

# Mississippi

David Banner

Know what I'm talkin bout  
Yeah, Mississippi mothafucka, (Newton County)  
What I live and die for (Scott County)  
Ball for the kids (Simpson County)  
Know what I'm talkin 'bout  
Niggas out here flashin' and ballin' and shit (Lincoln County)  
know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
I'm supposed to be so fuckin' hard  
Fuckin' rebel flags still flyin' (what's dis shit) (Delta)  
Fucker! (Coast), some hoes

We from a place (Where them boys still pimpin' them hoes)  
We from a place (Cadillacs still ridin' on vogues)  
We from a place (And my soul still don't feel free)  
Where a flag means more than me (Mississippi!)  
We from a place (Where them boys still pimpin' them hoes)  
We from a place (Cadillacs still ridin' on vogues)  
We from a place (And my soul still don't feel free)  
Where a flag means more than me

Still ridin' Cadillacs  
Still bump in the back  
Mothafuckas talk shit, but we still in the hood  
Mississippi in this thang, pinky rang in my hand, peanut butter top (Lovin' wood)  
Crackas only come to buy crack  
and cracka cops only come to bust niggas who sell that  
We from a place where they scream: "Pimp a ho! Pimp a ho!"  
We from a place where they still (Drop them bows! Drop them bows!)  
We from a place where yo grandmama still showin' you love  
And we still eatin' chicken in the club, bitch!

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(We from a place) Where Medger Evers live and Medger Evers died  
(We from a place) What we chokin' on sticky green to get high  
(We from a place) Where ya used to come in the summertime  
Now y'all don't mention us in ya rhyme, we kin folk  
Yeah we broke, some talk with a drawl, but bitch we ball  
runnin through with two teecs screamin, "Fuck all y'all!"  
We from a place where da rebel flag still ain't burnin'  
new schools, but the black kids still ain't learnin' about shit!  
But hit da streets and learn to pimp on a bitch  
(Five-oh!) Aw, shit, throw yo crack in the ditch!  
And y'all nigga run, y'all nigga run like Forrest Gump  
They got pumps and them crooked cops love to dump  
in Mississippi

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601, 601  
Crooked letter, crooked letter  
Ohhhhhhh, Mississippi! Mississippi, ohhhhhhh!  
Wave ya hands from side to side  
601, represent where you from  
You don't want none  
Mississippi...  
601  
The place we're frooooooooooom!!  
Mississippi! 601  
Say 601! 601!  
Mississippi...  
Mississippi...  
but how to pimp a bitch  
but how to flip a bitch  
Nigga get rich.. diggin' in a ditch  
Smoke weed like this  
Fuck with me, niggas wish  
Mississippi...

Hell yeah, Mississippi, you know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
The home of the blues, the dirtiest part of the south  
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
The place where you get them fish and them criss muh-fucka  
Yeah.. you know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
The Delta, motherfucka  
Cotton, you know what I'm talkin' bout  
We 'bout to free the slaves, bitch!  
where yo' grandmama from, nigga  
You ol' one generation moved away slave-ass  
booty-fuck ass, gank-ass, punk-ass, BITCH!  
Haha  
Now come on back home, get you somethin' to eat  
Punk ass nigga, it's all good