

## **Chumbawamba F/ Elvis Costello**

### **"South Side Comin'"**

Visit "[South Side Comin'](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro]

Southside's coming - 4x

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh - 2x

Southside's coming - 8x

[Hook]

If you don't give a what, like we don't give a what

Let me see you, put your hood in the air - 2x

If a hater jump up, what we tell him (back-back)

See my click bust first, it ain't no time to (clap back)

See they talking like they killas, but where they (straps at)

This the Dirty South boy, what you know about that

[E.S.G.]

Out the Superbowl city dog, yep ya boy E.S.G.

Like a George Foreman grill, man I'm known to cook heat

Spit heat for the street, over crunk beats

Crack my trunk, I crack concrete

All my gangstas bounce with me, blow a hydro ounce with me

Fake gangsta rappers, don't wanna go to war

You dummies might as well and bust, send ya ass to Mars

Better bulletproof your cars, if you running ya mouth

We turn Maybachs to drop tops, with choppers down South

Don't make me knock you cowards out, you be crying like ya gay

You the type, that'll marry Brittany Spears for a day

See plenty of weight, plenty of them rocks

Boys never seen you, on no block

Boys never seen you, pop no glock

Boys never seen you, dodge no cops

H-E-L hot, H-Town we right behind

If them hatas holla back, it's hollow tips through they spine

Doctors holla flat line, hate to see a crying lady

Cause I'm straight with a 3-80, like a black Tom Brady

[Hook]

[Intro]

[E.S.G.]

Gotta make your mail, gotta make your bread  
Can't be scared, to push ahead  
Don't give a damn, what no one said  
Got's to keep, your family fed  
Whole lot of homies, been mislead  
Get caught up, they wind up dead  
Running round, like they ain't scared  
Boys round here, will bust your head  
Like my dog Juve said I need it, I need it in my life  
I ain't trying to be Mystikal, and go to jail tonight  
Playa pressure bust pipes, and ya pipes bout to bust  
I don't care where you from, homie throw your hood up

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Like Walter Payton we skating, on black spinners and  
daytons  
Escalade I'm navigating, and to hell with probation  
Motivation determination, dedication and paper  
chasing  
I avoid the frustration, and aggravation from the hating  
Spit game is my occupation, a thug with a education  
Tryna teach to reach my nation, you boys see what we  
facing  
Radio station no rotation, they told me to be patient  
How the hell can I keep on waiting, these fakas keep on  
faking  
Fascination with them toys, I love A.K.'s  
Let me see you rep your hood, M-I-A to L.A  
Down South don't play, next time you come our way  
Let me see you get crunk, now that's what Lil' Jon would  
say

[Hook]

Visit [Chumbawamba F/ Elvis Costello](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.