

## **Cruelty Lyrics by Sodom**

### **"What You Boys Know"**

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[H.A.W.K.]

Dirty Southside, got your mouth wide open  
Cross eyed all tongue tied, like you on formaldehyde  
If you not qualified, I'll hit from the blind side  
Lives getting crucified, we cried when Aaliyah died  
It's just Southern pride, inside and outside  
Never ever satisfied, until we heard worldwide  
Some people done lied, told you that we countrified  
Got you all buck eyed, and looking at our clean ride  
If you not preoccupied, grab a seat court side  
Watch the show all high, we got chicken Southern fried  
Let me be your tour guide, up the South and Northside  
And put the plex aside, we got the game hogg tied  
Hard-core and bonefied, our ice and piece dried  
Roaches get pesticide, we won't be denied  
Playa I reside, on the Southside  
Is where you see the drop top Bentley outside

[Hook]

What you boys know, about the Dirty South  
Where we stay iced up, and pull Bentleys out  
What you boys know about that Lone Star state  
Where the homies slowing it, ?and the rest concade?  
What you boys know, about them Texas boys  
We the ones Down South, making all the noise  
What you boys know, about that S.U.C.  
This for Screw and Mafio, and P-A-T

[H.A.W.K.]

On tracks and eight dats, I break backs and spit facts  
Squash all chit-chat, and bullshit I ain't with that  
I keep thangs intact, cause my goal is that  
The studio's my habitat, your flow is whack can't get in that  
I two-way my contact, tall stacks with Cold Jack  
Like you cats can't get it back, and my ? so you rugrats  
I'm doing this for Fat Pat, and for him I bring that  
At first I use to slang crack, now it's two ties and slacks  
All dogs and stray cats, pimps, playas and macks  
Niggas down like fo' flats, with bald fades and flats  
We want it all like ball brass, down here we tote gats

Our body's covered with tats, we only smoke ball bats  
That's how we do it, get the stash we screw it  
We arch you to it, like Nike just do it  
You had a chance you blew it, so now it's my turn  
If you not from round here, you boys will learn that

[Hook]

[H.A.W.K.]

Southern hard hitter go-getter, never been a quitter  
Hardest pit in the litter, got these haters bitter  
See the way my chain glitter, this is for my real niggas  
Who stack the figgas, and will pull the triggas  
I'm buttoned up like silver, my name is getting bigger  
I'm not your average nigga, and I'm raw like Digga  
Southern flow spitter, don't mess with quitters  
Or no wig splitter, and I'm giving cats the chills  
What boys know, bout eggs and grits  
Smashing hits, and girls I hit it with big tits  
What you boys know, bout starchy jeans  
And serving fiends, and moving bricks for nineteen  
What you boys know, bout brand new whips  
Unloading the clips, and country boys bout they chips  
What you boys know, bout moving snow  
I'm not just glow, in the Dirty South cats get thoed

[Hook]

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