

# Reckon

Haystak

Sooooooooouth Siiiiiiide! yeah yeah  
Stack Mack all my people that stayed down, one love  
Those who didn't (Ha Ha)  
I reckon I'm country like biscuits and gravy  
Balling just picture me baby  
You and me hit you so crazy  
You gonna be pushing them daises  
We gonna be pushing Mercedes, Cadiallacs, Escalades  
While you hustling on the block  
We fishing in the Everglades  
Reckon I run up in this liquor store  
Pick up a fifth of that Crown  
We were puffing on that herb  
When y'all break it down and frown  
Way before you had a CD the hottest thing in town  
They used to call me JD out South slinging pound  
Had to hit it then quit it, get in and get out  
Lay low when you see some shit in the south  
Hate on me get hit in your mouth- whaa pow  
So mean I'll eat glass, wash it down with gas  
Having money means nothing, I'll wipe my ass with cash  
I reckon we fully prepared  
Reckon you oughta be scared  
Reckon we out of control  
Thinking bout platinum and gold  
Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now  
Reckon you bitches gonna learn  
You can't keep Haystak down  
I reckon we fully prepared  
Reckon you oughta be scared  
Reckon we out of control  
Thinking bout platinum and gold  
Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now  
Reckon you bitches gonna learn  
I reckon I'm southern like fried chicken  
I'll be here till I leave yo  
Colisseums and Cathedrals from L.A. to the east coast  
My people(echo) country as collard greens  
Money hungry dope fiends  
Go get that cheese by any means  
Even if it means- we got to ride like Matt Dillon  
Haystak Mac Millon, that's Mr. Mac Millon  
I came up with cash villians  
Riding right, sack dealin  
We be in the back chillin (in the back, in the back)  
In the back of the club  
In the back of the limo  
Nothing changed but the day,the date on my  
Presidential  
I came hard on my first  
I came hard on my second  
I come hard on my third  
Do you reckon? I reckon  
I reckon we sliiiiide like sports cars  
Doing 130 when they clock us on the radar (car sfx)  
Cops pull us over looking for rocks  
Only seen us for a second, heard you'd coming for blocks

You reckon you ain't gonna find nothing but cold cash  
Why don't you gone write some tickets with yo old ass  
I'm talking bad to security up in the club  
You get out of line, my clique a fuck you up  
They told me cowards won't dig it  
They told me haters ain't liking it  
I told them that ain't what's on my  
Mind when I'm writing it  
If my people had got popped and never did fold  
Knowing they been took care of it  
Soon as they got parole(echo)  
(DJ scratches then cold end)