

Cyr

"Southside in the Place"

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[Cyr]
Yeah
Look
It's for the whole Southside (Southside in the place)
Texas in this (Catch me swangin' in the street)
Yeah
Yeah
Texas
Atlanta (Southside in the place)
Mississippi (Catch me swangin' in the street)
Alabama
Yeah
Cyr the Don's in this shit
North Carolina to South Carolina
Look, Florida
Memphis
Houston

(Verse 1)
Southside in the place, catch me swangin' in the street
With a bad bitch, smoking on some dro, leaves and the
sweet
Get them backwoods, I ain't got no time to see police
Grab the mack cause, I can definitely see no peace
If I act up, please forgive me, God made me a G
And I'm a back 'em up
Hit ya with two or three and flee the scene
Got more cash to get
Checks to cash, and know ain't nothin' free
Got more guns to get
Clips to blast, comin' from the T
Texas's all I need to save, with Corpus runnin' through
my vein
I hit ya if you act a fool, you know, just know ain't
nothin' changed
If you focused on the jewels, you already know the
game
If you broke, you gotta fix it, grab a tool and get to
swang
Southside in this thang
You already know the name

Outside, sippin' purple rain, sittin' on them thangs
But my pimpin' and my Benjamins, they know, they
ain't gone change
I'm a hustler muh'fucker, come on
Now ride with me

Chorus: Cyr

Southside in the place, catch me swangin' in the street
So clean, made it to the left, be easy, I'm a G
Outshinin' on these city streets, believe it, I'm a be
Out grindin' til I see a mil, come on, ride with me
Let's go
To a better place, weed is in the breeze
So clean, made it to the left, be easy, I'm a G
Outshinin' on these city streets, believe it, I'm a be
Out grindin' til I see a mil, come on, ride with me

(Verse 2)

Let me tell you about a place
Call it the land of the Trill
Texas born, Texas raised, ridin' the cannon, it's chillin'
Right next to me (???) leather, I brandish shit, if you
illin'
Better move or add a keptlock body suit under Lenin
Only give 'em what I'm gettin', true nigga Don is real in
this
Muh'fuckers been waitin' for years, sayin' they feelin'
me
Barkin' the buildin', people catch feelings, I know they
grillin' me
Just catch me on the Southside, top, bill in the industry
Drop, spin it, done top-notch feelin' me til they feelin'
me
The proof is in the booth
Honest, I'm constantly killin' beats
The boss hogg
Dukes Of Hazard and shit pushing razors up
My weight is on, tonight, gotta get a scale and break it
up
Take it to another level, flip and pull a major stunt
Take ya for a trip
Do the South, and I'm a blaze you up
Nothin' but the finest weed, come to Texas, grind with
me
Come and see the shine, get on, I got it, come on, ride
with me

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)

Hit the block clean, leaning, lookin' like a zillion bucks

Plus I'm sippin' good, dippin', cookin', but who give a fuck?
Trust some livin' hood, trailing on a mission to the top
Hustle harder cause I gotta get a lot of trunks to lock
Plus I'm hotter than a lot of these motherfuckers that talk
Hit the charts with a platinum bullet, pull it
I'm a chop
Southside run the spot
Me and Dolla got it locked
Rock bottom to the top
And you know it don't stop
Recognize it, don't deny it, hate the product, I'm a rider
Realize, Cyr's spittin' fire til the day I'm down
If and I ever retire, know that I should be behind
Killin' rappers for the right
Just
Hand over the mic
Psych, I'm tired of flaming bastards, and you blame it on the hype
I'm a bring it back to Texas, I'm the freshest, yeah, aight
(???) now, just remember that I'm from the Southside
(???) now, just remember
I'm from the Southside

Repeat Chorus

[Cyr]
Ride with me...

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