Cool 2 Be Southern

Big K.R.I.T.

We make it cool to be southern (5x)

Okay I'm straight up off my grandmama porch Hollywood left, I took the southernized approach Collard green pockets but I southern fried the flow Candied yam drop with some cornbread to throw Play some shit, keep the dank lit We swang whips old schools like my paw-paw You can't get Now which motherfuckers said that we can't pimp? I hit ditches like switches, before the paint flip I can't be faded The heart of king born in the 1980's For real, you never see a nigga like me lately Debonair, never scared, Fred Astaire when I carry a cadence Refrain for being lame, ho I got a surefire way to give the game what it came for A third coast nigga still bustin, stop frontin' motherfucker

We make it cool to be southern I'm talking about the dirty south, folks with the grills in mouth We make it cool to be southern Everybody wanna ball nowadays, but don't nobody wanna get paid We make it cool to be southern Get down if you wanna, crackin' seals, blowin' some mari-j-uana We make it cool to be southern Return of 4eva all day, them country people feel what I say We make it cool to be southern

Let me take you down this country road Country flow, country foe, country fire 24's on the Caddy, type savvy My paper ways never fade, I got 'em from my grand daddy Old school, so smooth The type of fresh that you can comb through Or you can cut it with a butter knife And spread it on the brain of a dame for some change But that's only if you cut it right Off top my drop, rims chop, no cops, drink pop Lord knows I ain't seen it with my Green lit, grain grip, bad bitch on my tip And when she tell me, lord knows she don't mean it I been this way since I was knee high To a grasshopper gettin' money in my Levis I mean my jeans, Pine-Sol clean Bird's eye view with my frame on lean

Get down, get down, get down with it (3x) I'm talking about the dirty south, folks with the grills in mouth I make it cool to be southern