

Big Mike "Southern Comfort"

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F/ Mystikal

It goes on and on

{Mystikal:

So that's how it's goin down, my nigga?

{Big Mike:

Yeah, it's happenin like that, loc

{Mystikal:

That nigga Big Mike

{Big Mike:

That nigga Mystikal

{Mystikal:

Layin it down for the 19nigga6

{Big Mike:

Playin with cake for the 19nigga7

Fo sho

Knawmean?

Big daddy style

{Big Mike:

Now come and get a glimpse of this Uptown pimp

Who be havin a hard-on for this championship like

Shawn Kemp

I got these women ballin, shrimp and crawfish by the
Lake Front

Five gallons of D'Acquery, grilled steaks and blunts

Now women, you can state what you want and fellas,
you can state what you need

But I'm always gee'd keyed with a bag of weed

Yes indeedy, I'm the player with the ball in hand

Got em ballin, man, darling I know you understand

Now it ain't hard, nep, but you damn sure better watch
your step

Platinum and gold, these hoes know my fuckin rep

Slept for a year, kickin it back, takin it easy

Now I'm back with the skills and the real flock to see me

Now be me, be me, many a nigga tried to imitate this
style

Couldn't do i,t had to go home and practise for a little
while

Longer, stronger back in '97 and '98 I'm droppin hits
Partner, stay off my dick, now quit
Tryin to portray the type of nigga you can never be
(Shit, Big Mike the dopest nigga you will ever see)
Get down for my crown, partner, what you say?
Big Mike and Mystikal, in December just like May

{Mystikal:

Shit, I was born and raised in New Orleans
I grew up on second lining and gumbo, red beans
Canal Street, river-boardin
Everybody ???, now I be talkin
Pointin gats like they do in the movies
Every night nigga made the news
Wearin a polo shirt and Bally shoes
'Stik can remember when them niggas went for hard
They would climb up they bars and so-called represent
they Ward
When you get to the club it's gon' be some shit-startin
And some shoulder-bumpin, steppin on toes, bitch, I
beg your pardon
If you're a buster, then you're bust-up
If you're a sucker, you're gettin sucked up, tough luck
Stand up like a man and hold your own is the only
motto
Cause all that gettin-fucked-all-over-shit played out
with lotto
Fuckin erase and ease off the throttle
Before I bust you in your shit with this King Cobra bottle
Make the bitch respect Michael Tyler
Lord know a nigga don't want to, but all you
muthafuckas gotta
Not wantin the Gucci's, tellin time through Movado
I don't sell no powder, but I'm stackin g's in my closet
Uptown niggas livin foul and
Westbank niggas gettin clicked out, Downtown niggas
gettin violent
I'd probably be dead or locked down if it wasn't for
rappin
Cause where I'm from niggas ain't havin fun unless
they scrappin
Goin to war brawlin
Bitch, don't get mad with me, that's how it is in New
Orleans

Bitch it goes on
It goes on right here

It goes right here in New Orleans

