

## 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 giiiiiiiiiiiiirl, 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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