

The South

CunninLynguists

Aw yeah, welcome to the South everybody

Creepin up outta the dirty south unexpectedly hittin ya head
Like a stick of lead whippin you, flippin you outta bed
Cause on my block the sidewalk can sizzle an egg
And we as hip hop as a cripple with dreads missin a leg
Visitors get addicted and don't wanna leave
Blowin on trees from Kentucky to the Florida keys
Humidity floats in the breeze
And this is the only place where shorties can go to the beach and grow double D's
Like GOOD JESUS. Let me rub some lotion on your cleavage
Cause where we live summertime lasts about four seasons
Parties are real loud. Car systems got clear sounds
Birds fly here in winter. Chickens are here year round
And they ass is meaner, the grass is greener and tap is cleaner
Follow me and any questions just ask the leaders
And the blunted genius of CunninLynguists spittin it clear
Sippin beer on a postcard like, "I wish you were here."

So come on down, show and tell with some southern belles
Tricks with treats you don't keep in a pumpkin pail
Hospitality? we treat our company well
From Kentucky bales of hay way down to Florida shells
Gals with chunky tails, lookin' like something swell
Niggas and negrelles smoked out on country trails
You try and visit actin' ignorant and startin' hell
Your trip'll last about as long as the XFL
Here, the weather's hot
Streets? we keep em blocked
Mardi gras in every spot like we live in a land without some clocks
From them Virginia docks, to Mississippi crops
Swing through Atlanta where them switches be liftin' shocks
So please leave all trash in the Herbie-Curbie
Welcome to the dirty dirty, home of them purdy-girlies
Birdies ready for flight, dawgs ready to bite
The southern south-paw, but everything is all-right

But in the dirty south everything ain't all peaceful
We still got racist people with inflated egos
Got foul cops shootin at niggas like we some free throws
Rough nights, bug bites from Jumangi mosquitoes
Fiends that hug pipes, drug life, pills and needles
Streets with much hype and some like to kill people
And if you don't want cops cuffin you up after your freak show
Remember jail baits are developed so check IDs, yo
But still the home of black eyed peas, collard greens, that soul food
The home of southernplayalistic pimps lettin they hoes loose
The home of that bluegrass, red clay, zephyrhills
Cadillac grills, battle rap skills
The home of Miami Bass, 808's, and spring breaks
Girls with tank asses from VA to the Lando Lakes
The home of gold fronts, home grown skunk, the home of sippin shine
The home of everything under the mason dixie line