

Cunninlynguists

"Since When"

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[Verse: 1] (Deacon)

We flava the music, chop this screw that
Take you through church in a verse til you view fact
Holy ghost, from the lowly coast, spit humility
Facing critics cold fronts, blocking our humidity

(Natti)

We own rap

(Deacon)

Fo sho as cognac'll twist you dome back

Our tracks? see, they be nappy

(Natti)

But you can't comb that

(Deacon)

Call it el natural sound of soul

You ain't seen these darts or how fast they've flown

(Natti)

From, 'tween these parts and the ones 'nere known

My slang bang with a twang and hang on earlobes

You hear Natti, hot as caddies

With no steering column on them

(Deacon)

With enough lines to dry all the clothes that you own

(Natti)

Since when did the south

(Deacon)

Get pinned in a drought

(Natti)

Not never been clever since bic pens been about

Reaching whatever levels that'll suspend any doubt

That we as bad as you kids when this mics to our mouth

[Hook]

I hear 'em talking about souther folks can't rhyme

Some of y'all must be out of your god damn mind

Yeah, its about that time, we got that shine

And niggaz been about them lines

Since When?

Ever since A Pocket Full of Stones

Ridin Dirty in a chevy, sittin heavy on chrome

Ever since Goodie Mo had food for soul

And them dirty Red Dawgs done hit the do'
Since When?

[Verse: 2] (Natti)

The Mason-Dixon Line, been across ya mind
Like night sticks
Rain down on the game and fuck it up like white kicks
I might switch, south paw

(Deacon)

Knuckle to jaw

(Natti)

If another broke nigga spit about spending it all
I spit the gems that you splurge to put around neck
So save that to pay back all your loans and debts

(Deacon)

A Maybach and a plague? Is that all you get? Shhhit

(Natti)

We struggle to juggle talent with a hell of a sales pitch

(Deacon)

Standin on southern dirt that helped America get rich
You Ain't gotta struggle with a shovel to dig this
Cold as no power, after hours in the winter months
Hot though

(Natti)

Crock-pot flow

(Deacon)

So here dinner comes

Walk them sheltoes down underground railroads

(Natti)

Niggaz fresh outta jail clothes, spittin like hells close

(Deacon)

And these words are'nt slurred

Maybe how you listens blurred

You ain't feelin sickness served?

Motherfucker kiss a curb

[Hook]

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