

Cruise Erin

"Diggin' Da South"

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Southside, yeah, it's going down
Bout to turn it out, H-A dub K
Z-Ro The Crooked, it's going down

[Chorus]

Man hold up it's going down
We gon rock the house
Got everybody digging the south
Got everybody digging the south
Them boys from the S.U.C., bout to turn it out
Make everybody scream and shout
Make everybody scream and shout
Now I heard all my people say

[H.A.W.K]

Bounce, rock, roller skate
I scrape my tail gate, with a 6-4 pancake
On 2-88, and I'm headed to the Lou'
My fragrance is juice, and my tape deck is Snoop
Roof, up-side your head
If you trying to take mine, you get filled with lead
You dead, but I remain on the creep
Sideways down the street, woofers pounding my seat
So I creep, and keep it on the down low
Me and my nigga Z-Ro, remain in Cognito
The beat go boom, when we enter the room
The smell of marijuana, mixed with perfume
It's going down, and you know it's going down
Got everybody digging this southern sound
Pound for pound we the best, we can pass any test
And the lyrics that we spit, will give you cardiac arrest

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, fo'
It's the H-A-W-K, and the fella they call Ro
Screwed Up Click representers, getting bent like a
corner
Taking up all four lanes, when we swang it's a G thang
Loving this life, loving this game, dominating the

industry
With raw rap, and everybody love it man
Ain't nobody ripping like the S.U.C.
If you run up with that nigga, I'm gon set you free
It's a gangsta party, and ain't no haters allowed
Nothing but pimps and playas, and plenty women
going down
Man hold up, let me roll up something sticky
Full of them pills leaning, my people gotta come and
get me
Stuck, but never lose composer
Military minded, I'm a Southside soldier
Benjamin Frank' folder, I done shocked the south
Prepare yourself for the Screwed Up, we rock the house

[Chorus]

[H.A.W.K]

Girl drop it, Southside is body rocking
To the beat, you can't stop it
Me and Ro making profit, niggas trying to baller block it
But how the hell, can you knock it
Get down on it, sit down on it
Southside soldiers, annihilating opponents
We want it, I mean a platinum plack
The Cadillacs, the highs with the pool in the back
Give me all of that, plus a little bit more
And I'm sure fa sho, you gon love our flow
We'll steal the show, and have the crowd in a rage
And have every lady trying, to get a pass backstage
We represent third coast, not to brag or boast
We eat up like toast, and burn tracks like toast
Respect to the utmost, cause we rough and rugged
And that bullshit you spitting, just ain't gon cut it

[Chorus - 2x]

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