

## **Bun B f/ Rick Ross, David Banner, 8Ball & MJG**

### **"You're Everything"**

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[Talking: Bun B]

Man fo real I love being from the dirty south mane  
It made me the G I am today  
Made me the hustla I am today  
The grinda, the baller, the gangsat I am today  
A lot of people got opinions, issues, and problems with  
what they see comin from the south but we doin well n  
the south mane, but I'm a tell you like this: f\*\*k you  
dog, this the south nigga we been, gonna be here, and  
we ain't goin no mutha f\*\*kin where  
Take it hoe you like it, hate it or love it ho.

[Bun B:]

It's that candy paint, 84s  
Belts and buckles chrome and grill  
Leather seats, stitched and tucked  
TV screens and wooden wheels  
Swade roof, neon lights  
Whole tire swang and bang  
Top drop, blades chop  
Big wheel just hangin man  
White ts, fitted hats  
Jordans or da dickies (dickies)  
That swisha sweet cigoriilas filled up with the stickey  
15s bamin  
And the base keep kickin  
Cadillac do slammin  
On dem 4 4s tippin  
We ain't trippin just flippin  
These haters dip when they see us (when they see us)  
Cause they can neva beat us best us or be us  
I'm a G that's a genius  
Besta just respect my duggie man  
It's the south, ain't nothin above it and that's why I love  
it mane fo real.

[Rick Ross:]

Pray at night, we sellin white  
Got one key trine sell it twice  
Yellow stones all in my shit  
Yellow bones all in my dick

Honeycomb I call my crib  
Money long, that's on my kids  
I rock Peta, my uncle chad  
UGK you can't f\*\*k with dat  
Niggas fake, they hate my candypaint  
And all the paper that your partner make  
Shakin dice like a face of life  
Champaign just ain't tastin right  
Haterade they Gatorade  
Look at these seats, they gator made  
Friend or foe niggas never know (know)  
Never know when you finna blow

[David Banner:]

Do you scrape up the curb  
Then was sippin some syrup  
Then was blisted, twisted, since this pimp got in dat  
heard  
But I handle my issue  
I got several pistols  
That won't whistle, missiles not grisled from fatty tissue  
Mississippi's my home  
Till I'm die and I'm gone  
I know I put it on my back held dat bitch up alone  
Put no lable but docking  
Pride split into fractions  
I hit the ocean on heavy bustin back at the crackin  
Ya'll know (Ya'll know)

[8 Ball:]

Let's talk about Pimp C, Bun B  
8 Ball, MJG  
Big Boi, Dre 3000  
Scarface, Willie D  
T.I.P, Young Jeezy  
Birdman, Lil Weezy  
Trick Daddy, Young Buck  
So So Def, Jermaine Depri  
J Priss rap a lot  
Juicy J, DJ Paul  
Slim Thug, Lil Keke  
Chamillionare, Paul Wall  
We all different, but we all rep the same thang  
God first, family then money in the south mane.

[MJG:]

They call me pimp tight, MJG  
The dirty south, it's everything I want, everything I need  
Everything I'm hungry for  
When I'm outta town gotta get home just for it  
Everything that I been raised to love

The wheels that my grandmamma gave to us  
Racial profilin, police harass are regular days to us  
You say door, we say doe  
You say four, we say fo  
You say whore, we say ho  
You want more, but we want mo  
What else is there left for me to do  
This the dedication from me to you  
The south, I know you gonna see me through  
So until I die, I wanna be with you  
You're everything.  
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