, better pull out that revolver  
It'll take more than a robber to rob 'em  
Duh, I'm king of the mothafuckin' town  
Where the work come first and it all go down  
Where the broads so down to get the mall tore down  
Where that nigga ride dirty with a hundred club pound  
Ridin' 'round in the trunk, fuck around if you want  
Nigga lookin' for some trouble, you can find what you want  
Get slapped right now, pussy nigga say I won't  
Made 80k today, I never see a day I don't  
Hey nigga pull up with your order, ain't no speakin' on the phone  
Cause the money too long, can't leave shit alone  
Home of the drop Chevy, the Chevelles and the dope  
Where them suckas can't chill but the real niggas don't  
I move a bale in a day, hundred ki's in a month  
Sellin' hard in the back, nun' but weed in the front  
Nigga might fuck around, make a mil' in a month  
Where the suckas can't hear but the real niggas won't

I'd like to welcome you to my city, nigga, welcome you to my trap  
Oh, welcome you to my city, nigga, welcome you to my trap  
I treat my city just like my trap, I treat my city just like my trap  
I treat my city just like my trap, I treat my city just like my trap

I'd like to welcome y'all to my city, welcome y'all to my trap spot  
Step up in my kitchen, there's a digi scale and a crack pot  
That glass pot is for collard greens, and speakin' of that we got collard gr  
eens  
White boy, that Charlie Sheen, nigga fuck the club, come shop with me  
I'm from the home of the , where they robbed and shot niggas  
Half a bag get you dropped, nigga, hearts colder than popsicles  
I swear it's a jungle out here, it's like Jumanji out here  
Niggas got the munchies out here, this my trap, I'm runnin' this shit  
It's 4th and long and I'm goin' for it, I said I'm runnin' this shit  
Cause chances make champions, y'all niggas puntin' and shit  
I done made more plays than Nick, Saban like a caveman  
I'm in the trap and I ain't comin' out 'til a young nigga got Ray-Bans

Here where you gon' need some manners, here where you gon' need a blammer  
Oh you still swerve in a Phantom, it is outside of Atlanta, boy chill out  
When fuckers around, it be stressin', snatch your ass up out the Lexus  
Better be through with the flexin', time you get off of my exit  
I see the trap through my lenses, for the yola  
I pull them hoes out them Benzs, I said I don't buy Corollas  
I keep nothin' here but the gas, that's why you smellin' an odor  
I get too much of the paper, I just might need me a folder  
Half a bag of gas, that's like 20 hundreds  
I be eatin' shrimp, meet me up at Benihana's  
I can't take no L, we done come too fuckin' far  
I don't got no scale, exit out the fuckin' car

and the heats off sendin'  
I don't wanna talk about the freaks I'm hittin'  
In the streets I'm winnin' with the cleats on in it  
Louis Vuitton shoes and the Keystone denim  
In the Chi gettin' money with the peace on in it  
See me with the GD's and peace throw niggas  
Everything paid, nigga lease long, nigga  
Try somethin' slick, you meet the wrong nigga  
I'm certified in the streets  
Got 4 on call with choppers  
I ain't worried 'bout a beat  
You know you heard about a G  
Niggas murder 'bout me  
I'ma leave that alone, I'ma get me some money  
I deserve quite a fee, I'm the early Tyson, G, I'll knock me a nigga out the  
real way  
I learned that one in the trap, 'round the candy lady and the real J's  
Sold dope to keep a bankroll, but I cash in the city, you're irrelevant  
But whatever we do, ain't a goddamn fool  
Ain't goin' back to Fulton County jail again