

Chamillionaire f/ Killer Mike, Pastor Troy

"Southern Takeover"

Visit "[Southern Takeover](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chamillionaire] + (Killer Mike)
The Sound of Revenge
Haha whoo
Tell 'em what it is man
(Welcome to the new world order
Atlanta, Georgia)
Houston, Texas
Y'all ready

[Chorus: Chamillionaire] + (Killer Mike)
Just look over your shoulders, shoulders
Got something to show ya, show ya
It's the southern takeover, its over
You better tell 'em
(I got dreams to stand on top
Try and stop, blot blot block)
Just look over your shoulders, shoulders
Got something to show ya, show ya
It's the southern takeover, its over
You better tell 'em
(I got dreams to stand on top
Try and stop, blot blot block)

[Killer Mike]
It's the mister falcon toter, cook cook coke with baking
soda
Blunt roller, dro smoker, wood gripper, pistol whipper
Light ya nigga if he figure fuckin wit my click will make
him
Richer, he should know instead of it will make him
deader
Deader money, fucking with my money, get yo money
Stacked right out of Sunday School
On a bright and sunny sunday, this ain't funny
I ain't joking bout my coke and package from a shaolin
Might kidnap your wife and daughter, bury them down
deep in Georgia
No D.A. or fucking lawyers prosecuting witnesses
We executing, start to shooting, starting to do this
fucking violence
Start a riot, get this motherfucker crunk or as crunk you

can get it

That that dro, I'ma hit it, out of line, nigga I spit it
Spit it, live it, cause I live it, you don't walk it, you just
talkin

Pistol totin and they knowing that's my snow and got
his dope and

I ain't holdin, steady slangin, right on your black-a-
block

Hit your trap, set up shop, try and stop, blot blot block

[Chorus]

[Chamillionaire]

This ain't about a image, this ain't about a gimmick
Cause you stand to the side and the game gotta
diminish

I'm damn sure that this city don't think that he the
realest

He whooping on his ass before he finishing his
sentence

I've only got a minute to tell you about a digit

You looking at a nigga like I ain't about to get it

I'm looking at the money like I ain't about to finish

So you need to mind your business if you worried bout
your business

Uh, I'm a H-Town Soldier, I'ma come

With the trunk up, and don't remind cha

If you say your getting it, shoulda told chu bout a

Nigga named Chamillionaire that's fo sho a problem

You don't want no problem, probably gonna need the
fo-fo remind 'em

Yeah you tip on and ride em, We ride 4-4s when the
dough beside 'em

6'6 taller looking like he a sinner, 10 tattoos looking like
he a killer

Skinny ass niggaz don't fight with a nigga, Pull out a
billfold, put a price on a nigga

It's kinfolk, put a knife in a nigga from his car to his
pocket then right in his liver

It was a big boy to put a slice in the middle, ? Killer Mike
with the killer

Don't mess with the south, homie that's a dream,
hallucinating or imagining

We so XXL with the gats I mean, something ready to
blow in the magazine

You know that them southern cash is mean, front dents
smile for me when I stash my cream

Pull up with the candy paint that'll match my green,
Killer Pastor, they just ain't imagining

[Chorus]

[Pastor Troy]

Y'all know me as PT, well uh huh and all of that
Black on black with black tip, I can't help but represent
I content I wanna know who the fuck you take me for
Studio rappers without your boy's tape, drop my top
and bust my ak

No more play in G-A, yeah that's a classic

Riding in the classic, totin me a pastor

Send 'em to the casket, send 'em to the morgue

Slap me a nigga cause I'm motherfucking bored

Chamillonaire, I kinda fond of my surroundings

Get my Desert Eagle and get to motherfucking
pounding

Up and down the street, throwing heat out the driver
seat

Riding to the beat, tell them niggaz adjust they feet

[Chorus]

Visit [Chamillonaire f/ Killer Mike, Pastor Troy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.