

Delinquent Habits "Southern Accent"

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Southern Accent

(I.Martin/ D.Thomas/ A.Martinez)

Verse 1

Sure as the hurra smoke buddha after searchin your
ride
Sure as you ain't even tripin cause they lettin you slide
I'm gonna let you feel what's within lves
Why don't you listen if you trippin I ain't bablin high
Of course I show nuff cause people count on me
I've worn Adidas on the same stage as D.M.C
I smoke nugs flown magic rugs hung with thugs
Show love if this here's dove you dreamed of
Add 1 plus 2 somos tres fillin the place
With a cold style funky to death use a space
Only skin that won't be tatted will be my face
And I'll be ridin my life to the death at own pace
Good luck long life blessed senses walk in the light
Absorbin positive tonight me know me won't lose fight
So kick bad thoughts fuera fiestas en fuego
Rolas for your cara funky like de-e-oh...

Chorus 2X

When we step into the place y'all know what's
happening
Ain't nobody trippin on the Southern Accent
Hour and a quarter we rock the mic
South of the border like is that alright?

Verse 2

Now I've been all around the world Japan to Amsterdam
Argentina Uruguay Chile Brazil and still
I stay paid value every dollar made
I'm emergin from the depths of the realm where I've
stayed
Cuando entro entro chueco y ya te dije me conocen
El Delinvente que no repite tumbo casa
Dejo testigo sin hiridos para que cuenten toda la
historia en su gloria
Tres chosen tres hostin tres scorchin mic's
With some SL 12's in abundance
The one armed bandit with the lyrical air raids

Bombas rolas can you maintain?
Smoked filled pits no glamour no glitz
Got the funky Latin grammar over funky Latin hits
Everytime I spit surely the crowd is gettin lit
Yes y'all stand tall and losen bricks on the wall

Chorus

Verse 3

I just wanna little sontin to light
It's a good nite tonight for y'all avoid fight
Please take what I'm sayin in tight and feel right
Chinky eyed and high givin em feelin a new sight
Now that eyes ain't blind I'm gon help find
A way to put y'all mind in time to feel mine
I hit the stage sportin sneakers chelas and guayaberas
Cual quiera que quiera D.H. does it bette for chedder
forever
Gueras in the front chonies wetter and wetter
Tranquilo take my time on every word to the letter
That little lush kinda blush everytime that I bust
And later on she wantin papi for the way that I thrust
So go ahead and dawn armor
Hit you with the good karma
Breaka breaka mr. police me no want drama
Don't want no loud bangs palos or cold shanks
Keep away me with them wrist chains and cell clanks

Chours

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