

# **Bun B Feat. Rick Ross, David Banner, 8 Ball & MJG**

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

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Man, fo' real I love bein' from the Dirty South,  
mayne  
It made me the G I am today, made me the hustler I am  
today  
The grinder, the baller, the gangster I am today,  
mayne  
Lot of people got opinions and issues and problems  
with

What they see comin' from the South  
And who doin' what in the South, mayne  
But I'ma tell you like this, fuck you dawg, this the South  
nigga  
We gon' be here, we been here and ain't goin'  
no motherfuckin' where  
Take it how you like it, hate it or love it, hoe

It's that candy paint, 84's, belts and buckles, chrome  
and grill  
Leather seats, stitch and tuck, TV screens and wooden  
wheels  
Suede roof, neon lights, whole tire swang and bang  
Tops drop, blades chop, fifth wheel just  
hangin', mayne

White T's, fitted hats, Jordans on the dickies  
That swisher sweet, cigarillos filled up with the sticky  
The teens bamin' and the bass kick-kickin'  
Cadillac do's slammin' on them po'-po's,  
tippin'

We ain't trippin' just flippin', these  
haters dip when they see us  
Cause they could never beat us best us or be  
us  
I'm a G that's a genius, best to just respect my  
thuggin', mayne  
It's the South, ain't nothin' above it and that's  
why I love it, mayne, fo' real

You're everything I knew, oh, yeah

Do what you want me to, I will do anything  
Get on my knees for you, oh baby, what else is there to  
do  
I don't know, I don't know but I'll cry

Pray at night when you sellin' white, got one ki'  
tryin' to sell it twice  
Yellow stones all in my shit, yellow bones all on my dick  
Honeycomb, I call my crib, money long that's on my  
kids  
I rock P to my Uncle Chad, UGK you can't fuck with that

Niggas fake, they hate candy paint  
And all the paper that your partner make  
Shakin' dice like a face of life, champagne just  
ain't tastin' right  
Haterade they Gatorade, look at these seats they  
gator made  
Friend or foe, niggas never know, never know when  
you fin' to blow

Dude scrapin' the curb, dippin' some syrup  
Fingers blistered twisted swishers, Pimp died and it  
hurt  
But I handle my issue, I got several pistols  
That won't whistle, missiles knockin' gristle  
from fatty tissue

Mississippi's my home, 'til I'm die and I'm gone  
I know I put it on my back, held that bitch up alone  
With no label backin', pride split into fractions  
I hit the ocean on piggy bustin' back at the  
crackin', y'all afraid

You're everything I knew, oh yeah  
Do what you want me to, I will do anything  
Get on my knees for you, oh baby, what else is there to  
do  
I don't know, I don't know but I'll cry

Lets talk about Pimp C, Bun B, 8ball, MJG  
Big Boi, Dre 3000, Scarface, Willie D  
T.I.P, Young Jeezy, Birdman, Lil' Weezy  
Trick Daddy, Young Buck, So So Def, Jermaine Dupri

J Prince, 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, mayne

They call me Pimp Tyte, MJG  
The Dirty South is everything I want  
Everything I need, everything I'm longin' for  
When I'm outta town, gotta get home, just for

Everything that I been raised to love  
The wisdom my grand momma gave to us  
Racial profilin', police harassment, regular  
days to us

You say door, we say do', you say four, we say fo'  
You say whore, we say hoe, 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 wit'chu, you're everything

You're everything I knew, oh, yeah  
Do what you want me to, I will do anything  
Get on my knees for you, oh baby, what else is there to  
do  
I don't know, I don't know but I'll cry

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