

# Playaz From The South

UGK

Yeah...uh huh...ha ha ha

Well live and direct, break yo neck to get a peep  
Of a true and livin' got damn fool  
I came to sweep you off yo got damn feet  
Now pass that sweet & get back  
Lookin' for action, retaliation, and reaction  
That's where that shit at  
Click clack that's that pistol  
Bullets cuttin' wind make a fucked up ass whistle  
You know it's yo dismissal  
Now this'll nip it in the bud  
For my brothers in the pen  
Every day I gots to bust two nuts nigga, what  
I put it down, keep puttin' it down,  
So I advise hoes to not fuck around  
This that Underground  
Bitch you couldn't cut the sound  
Would blow up, hold up  
Wrong move, but it's time  
To call the first family to handle these niggas  
Because we are the worst  
You bitch niggas laid yo eyes on  
I'm so fo' sure  
That these G's goin' fo', fo' and blow for blow  
It's Silkk, Master P, and U.G.K  
Front door, front row, slow it down ho, you know

Playas from the South stack G's  
Flippin' tight on that white  
With that candy on them gold D's

Fools hate the P cause I'm bout it (Bout it)  
I got them black soldiers on and I'm rowdy  
Ready to bust on the nigga that talkin' shit  
I'm bad, like Jason  
Don't compare with them other niggas  
Cause I ain't freebasin'  
Y'all niggas gone on that fried black  
I had fucked mo' niggas in the game then a quarterback  
I got them G's, them killers, them keys  
I'm fuckin' doublin' them D's  
I'm triplin' them T's  
Tryin' to make this dope into quarter keys  
Ask me where I'm from, New Orleans (New Orleans)  
Where them niggas in the projects be ballin' (Ballin')  
Slangin' that Iceberg and Plirens  
Runnin' from the sirens  
Don't know how to comp  
But work the fuck out a triple beam  
Eliminate niggas like Calgon (Calgon)  
If there was a motherfuckin' band I'd be a baritone  
See the P is from that motherfuckin' Calliope (Calliope)  
Where them niggas boot up and gold teeth  
Don't give a fuck about a ho (Ho)  
And niggas stuntin' on that water, water  
You know we bout it, bout it

Don't give a fuck about seein no motherfuckin' tomorrow  
And won't stop, send me to the pen  
I won't stop til them motherfuckin' Saints go marchin' in

1-2-3, you know Silkk a G (G)  
All about that motherfuckin' mail (Mail)  
Gold on my ride, front back side-to-side  
You know a nigga all about them sales  
I don't fuck around with them niggas that front and stunt  
Nigga ain't ask yo bitch ass to come  
I'm from that Third Ward nigga (Uptown)  
In other words I run this shit right chea'  
For them niggas that boast, I be like blast it  
Watch the ground gets full of smoke  
And watch y'all get ghost like Casper  
Shit ain't gonna fuckin' change nigga  
Uh, I think not  
Cause I be on the same block, same house  
Same spot, same glock, cook more rock  
Fuck what ya heard recognize what I be sayin'  
Bitch ain't gon' never gon' die  
So when U.G.K Master P called me up  
Be on Down South Hustlers, I wasn't surprised  
Cause I'ma be the man to stand, I'm bound to make a mill  
Whoop, there it is y'all haven't heard  
But y'all bitches will  
Believe me, I got two for three, four for five  
Holla at cha' boy if ya need me  
And bitch I'm out

Now if ya gave me a Sweet for every bitch that I fucked  
You'd have to bring four eighttteen wheelers  
Fill em' from back to front  
Cause I'm Pimp C bitch, ain't no mistakin'  
Niggas tryin' to get the cheese  
But bitch I'm gettin' the bacon  
And wood and candy just an every day thing rubbin' bud  
Because ya like the way that fifth wheel  
And that grill look  
Cause I be comin' down, nigga my heart be true  
I'm fuckin' ya boo, I'm bumpin' that screw  
Nigga what's up with you  
I live and wept for ya nigga, he had it comin' though  
I represent my shit cause nigga I can't be no ho  
And just because we do perform  
Bitches be thinkin'  
That we don't have a fuckin' pocket full of stones  
I done drunk Miller with killers  
Sipped syrup with murderers  
Keep a boot in my mouth  
Just in case you bitches ain't heard of us  
Nigga, I live for the rush, I live for the crush  
I'm down with drinkin' Royal and the motherfuckin' Plush  
Yeah, and the motherfuckin Organized Noise boy, what's up

Now I got holla at Port Arthur  
And all them motherfuckin' niggas in Texas  
Know what I'm talkin' about  
I know niggas be hollerin' Texas  
Just because it rhymes with Lexus  
But see, we just cool like that  
And uh understand that, uh  
It ain't all about this rap boy

I'm tellin' you, I'm tellin' you, I told you  
Comin' down boy, fifth wheel  
Grill, candy ha ha