

## Classics Four

### "South In Ya Mouth"

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First Verse (Gangsta Blac):

Look this is the World's debut of these damn fools  
Stak and Blac, tic for tac, breakin' all racial rules  
And ain't too much, wrong with that  
Cuz if it is, gone speak the truth  
Please don't tell 'em wrong, cuz if you do, then you  
know you through  
Bitches I'ma grown ass man  
Makin' grown man moves  
Don't get it wrong, damn fools  
Stak HARD on ya too  
We ain't gone play with this shit  
Same label and shit  
Like brothers, different mothers, but we twins in this  
shit  
Like piano keys (white-black)  
Two junkies, we'll be right back  
And if you hit me, Stak gone feel it, dawg and Blac  
won't like that  
Shit we might just fight cats  
Beat you to the fact, Jack  
Provokin' you for callin' the authorities (take that!)  
Me, I ain't facin' that  
Blood on the baseball bat  
Hide all the evidence  
Please, 'fo they come Stak  
G'wan wit'cha bad self  
Put that South all in they mouth  
Tell them through the East of Tennessee before we  
work it out

Chorus (Haystak + Gangsta Blac):

(Haystak)

WHAT!

Put the South in they mouth, put the South in they  
mouth

WHAT!

Put the South in they mouth, put the South in they

mouth  
WHAT!  
Put the South in they mouth, put the South in they  
mouth  
WHAT!  
SOUTH

(Gangsta Blac)

Yeah Parkway!

Second Verse (Haystak):

Taylor Made, see they be too deep in the place to be  
Chieffin' trees, drinkin' crown  
Actin' bad, talkin' loud  
Push and shove through the crowd  
Talkin' shit, so what's up now?  
They don't want it no..they don't want it  
I know alot of y'all wonder why Gangsta fuck with this  
white boy?  
They don't know by now, brotha let me break it down  
for ya  
TOUGH DUDE!  
If you don't love me, mane fuck you  
Comin' like a train  
Boy, it's not a game  
What's my name name name?  
Big Stak Mac  
Where I'm from from from?  
The terrible T  
What I claim claim claim?  
C.W.B.  
So all that bullshit you talkin' don't mean nothin' to me  
G.B. and me fall up in the new daisies  
Security trippin', say my crew is actin' too crazy  
Some call me the coldest cracker and I just may be  
I'm like Jigga down here, call me big Hay-Z

Chorus

Third Verse (Gangsta Blac+Haystak):

(Gangsta Blac)

So if you wanna know, every God damned thang about  
us country folks  
Collard green dreams, eat it up, cuz we got some more  
Put some dirty South, real deep until you leakin' grease  
Boy poppin' it, bustin' loose, tryin' to get to me  
Barbeques, hoes, rims, paint, braids, fades, boy!

Hay in the barn everyday in the South boy!  
Counter that, runnin'? I'll be damned if I'ma run trick  
Down fifty-one, from the law, til' I'm free bitch!

(Haystak)

Corn on the cob, ribs on the grill, potato salad  
Straps in the park, at a cookout I'll let a hater have it  
Constantly seen on the scene, throughout my  
neighborhood  
Kept it real with my people like I always said I would  
Dirty white boy caught up in the mix  
Tryin' to separate the real from the counterfeit tricks  
Counterfeit cliques go platinum, on the real cats starve  
But that's how the industry is, how the music people  
are!  
A celebrity I'll never be  
I'm just a representative of my community  
In Tennessee we don't fuck around, buckle down  
Hold down this Southern town  
From H-town to Funkytown, World renowned  
We puttin' the....

Chorus

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