

Dizze Rascal, H-Town (ft. Bun B & Trae tha Truth)

Yo, you know I can't forget about H Town
That's our family
Texas
Holding me down from young, trust me
Trust me, trust me, yo

Keepin it trill (for real)
In the home of the brave
Chillin with the OG, UGK
Rollin up swishas and I smoke til I faint
Can't talk while sittin and switchers in the bar, all covered in candy paper

I'm rollin round, H Town
Texas man, them hold me down
Rollin round, H Town
Texas man, them hold me down
I'm rollin round, H Town
Texas man, them hold me down
Texas man, them hold me down
I said Texas man, them hold me down

I'm rollin round, H Town
Texas man, them hold me down
Actin no ossy, I fool around
You notice who am I, brand one in time
No, I don't drink that purple juice
DJ Screw got me feelin loose
My fly diamond in my tooth
I got a little money ? that's my excuse
Sittin in the slob with trill OG
Holdin a smoke in a big ol tree
Lookin for a gyal with a big ol bee
And she will swallow these nuts A S A P
I got an attitude like Pimp C
These hoes ain't getting no sympathy
I'm ready, standin up, too shit to me
Boy that's a good way to get an injury
A whole lot of goons and a whole lot of guns,
Now we're in the strip club
Throwin up all of the ones
There's a whole lot of T's and a whole lot of bums
To the top side, witnessed a whole lot of fun
And them boys on the hot, when I pop there's a whole lot of song
And I never wanna leave the party, never down
We just take it to the parking lot
And then we lost some luck until they pulled them cops, yo!

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Man, got a call from the boy from London
Yo Dibbs, what it do my G

Said he wanna come down to the states,
You already know that's cool with me
I'm in H Town, posted up
Let's get some drinks, toast it up
Put up the scene and light up some green
And burn that kush to roast it good
Big Rude Boy up in the Jag
Frenchies fucker, we got the swag
And we rollin clean and we off the bad
If these boys wanna hate, why you mad?
Gladiators still dig, you know all thin boys catch a break
'Cause they'll bust yo face and they'll punch yo lip
You better back yo bitch and show respect
Fore you have the check

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When I pull up in the city in the back of a slam
I gotta lead 5 bits, think they never care
I have a whole trunk going off like jams
Like everything piggy bank, got no tabs
Do this here for tips, it's next to my city
Diamonds under my chain, they cost like 50
We're well connected, all my boys 'em greedy
You better get pretty, we did it like Diddy
Everything's cool, where I'm from let's blow it up
RIP Big Moke, everybody pouring up
When I thought of hood now everybody showin up
If I make out the gate everybody blowin up
I'mma do the same for my nigga Dizzee Rascal
King of the streets, hella back my castle
While I tell the whole brig gon get respected
I got this bitch like a random hessel

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