

A Tour of the Neighborhood

Skyzoo

Praise up to the most up high
For black Uptempos yo, hardest shits you could come by
Chocolate in the air off the stoop when we would run by
Where custi's get too high, fuck around and somebody gun rise
Regular shit, lean on the head of the whip
Know your block live when outta towners wanna rep where you live
All that you need can be all in reach if you go for real
And down to say hi to a holding cell fore you blow a sale
You know it well
The same place that was good for a number spot
Word to all the Snapple caps that got turned into skully tops
Energy to tear up a pizza parlor in front a cop
Before they built a winery up from outta that number spot
Aside from the rent and who live on top of me
I ain't really change, I'm out here with all kinda lead
Ever since bodega credit and what it got for me
Like splitting heroes up with a knocked kneed to try and beat
Younger me, back when my pops would be out in front the Jeep
Two in the morning, Henny pour while me and my brother sleep
But still was taking care of whatever me and my brother need
No complaints when your crib fit so comfortably
And Leroy Campbell's was like wall paper
But I was out 4,5,6'ing for your paper
My hand hot, same hand I was penning with that would send you death
Right handed but dribbled left, Penny flex
You get the picture? Salute to you
You don't, but this is home, shit do I got stoop for you, let's do it duke
Top up off of the Wrangler be more suitable, easier to catch what be new to you

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