

Crawford Randy

"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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