

UGK f/ Willie D, Charlie Wilson

"Quit Hatin' the South"

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[Intro: Pimp C]

Uh! It's really goin down in the South bitch!
Yeah nigga! We know hip-hop and rap and all that shit
started in the
muthafuckin East
Knalmsayin? Then it went to the West coast and they
did it a little bit better
Knalmsayin? But now it's our time to shine down here
NIGGA!
Knalmsayin? So since y'all niggaz keep sayin we ain't
real hip-hop down here
We don't wanna be down with you bitch ass niggaz!
So y'all stay up there with that BULLshit!
This country rap tunes down here nigga!
Young Pimp! Young Bun! Underground Kingz!
All the O.G.'s that's recognizing the real, I got love for
y'all
But all you bitch ass niggaz talkin down in ya records,
you can eat a DICK!
Hold up!

[Charlie Wilson] + (Pimp C)

Pushin cocaine, serving pounds of weed (pounds of
weed pussy nigga)
Steady stayin on the grind (steady grinding, stay in the
studio nigga)
Pussy nigga can't say he ain't hating me (I know you
hating me bitch.. hold up)
Because if you did, then you wouldn't be lying (hold up)
But how in the hell am I supposed to respect the man?
(if it ain't respected, it ain't respected)
That talk down on every song (I hear you talkin down
nigga!)
You steady actin like a bitch, you steady cryin your
eyes out (stop crying bitch!)
Say my name pussy nigga, we can get the shit on.. on..
Ooooooooh yeah! (Knalmtalkinbout?)

[Chorus: Charlie Wilson]

Quit hatin the South... (baby)
We gettin paper in the South... (gettin money)

Quit hatin the South... (baby)
Quit hatin the South...

[Bun B]

Well it's been a long time my nigga, I shouldn't have
left you (I shouldn't have left)
When I some real trill shit to go left to
Gotta lot of respect fool (yeah), for the ones before me
But when my time came they act like they ain't know me
I've been down with rap music since Cold Crush and
Melle (Melle)
Before MTV put Run-D.M.C. on the tele (tele)
Back when Whodini tried to tell ya about ya friends
Nigga I was giving rap all my time and my ends
Bought damn near every record the muthafucka
dropped
West coast gangsta music, East coast hip-hop
Now it's our time to shine and the tables is turned
Them muthafuckas aggravated 'cause we gettin some
burn
"There's no room for everybody, just a few niggaz is
swole" (why is that?)
Proabably 'cause they favorite rappers ain't in control
But just let go of the past 'cause it's hurtin your hands
And pass it over to the next generation of fans
And quit hatin the South

[Chorus]

[Willie D]

I'm blastin off on you hoes like NASA
You double standards and hypocrisy, remind me of
Massa
We ain't good enough to eat at ya table but when ya
dick get hard
You wanna run up with the ?
I from the get.. coke but I'm still clockin figures
Bitch.. hoe.. cocksuckin nigga
And that goes for all you visitors too
If you don't like it down here, get the fuck on fool!
They say you can't rap and they questioning our
intellect
Friendly ass niggaz jumpin bad on the internet
Ain't nobody typing that much, can't be a danger
Catch you in person, bitch I'll break yo' fingers!
It's some trash in the South but I promise you
From the East to the West, some of y'all garbage too
As long as the beat knock and the lyrics hot, son
I can give a rat's ass where a rapper is from
I remember N.W.A. and PE
Had me feelin like a rapper was the thing to be

You can't fuck with Willie D, UGK either
Disrepecting the code, ? muthafuckas neither

[Chorus: 1/2]

[Pimp C]

To all the radio, T.V., and even the presses
Been hatin on the Sizz-outh like we ain't ready
Y'all think we came in the place, say man we came in
the state
Y'all shoulda listened to Andre, bitch we got somethin
to say
And all you washed up rappers, you ain't what it's about
I see y'all tryna rap like us and puttin grills in ya mouth
Y'all buy the beat, buy the beat, like y'all bouncin and
twerkn
But hoe we know what's goin on and bitch that bullshit
ain't workin
I'ma O.G. Rock Balll, write my name up on the wall
Fuck yo' bitch and hit the switch and put my dick up in
her jaw
(I'm Sweet) Jones, fucked a clone, legend on the
microphone
Player's choice, silver Royce, keep yo' bitch's pussy
moist
I'm bumped the school, that's how I do, sippin drank,
each teen night
In Benz, big blue lens, knock this bitch and fuck with
her friend
Candy cart, squeeze 'em out, bought the ranch man
fuck the house
And y'all still gotta buy y'al dope from us so what the
fuck you bitch
niggaz talkin 'bout? {*echoes*}

[Outro: Pimp C]

All you ole sensitive ass niggaz! KnaImtalkinbout?
Y'all niggaz on y'all period up there BITCH!
KnaImtalkinbout? Y'all hide behind them e-mail
addresses
sending that bullshit through the air!
Bitch! Say my name bitch, I'ma come to ya house!
Fuck how you feel, country rap tunes NIGGA!
They put all y'all records on one side of the store
And put all the country rap music on the other side of
the store
And see who sell out first... bitch ass nigga!
It's ya own fault ya shit ain't sellin!
You reap what you sew!
Fuck you in ya pussy!
Keep talkin that shit, them young gladiators go come

get you too patna!
Already, UGK for life, fuck how you feel about it bitch!
Young Pimp

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