

South Side Comin'

E.S.G.

[Intro]

Southside's coming - 4x
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh - 2x
Southside's coming - 8x

[Hook]

If you don't give a what, like we don't give a what
Let me see you, put your hood in the air - 2x
If a hater jump up, what we tell him (back-back)
See my click bust first, it ain't no time to (clap
back)
See they talking like they killas, but where they
(straps at)
This the Dirty South boy, what you know about that

[E.S.G.]

Out the Superbowl city dog, yep ya boy E.S.G.
Like a George Foreman grill, man I'm known to cook heat
Spit heat for the street, over crunk beats
Crack my trunk, I crack concrete
All my gangstas bounce with me, blow a hydro ounce with
me
Fake gangsta rappers, don't wanna go to war
You dummies might as well and bust, send ya ass to Mars
Better bulletproof your cars, if you running ya mouth
We turn Maybachs to drop tops, with choppers down South
Don't make me knock you cowards out, you be crying like
ya gay
You the type, that'll marry Brittany Spears for a day
See plenty of weight, plenty of them rocks
Boys never seen you, on no block
Boys never seen you, pop no glock
Boys never seen you, dodge no cops
H-E-L hot, H-Town we right behind
If them hatas holla back, it's hollow tips through they
spine
Doctors holla flat line, hate to see a crying lady
Cause I'm straight with a 3-80, like a black Tom Brady

[Hook]

[Intro]

[E.S.G.]

Gotta make your mail, gotta make your bread
Can't be scared, to push ahead
Don't give a damn, what no one said
Got's to keep, your family fed
Whole lot of homies, been mislead
Get caught up, they wind up dead
Running round, like they ain't scared
Boys round here, will bust your head
Like my dog Juve said I need it, I need it in my life
I ain't trying to be Mystikal, and go to jail tonight
Playa pressure bust pipes, and ya pipes bout to bust
I don't care where you from, homie throw your hood up

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Like Walter Payton we skating, on black spinners and
daytons
Escalade I'm navigating, and to hell with probation
Motivation determination, dedication and paper chasing
I avoid the frustration, and aggravation from the
hating
Spit game is my occupation, a thug with a education
Tryna teach to reach my nation, you boys see what we
facing
Radio station no rotation, they told me to be patient
How the hell can I keep on waiting, these fakas keep on
faking
Fascination with them toys, I love A.K.'s
Let me see you rep your hood, M-I-A to L.A
Down South don't play, next time you come our way
Let me see you get crunk, now that's what Lil' Jon
would say

[Hook]