

Cunninlynguists "The South"

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[SOS]

Aw yeah, welcome to the South everybody

Creepin up outta the dirty south unexpectedly hittin ya head

Like a stick of lead whippin you, flippin you outta bed

Cause on my block the sidewalk can sizzle an egg

And we as hip hop as a cripple with dreads missin a leg

Visitors get addicted and don't wanna leave

Blowin on trees from Kentucky to the Florida keys

Humidity floats in the breeze

And this is the only place where shorties can go to the beach and grow double D's

Like GOOD JESUS. Let me rub some lotion on your cleavage

Cause where we live summertime lasts about four seasons

Parties are real loud. Car systems got clear sounds

Birds fly here in winter. Chickens are here year round

And they ass is meaner, the grass is greener and tap is cleaner

Follow me and any questions just ask the leaders

And the blunted genius of CunninLynguists spittin it clear

Sippin beer on a postcard like, "I wish you were here."

[Deacon the Villian]

So come on down, show and tell with some southern belles

Tricks with treats you don't keep in a pumpkin pail

Hospitality? we treat our company well

From Kentucky bails of hay way down to Florida shells

Gals with chunky tails, lookin' like something swell

Niggaz and negrelles smoked out on country trails

You try and visit actin' ignant and startin' hell

Your trip'll last about as long as the XFL

Here, the weather's hot

Streets? we keep em blocked

Mardi gras in every spot like we live in a land without some clocks

From them Virginia docks, to Mississippi crops
Swing through Atlanta where them switches be liftin'
shocks
So please leave all trash in the Herbie-Curbie
Welcome to the dirty dirty, home of them purdy-girlies
Birdies ready for flight, dawgs ready to bite
The southern south-paw, but everything is all-right

[Chorus]

[SOS & Deacon the Villian]

But in the dirty south everything ain't all peaceful
We still got racist people with inflated egos
Got foul cops shootin at niggas like we some free
throws
Rough nights, bug bites from Jumangi mosquitoes
Fiends that hug pipes, drug life, pills and needles
Streets with much hype and some like to kill people
And if you don't want cops cuffin you up after your
freak show
Remember jail baits are developed so check IDs, yo
But still the home of black eyed peas, collard greens,
that soul food
The home of southernplayalistic pimps lettin they hoes
loose
The home of that bluegrass, red clay, zephyrhills
Cadillac grills, battle rap skills
The home of Miami Bass, 808's, and spring breaks
Girls with tank asses from VA to the Lando Lakes
The home of gold fronts, home grown skunk, the home
of sippin shine
The home of everything under the mason dixie line

[Chorus]

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