

# Welcome to the South

Young Buck

Young Buck, Lil Flip, David Banner c'mon  
G-Unit In This Bitch, G-Unit In This Bitch

The Dirty, Dirty  
Show 'Em How The South Do  
Gold Grills, Coupe' Devilles Sittin On 22's  
The Dirty, Dirty Baby  
Show 'Em How The South Do  
We Pop Pills, Shoot To Kill, You Know What We 'Bout  
And On Behalf Of G-Unit, Welcome To The South

Working This Wood Wheel, Ya'll Don't Know How Good It Feel  
Just Come To Cashville, Ya'll Gon See How Hood It Is  
We In The Projects, Cookin' Chickens In The Kitchen  
We Goto Prison, But Get Out And Go Back To Get In It  
Your Hood Ain't No Harder Than Mine, Bitch, We All Thuggin'  
We Fight In Clubs, Hit The Parkin Lot, And Start Bustin'  
I Know I'm Country, I Cant Help It I'm From Tennessee  
I'm Throwin' Up This Hennisey, And Blowin Up My Enemies  
Ya'll Niggas Remember Me? Not Because The Bird's Tennekee  
But Young Buck Been A G', I Give A Fuck Who You Be Boy  
I Want In On Everything, A Dime Bag, If So Come See Me For It  
To Be A Star, All You Need Is A Pyrex Jar  
Some Soldiers, And Some Baking Soda, You Can Buy That Car

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I Swear On The Soul's Of Our Dead Cousin's  
I Ain't Fuckin, Man I'm Commin Ak 40's Bustin',  
7's And Mack 11's  
I Told 'Em All I Ain't No Hoe  
But Niggas Don't Listen Till You Kick A Nigga,  
Smack Him With That Callico  
I'm Tryin To Stay In Gods Plan  
But I Hadta Show These Faggots That Your Fuckin With A Man, Ya Bitch!  
I Left Them Niggas Needin'Path  
And Ya'll Probly Won't Live To See This Weekend,  
Gotta Go, Gotta Go, FUckin Mash Out  
I Hit The Dro' A Lil More And Then I Pass Out  
Crashin' The H2, Bitches I Hate You  
Now U Keep Talkin Shit, I Kidnap And Ducktape You  
Let Them Faggots Rape You  
Then It's Back To Mississippi, If Ya Boys Want Revenge  
Tell Them Bitches Come And Get Me  
Cuz I Was Born In This Bitch To Die  
I'm In Queens, In Your 'Lac, With Your Bitch, Gettin' High

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I'm The King, It Ain't No Mystery, So Fuck Ya'll Niggas Dissin' Me  
I'm Goin' Down In History, I'm Leavin' With A Victory  
Yo' Baby Momma Kissin' Me, Talkin' 'Bout She Missin' Me  
Since I'm A Star, When I Hit The Door, They Never Friskin' Me  
Cuz I Pack A Pack A Pound, Just Ask Around, Like 50 "I'll Back You Down"  
Run To Ya' Crib And Snach Ya' Pounds, Everybody On The Ground  
You Know My Niggas Hold Me Down, What Goes Around Comes Around  
I Represent H-Town, Still Run The Underground  
With Bricks On The Greyhound, Spree's On My Escalade  
I'm Glad I Made It Out The Game, It Gotta Be A Better Way  
Now We Gettin' Cheeda', Now We On Another Level  
It's Clover G And G-Unit, Young Buck, Shut 'Em Down

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