

3:30pm

Stalley

I'm on the radio early
She actin' like she ain't heard me
You ain't know I'm the man now?
Back in the 330
(midwest models I got 'em)
Just left LA, on the red eye early
Flight end at 3: 30, back in the 330
(midwest models I got 'em)
330, back in the 330
(midwest models I got 'em)
Where the niggas ride clean
And the girls so pretty
330, back in the 330
(midwest models I got 'em)
Where the niggas ride clean
And the girls so pretty
Long furs, fat blunts,
t-top Monte with the bang in the trunk
Fresh off the plane with the LA stitch
I love Cali girls in the sunshine
But ain't nothing like my 330 chicks from them Akron girls that went to school with 'Bron
Private school girls who love to get down
And them ratchet girls out of Youngstown
all holdin it down
And my white girls in Medina
Who's finer than they momma's China
And them Massillon Canton girls who sharper than a line up
I got em' city to city I'm talking All-Star Line-up
Got a roster spot you can sign up
I'm talking max deals, Balenciaga
I'm talking black heels with red bottoms
Pretty girls with the big bottoms
I'm on the radio early
She actin' like she ain't heard me
You ain't know I'm the man now?
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Where the niggas ride clean
And the girls so pretty
330, back in the 330
(midwest models I got 'em)
Where the niggas ride clean
And the girls so pretty 3-3-0, but it's Ohio love
Scarlet grey Chevy with my eyes on the Bucks
Move through the trap like Eddie George
Got 27 years piled up in the trunk
I'm talking FED time no jersey numbers
My cousin got knocked gave him Worthy's number
He was a mathematician out here he worked them numbers
Love to have a good time, his favorite line
Don't let the work become us and spend freely
Never live life on PG doe
And wherever you go rep that 3-3-0
So I'm shouting Milq all over this beat, you know?
I like to sit high, and my beats real low
A mid-west nigga to the feet, you know?
A BCG nigga all draped in gold
Never mind a player hater, lame trick, or hoe I'm on the radio early
She actin' like she ain't heard me
You ain't know I'm the man now?
Back in the 330
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Just left LA, on the red eye early
Flight end at 3: 30, back in the 330
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Where the niggas ride clean
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330, back in the 330
(midwest models I got 'em)
Where the niggas ride clean
And the girls so pretty You see bro?
It all worked out like we knew it would.
We came a long way.
I remember the day I met you.
This is way before them Alife days ha- member those days?
Those was some good days too though.
And you came to Atlanta to visit this young lady, cousin of mine.
And ya got into it the first day, so I told you roll with me.
You rolled around The A, burn something, listening to some good music.
And as we started to talk and vibe, I was like damn, this nigga is just like me.
With the same goals going through the same shit, just in different ways.
And ever since then, we done been through it all together.
Performin in front of five people, but you kept pushin.
And we here now.

We deserve this more than anybody. You are Ohio. You are 330. Mr. Massillon. I'm proud of
you boy. Let's do it Three thirty, three thirty (oh) Ohio

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>