

A Southern Girl

Z-Ro

Southern girl, (yeah she a down South bitch)
That's all I need in my southern world, (yeah I'm on that down South shit)

I'm worth a million, even though I'm in my house shoes
She see money in motion, everytime my mouth move
I'm such an executive, but I am so South too
Rifles in all of my rides, under the couch too
When I roll up in that Bentley, guess what her mouth do
It open up and don't close, like a do' house do
You can get some of this penis, but it's gon' cost you
Cause everyday I'm hustling, like Rick Ross do
I use to move a lil' hard, lil' soft too
Now somebody move it for me, I'm a boss boo
If you was a regular broad, I would of lost you
Street smart, somebody done already taught you
She a red head, but she love the way I floss blue
Fuck you to sleep, and steal your shit I showed her how to
She ain't a scary bitch, she'll bust you in your mouth too
Football player with that work, she run a route too

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Yeah-yeah Southern giiiiiiiiiiiirl, yeah yeah yeah-e-yeah
I'm on that down South shit, rolling with my down South bitch

Got a thick bitch, down in Memph'
8 Ball shit, Space Age Pimp
And my hoes, they don't wear no panties
Pick em up, in a white Rolls or the Phantom
A young nigga, use to rock gold teeth
Before the rap shit, I would send a whole key
Hoe please, never been a trick
Always been a real nigga, on some boss shit
Always had a red hoe, that was gun thick
She always had stupid head, that would cum sick
Down South bitch, I'm talking Atlanta
Soul food eater, went to school in Alabama
I'm talking bow leg, met her at the galleria
Long hurr fat ass, man you gotta see her
She for real, bitch run round in a Kia
Put her in the Bentley coupe, and moved her to the crib

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I use to be an asshole, now I'm a grown man
King of the Ghetto, while ruling over my own land
Regular women, ain't invited to my home man
Pretty face big booty, whip up a zone hand
That ain't sweet and sour chicken, cooking in the kitchen
And that ain't just her homegirl, they both into licking
She'll set you up for that paper, place you into position
Them thangs or your life, one of em coming up missing
She cornbread fed, almost thicker than my pocket
Already came five times, but she ain't stopping
She fuck with rich niggaz, but she don't be name dropping
When you see her with them rich niggaz, bet she ain't bopping

Always see her from the back, she never face front
Never turn to comb my hair, that's why she rock a lace front
Ain't no handcuffing, you can taker her home today brah
She don't belong to Mr. McVey brah, homie she's a

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