

## C Note

### "Third Coast Born Prt. 2"

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(\*talking\*)

Third Coast nigga, Third Coast Born  
Part two nigga, what it do

[Hook - 3x]

Third Coast born, but that don't mean we third place -  
3x  
This is how we ride, reside on Southside

[C-Note]

Third Coast Born, but that don't mean we third place  
H-Town Southside, putting diamonds in they face  
Raise hell from the cell, now the King is back  
With enough paper stacks, to match Mattress Matt  
And they know me in the hood, and through out the city  
Only nigga independent, stacking do' like Diddy  
In a Lamborghini, sitting low I'm pretty  
I'll make your lil' Camaro, look real silly  
Ought to be against the law, the way I'm shitting on  
boys  
Know we Third Coast for life, dropping bricks on boys  
So holla at me mayn, cause we got the game sold  
Only H-Town rapper, that really roll 4's  
That really roll fo's, that really pimp hoes  
Botany Boys/Screwed Up Click, yeah we in the game  
thoed  
I bet that advance, you got was weak  
It's C-Note I run the streets, a million dollars a week  
what

[Hook - 2x]

[C-Note]

They looking at me, I'm looking at ya  
Now you all lied out, on the stretcher  
They come to wet ya, they come to get ya  
Don't be messing, with the Southside tester  
I'm a known wrecker, you know my music sell  
Even clubs bump my shit, out in ATL  
Cause I got clientele, I stay on the go  
Real girls, could you get down on the flo'

And drop it like whoa, for the Third Coast  
Steady cooking up them chickens, watching birds toast  
You know we heard most, we make 'em get ghost  
Niggaz try to shut me down, but they ain't get close  
Want me to lay in red, or either end up dead  
Weak niggaz, even put a price on my head  
But I be busting lead, I got them niggaz scared  
I be hustling, till they free Smud and free Dez

[Hook - 2x]

[C-Note]

I'm from the Third Coast, niggaz better get it right  
I shine bright, make 'em blind man gaining sight  
I'm in it for the fight, I gotta keep it hype  
I'm in a number one game, where you'll lose your life  
You ain't seen my type, cause I'm above average  
Piece and chain pinky ring, got a million karats  
I'm a young savage, strictly about that cabbage  
You can try to run up, I let you niggaz have it  
Hey boy, you ain't run you know what it do  
I shut down MLK, when I'm coming through  
See me coming true, niggaz is running too  
And I ain't even pull my strap out, on them fools  
This is for Texas, Mississippi, Alabama  
Florida, Tennessee, them folks out in Louisiana  
I spit that country grammar, you know who I am'a  
I hold it down for my peeps, still in the slammer

[Hook - 2x]

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