

In the South

Big Boi

They wanna what's going on in the South
Now tell that bitch to keep my name up out ya mouth

Two rollers at the same time, I'm too cool
Gucci, is you locing 'cause that motherfucker Crip blue
Suwoo, Bentley and the Forgies Suwoo too
And I know two Jews, eat a case like it's fast food
I bought a T-rex on these niggas 'cause life's cruel
My jewels so cold that you might get the slight flu
Bird's eye view, I'm looking down at the little dudes
And if I had to pussy nigga, I'll rob you
You wanna see me locked 24 just like cop do
You hate from the sideline, that's what yo job to
Gang mentality, I think like the mob do
Police brutality, I'm strapped like a cop, fool
My dope boy do numbers just like my shows do
My main bitch rolling for me just like my hoes do
These suckers say they coming from me, well cook me soul food
I'm out, [?], and I pull up with a trunk full

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Even though the radio refused to give us airplay
Bump this shit in your Cadillac, your Cutlass or box Che-vy, hea-vy
Timothy McVeigh, knock it down like OKC, boy
And ain't no nigga on ya playlist fucking with a A-list nigga like B-I-G B-O-
I, why?
Effortlessly fly, I
Tend to overthink when I ink these bars but y'all niggas don't even try
Ball till you fall or your homies die
Pour out a little liquor, let one in the sky
Don't cry, let the doves do that when the guns go 'brrrp'
Now that's what we call the pop life, true that
(They wanna what's going on in the South, in the South)
A nigga kick back at the house with my flipflops on
Got an ounce on the couch, blow a bag
Crack her jaw open, we all smoking
And some of us even taking shots going in
Jello, Tito's, white Hennessy, that brown liquor ain't yo' friend
My G we know...

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Big Chevy's bending corners, speakers bumping
Yeah we make a scene
That dirty, dirty in yo' ear, crystal clear
Yeah, we got what you need
Big Chevy's bending corners, speakers bumping
Yeah we make a scene
(They wanna what's going on in the South, in the South)
That dirty, dirty in yo' ear, crystal clear
Yeah, we got what you need
(Now tell that bitch to keep my name up out ya mouth)
Call, call, call, call me Daddy Fat Sax
Call, call, call, call me Daddy Fat Sax
Call, call, call, call me Daddy Fat Sax