

# Going Down In The South

Z-Ro

Where you can get good weed good drank, or even get put to rest  
Down here we rep the Screwed Up Click, or rep the Swishahouse  
And we don't play games we gon take aim, or punch you in your mouth  
On a paper chase for that big bread, H.P.D. act like dick heads  
Cause they wanna know what we're smoking, and how much coedine in our big red  
And we stay draped in VVS diamonds, VS1's  
And we don't tolerate jackers, we take jackers to Vietnam  
Sunday night is well connected, with Big Steve and Captain Jack  
Tuesday night we at the rocks, with ten cars deep and all them Lacs  
Jumping stacks dump a gat, steel jabs and quarterbacks  
Yeah we rapping but it ain't just rap, money we need all of that  
Bulgari glasses on my face, hand cannon on my waist  
Candy blue paint on my ride, Trouble in the front in the back is Grace  
Joseph McVey that's my name, and I taste diamonds in my mouth  
Fuck a nigga named Lloyd Banks, it's going down in the South

Pistol packers and jackers, and bad ass bitches on the track  
Everybody you come across, trying to stack stacks  
It's going down in the South, (going down in the South)  
It's going down in the South, (going down in the South)  
We got diamonds in our mouth, around our arms and round our necks  
Six or seven days, and we ain't been to sleep yet  
It's going down in the South, (going down in the South)  
It's going down in the South, (going down in the South)

It all started with a tour of the B.C., to a half of the O.G.  
Some dudes still fish swear, in a spot that's low key  
You niggaz don't know me, you so baloni  
You play in the pig pen, I hang where the folks be  
We don't talk to police, leave that to you fonies  
Disguised as homies, to get me felonies  
I forever be lonely, just me and my coedine  
My tech has no beam, my aim is so clean  
Been at it since 14, you can't control me  
So quit the baloni, 'fore I go where your folks sleep  
Hit your block and it's on G, the strap sits cozy  
It claps but don't speak, leave flats no slowly  
So don't provoke me, I was raised in the struggle  
Good kush and kool-aid, so they stay in a huddle  
If you call me on the blank runs, the next time it's double  
Fuck stunting but if you want, Boss'll teach you how to hustle

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Some of my partnas ride blue, some of my partnas ride red  
And just like I got partnas that's free, I got partnas in the FED  
I got partnas in the state, for killing niggaz or moving weight  
I even got niggaz in the Army, in Baghdad and Kuwait  
Every block you pass in H-Town, you gon see a candy ride

Whoever driving it gon keep a weapon handy, right by his side  
Down here jackers don't hide, they be out all in the open  
Therefo' when I'm in floss mode, I might shoot anybody that's approaching  
Hit a nigga be it a bitch, cause I ain't ready to dig my ditch  
Any given time I look like new money, to somebody that wanna get rich  
Laws harassing as they pass, protect and serve they never do that  
Instead of love they pull out a billy club, and beat us till we blue black  
So fuck the laws except Officer Tony, cause he real  
Behind the badge he a Mo City nigga for life, and that's why we chill  
Rest in Peace Big H.A.W.K., I think about you all day all night  
I'll see you again one day, whenever I crap out rolling the dice of life