

## Eamon

# "Victory N'Gold"

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[Lil' O shouting]

We bring the smash on you cowards  
All you boys think we playing  
We ain't playing wit you punks  
We gonna hit ya'll where it hurts  
Fuck em' kill em' all

Lil' O - Chorus 2X:

Southside got a hold  
With any means necssesary, victory n'gold  
Man fuck these haters they don't like the way we roll  
We hit with the hot slugs, leave his body cold  
Whoa, Whoa

[Verse 1- Lil' O]

From this day forward the dirty south declares war  
You boys better harden up like 36 South  
I'm a raw don wit it my rhyme is like ya brain  
And a sawn-off wit it you better come and get it  
I ain't playing wit you niggaz  
Why do you think I stay spraying at you niggaz  
You see me in ya nightmares caving in your liver  
Kicking down ya doors now your shaking and ya shiver  
And nigga I deliver, cuz I'm bored with you hoes  
Knocking on your front door like em dominoes  
We clutching four-fours, and emptying holes through  
ya body and frame  
And I leave the witness sick so theres nobody to name  
We was all in the game sex, money and murder  
Southside represented, number one hater hurters  
Plus we where ??? we shoot up convoys  
By the toe truck nigga I wrecked you boys

Chorus 2X

[Verse 2- Will Lean of Botany Boys]

Victory in gold, applying pressure  
Until the mystery unfold  
Ducktape the family, now this bitch was being told  
Hit em wit the heata and left his body cold  
Froze with bullet holes

Nigga we bad actors, jackers, straight subtractors  
Third coast paper stackers, thrown pistol packers  
Boy I come and get ya, AK ripping at ya  
On target like a missile while slugs whistle past ya  
Bullets hot as hell, balancing like a scale  
Mashing up the mail, slinging shells upon your tale  
Feel sick heavy ass ??? when I starts the ripping  
The side your head starts to chip in  
And niggaz I'm in it to win it, don't get offended  
The plaque and the gold in the hold  
I'm born a sinner plus we in the middle  
Bullets bust the chemist, the menace, I finish  
Thats how we pull the punks

Chorus 2X

[Verse 3- C-Note Of Botany Boys]

I'm fuckin over you boys,  
Niggaz strapped up in the cut in the burbany cars  
You wanna fool wit the rules you  
What you claming red or blue  
I'd rather have gold or green if ya know what I mean  
But I gotta have a paper stack  
Where the fuckin papers at, I want my money  
Ain't shit funny give me the keys, give me the G's  
Give me the code to your safe bitch nigga freeze  
I want it all so I can ball  
I want the lex wit the twenties so I can crawl  
It's war now, take a tip overtime  
Got the rolex in H-Tex so I can over shine  
Will Lean always strapped with the beam  
You wanna fuck with Lil O, you gotta meet the four-four  
And nigga C-Note, I'm strapped at all times  
Yeh I'm always busting nine cuz I'm busting mine

Chorus 2X

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