

Chamillionaire "Southern Takeover"

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(feat. Killer Mike, Pastor Troy, King Koopa)

[Intro]

Gun cocking, shots fired.

[King Koopa]

The sound of revenge, haha.

Woo, tell em what it is mayne (tell em what it is).

[Pastor Troy]

Welcome to the New World Order.

Atlanta, Georgia.

[King Koopa]

Houston, Texas, he already know.

[Pastor Troy]

The south is takin over.

[Chorus x2 - King Koopa]

Just look over your shoulder (shoulder)

Let me see who just showed up (showed up)

It's the southern takeover (its over)

You betta tell em I got drinks that stand on top try and
stop (pop pop pop)

[Killer Mike]

It's the mister fo fifth told em

Cookin coke with baking soda

Dub roller, pro smoker

Wood gripper, pistol whipper.

Muck a nigga if he figure

F**kin with my figures.

Makes him richer, he should know.

Instead, it'll make him better than a slimy f**kin with
my money.

Get yo money stacked right outta sunday school

On a bright and sunny sunday.

This ain't funny.

I ain't jokin bout my coke and package come up
shorter.

Might kidnap yo wife and daughter.

Bury them down deep in Georgia.
No D.A.s a f**kin lawyer prosecutin witnesses.
We excutin, start the shootin, start the lukin,
Start the violence, start a riot.
Get this motherfucker crunker, crunk as you can get it.
Pass that ho, I'm a hit it.
Outta line, we gon spit it,
spit it vivid, cause i live it.
You don't walk it, you just talk it.
Pistol totin, and a loadin.
That's how smokin got this dope
And i aint hopin, steady slangin
Right on yo trappa block.
Try your track, set up shop.
Try and stop (pop pop pop).

[Chorus]

[King Koopa]

Hey hey, this ain't about an image.
This ain't about a gimmick.
P**sys stand to the side.
Now the game got a menace.
I damn seen a city that I think is not the realest.
We bummin on his ass.
He ain't finishin his sentence.
I only got a minute.

I feelin about a digit.
You lookin at a nigga like I ain't about to get it.
I'm lookin at the money like I ain't about to finish.
You need to mind your business.
If you ain't about your business.
I'm a H-town soldier.
I'm a come with the trunk up yeah I'm a gon remind ya.
If you ain't gettin it you shoulda told ya father.
Nigga chamillionaire never show no problems.
You don't want no problem (problem).
Get em g'ed shoulda let the fo fo remind em.
Ya you tip on the ride em.
I be ridin fo fos on the door beside em.
6' 6" tall lookin like he a center.
10 tatoos lookin like he a killa.
Skinny ass niggas don't fight with a nigga.
Pull out a billfold, put a price on a nigga.
I have this camp fo put a knife in a nigga.
From the car to his pocket then right in your liver.
Was a big boy that put a slice in the middle.
Ya head fast think you hold a mike with the killa.
Don't mess with the south homie, thats a dream,
Hallucinate or imagining so.

Double XL with the gats I mean,
Keep somethin ready to blow in the magazine.
And you know that southern cash is mean.
Franklins frown for me when I stash my cream.
Pull up in candy paint that match my green.
Killer, Pastor, and Koopa are the master machine.

[Chorus]

[Pastor Troy]

Y'all know me, it's PT.
Well I hunt and all of that,
Black on black, with black tip.
I can't help but represent.
I'm not content, I want more.
Who the f**k you take me for?
Studio rappers not the fortay.
I drop my top and bust my AK.
No mo play, nigga NGA.
Yeah, that's a classic.
Ridin in the classic.
Tote a mill, and I blast em.
Send em to the casket.
Send em to the morgue.
Slap me a nigga cause i'm motherf**kin bored.
Chamillonaire, I camouflouge in my surrounding.
Get my desert E's and get to motherf**kin poundin.
Up and down the streets,
Throwin heat, out the driver's seat,
Ridin to the beat,
Tell them nigga just lay weak.

[Chorus x2]

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