

Everlast

"South's On My Mind"

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(yeah, yo they sleepin on Mississippi)
(Jack-town, David Banner, Gamma Ray Productions
boy)
(Stew-pot stow-aways)

[Chorus]
Been a long time, the South stays on my mind
I'm a grown man and everything is fine

[David Banner]
Nobody gives a damn about my place of o-rigin
Jacktown, rounds of empty shells left on the ground
Still smokin
I'm hopin to give the kids something back
Instead of wild-ass stories about sellin vials of crack
Or bitches and cars, but my state left scars
On my man hood, while y'all be screamin that it's all
good
When it ain't never been, most kids move to Chicago
And those that didn't were left hollow
Wit low self-esteem but it seems that all my dreams got
crushed
But y'all niggas kept it on the hush
So why y'all frontin on the South, come and get some
Ask your scared-ass parents where you from, you
crumb

Chorus 2x

[Kamikaze]
My God, these lyrics hot, you're gonna need sunblock
My verbal's cocked wit ammunition
For you shiesty A&R's who be dissin
You missin, the Southern fried cookin, who you lookin
at?
Bustin lyrics from the soundproof straight to DAT
In fact, I'm sick of how you brothers react
My demo says Mississippi but I ain't speakin 'bout no
gats
But my raps, are laced wit homicidal tendencies
A Menace like Dennis be, bustin rhymes from here to

Tennessee

[David Banner]

Cops rang, my man he done bled to death
And the ambulance done came and left
I'm by myself, with your traces
And my yard you know it's hard, mentally-scarred
Brain-barred little cousin Joe, I done seen the whole
thing
I can't seem to get my hands clean
Done washed em twelve times in a row, twelve rhymes
is spoke
Twelve dimes but it doesn't ease the pain
Suggestion, (ah, excuse me Mr. Crump can we ask you
some questions)
Don't ask me no questions

Chorus 2x

[Kamikaze]

Now shortly, it be that portly MC from the M-G-T
North Jackson, Mississippi where them brainiacs be
Ain't no hustlers, no gangstas, no slangers an' thugs
The only test for your vest will be verbal slugs
And mean mugs get shrugged out quick, it ain't no
fightin
Just down home receitin, and some dope lyric writin
Tighten your skills, before you cross the border into
hell
It's that mack, know your state where them stow-aways
dwell

Chorus 4x

-outro-

shout outs and hollering for about 20 seconds

[David Banner]

Check this out right here, this is David Banner
Like to end this song by saying all praises is due to
God
God first, yaknowimsayin, music second
Yo peace out to my little god-son Lil' Ju
Peace due to Earl B. Washington, Phinga Print's father

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