

Waka Floka Flame "Candy Paint & Gold Teeth"

Visit "[Candy Paint & Gold Teeth](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

I'm from the south Southern Hospitality
Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners,
dinners
I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind
they business
Tricked cars is our culture we sum' heavy spenders

Ca-Candy Paint and Gold Teeth (x8)

[Waka Floka]

I'm in Riverdale on 85, at Annlers's eatin' sum' Soul
Food
County attitude let me know if you down to
Party all night wit' my people
And if yo' ass go hungry man them hobo's they go feed
you
I bring Drama like Sammy Sam I'm so point five Twista,
Bun
Do or Die car clean no suit and tie
Ghetto boy like Willie G, Cuttier wood grains like I'm Bill
see, I hold the
Flame like Bun B
I ain't from the South that's Ludacris that's country shit
fish grease
Yall full of bits, wet paint, big reels, you can't help, but
done notice it
When the beat is in dark shit, so coolin' it wit' my van
Sickest shit that I have
Country hell a little Mayonaise, yall' in Riverdale where
we at

[Hook]

I'm from the south Southern Hospitality
Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners,
dinners
I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind
they business
Tricked cars is our culture we sum' heavy spenders

Ca-Candy Paint and Gold Teeth (x8)

[Bun B]

And I'm sittin' low in my old school, and my loces on,
and I'm so cool
And my top it drops, and there's no roof
When I'm shinin' on it's my gold tooth
I'm trill as hell, and I'm heavy set
Pray to the Lord, but don't get it bent
I'm from the Hood, and I represent, and I turn it up like
the deficit
I'm from Texas (Texas), Cadillac no Lexus (no Lexus)
What we ride on four suicide doors, and park no places
So you best not test us (test us) cuz' we'll get reckless
Catch you on yo' block wit' that big black glock take part
of yo' necklace
(Necklace)
Tell me who gon' check (check) we outside down for
the hood we gon' ride
My gladiator's, yeah they go live wit' them dayton's and
them 4
So watch yo' step, and know yo' place, you ain't trill
don't show yo' face
Cause I'll pull that --, and I'll catch a case, and I'll leave
the scene
Wit' no trace

[Hook]

I'm from the south Southern Hospitality
Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners,
dinners
I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind
they business
Tricked cars is our culture we sum' heavy spenders

Ca-Candy Paint and Gold Teeth (x8)

[Ludacris]

Luda!
Fresh out the shop and the candy coated Cadillac
stacked on amazin' wheels
Seats look like I hollered at the Reeces peanut butter
cup, and then made a
Deal
Trucks shakin' like jellied honey's ready to check the
spread
Cuz' I get that cheese, and I sandwich myself between

the bread
So keep yo' mind on yo' riches, and get yo' hoes right
Cuz' in these streets you not safe unless yo' codes
right
Your southern living is like something you ain't never
seen
Ask any hustler his favorite color is money green
Blacked out tint white wall spinnin'
Lookin' for the neckbone, hamhock, collard green,
cornbread eatin' women
We sum country certified gangsta's in the south
When you speak about who's hottest watch yo' (watch
yo') mouth

[Hook]

I'm from the south Southern Hospitality
Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners,
dinners
I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind
they business
Tricked cars is our culture we sum' heavy spenders

Ca-Candy Paint and Gold Teeth (x8)

Visit [Waka Flocka Flame](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.