

# You're Everything

Bun B

[Bun B]

Man f'real I love bein from the Dirty South mayne  
It made me the G I am today, made me the hustler I am today  
The grinder, the baller; the gangster I am today mayne  
Lot of people got opinions and, issues and, problems with  
what they see comin from the South and who doin what in the South mayne  
But I'ma tell you like this - FUCK YOU DAWG~! This the South nigga  
We gon' be here, we been here, and ain't goin no motherfuckin where  
Take it how you like it, hate it or love it hoe!

It's that candy paint, 84's, belts and buckles, chrome and grill  
Leather seats, stitch and tuck, TV screens and wooden wheels  
Suede roof, neon lights, whole tire swang and bang  
Tops drop, blades chop, fifth wheel just hangin mayne  
White T's, fitted hats, Jordans or the dickies (dickies)  
That Swisher sweet, cigarillos filled up with the sticky (sticky)  
The fifteens bam'n and the bass kick-kickin  
Cadillac do's slammin on them po'-po's tippin  
We ain't trippin just flippin these haters dip when they see us (dip when th  
ey see us)  
Cause they could never beat us best us or be us  
I'm a G that's a genius, best to just respect my thuggin mayne  
It's the South, ain't nothin above it and that's why I love it mayne!  
F'real

[Chorus: Jodeci samples]

You're everything I knew! (Ohh yeah)  
Do what you want me to (I will doooooooooo anything)  
Get on my knees for you (ohhhhhhhhhh bab-bayyy)  
What else is there to do (I don't know, I don't know, but I'll cry)

[Rick Ross - talking over Chorus second half]

Yeah, keepin it trilla baby; Texas, P.A. to H-Town  
3-oh-5 to Mi-Yayo... you know what it is

Pray at night when you sellin white, got one ki' tryin to sell it twice  
Yellow stones all in my shit, yellowbones all on my dick  
Honeycomb I call my crib, money long that's on my kids  
R.I.P. to my Uncle Chad, UGK you can't fuck wit that  
Niggaz fake, they hate candy paint, and all the paper that your partner make  
Shakin dice like a face of life, champagne just ain't tastin right  
Haterade they Gatorade, look at these seats they gator made  
Friend or foe niggaz never know (know) never know when you fin' to blow

[David Banner]

Dude scrapin the curb, dippin sippin some syrup  
Fingers blistered twisted Swishers, Pimp died and it hurt  
But I handle my issue, I got several pistols  
that won't whistle, missles knockin gristle from fatty tissue  
Mississippi's my home, 'til I'm die and I'm gone  
I know I put it on my back, held that bitch up alone  
With no label b-backin, pride split into fractions  
I hit the ocean on peggy bustin back at the crackin  
And y'all scared (y'all scared)

[Chorus]

[Eightball]

Lets talk about Pimp C, Bun B, Eightball, MJG  
Big Boi, Dre 3000, Scarface, Willie D  
T.I.P, Young Jeezy, Birdman, Lil Weezy  
Trick Daddy, Young Buck, SoSoDef, Jermaine Depri  
J Prince, Rap-A-Lot, Juicy J, DJ Paul  
Slim Thug, Lil' Keke, Chamillionare, Paul Wall  
We all different but we all rep the same thang  
God first, family then money in the South mayne

[MJG]

They call me PEEIMP TYTE! MJG  
The Dirty South, is everything I want  
Everything I need, everything I'm longin for  
when I'm outta town gotta get home, just for  
Everything that I been raised to love, the wisdom my grandmomma gave to us  
Racial profilin, police harassment regular days to us  
You say door, we say do'; you say four, we say fo'  
You say whore, we say hoe; you want more, but we want mo'  
What else is there left for me to do?  
This the dedication from me to you  
The South, I know you gonna see, me through  
So until I die I wanna be, wit'chu  
You're everything

[Chorus]