

The South

E.S.G.

Intro:

Alright

This is yo everyday boppin bitch

And I'm lookin for the niggas wit the drop top

Candy painted hittin the switch

So here's a blast for ya muthafuckin ass

Wit a dick in ya mouth

Straight from the muthafuckin south

Verse One:

Well it's the south

Nuthin but the muthafuckin south

Before ya say shit get my dick out cha mouth

Mr. E is who I be

OG fo 93

Studio BGs gets no L O V

To the east i'm feelin hap

Was the hap white black

As I get funky then a jit jack

Then George Clint jock's rap

So bitches hold ya nose

Nigga watch cha hoes

We gon chunk dem 84s then blow the indo

I'm higher then an eagle

Rollin deep in a regal

Divorce Desert Storm

Now I live wit desert eagles

Slap a hoe

Jack the sto'

I neva stole a flow

'Cuz I'm tighter then a twat

And I knock on virgin hoe

So and if ya dick fit

'Cuz it's dank and drink

Ya got me thinkin by the quick lick

I'm big wit the .44

This ain't an indo

Got the money ese

Hell no

I'm out wit dat bum again

The fiends tongue numb again

The half pin sprung again

One dead Columbian

I'm I know it's gonna be he

Once the bird hit street

And the word hit the street

Dat I

Bought me a little crib in the Cristmonte

And last month a little punk could buy a blunt

I guess my life

'Cuz Shife won't a ruin

But dat ain't shit biatch

Ya know what I'm doin

Chorus:

It's the south

Comin straight from the south
Fuckin it up wit a blunt up in my mouth
It's the south
Comin straight from the south (and I'm a OG)
Fuckin it up wit a blunt up in my mouth

Verse Two:

Nuthin but a
O fuckin G
And thank god dat it didn't happen in ninty-three
Jacked from a crab
I got fo my gold
Now my pockets look swoll
Like a nigga on parole
After doin 10 L
Ain't cha fo a dime bag
Fienin fo a piece a pussy and some zig zags
But fuck it I'm gonna get mine
Kick mine and dick mine
Why ya lick mine and trick mine
Ya can't playa hate a true playa
So play dat Sega
Watch a nigga E page ya
Wit the rat tat tat tatta
To me it don't matta
Now who's in the backa
It looks like a jacka
I guess they wanna get me fo car today
But this ain't Tim
So I'ma show him a harda way
To not to fuck wit the E

And dat ain't nuthin but the south in me
And I'll be

-Chorus-

Verse Three:

Watch cha back 'cuz here I come
It ain't nuthin but dat bomb
From the nigga straight from dat muthafuckin south
Wit the fry in my hand and my dick in ya mouth
Droppin dem bombs all muthafuckin day
We gotta have Bose
There's no date this ain't LA
It ain't nuthin but a nigga like the E
And yea G it's nuthin but the south in me

-Chorus-