

Gangsta Blac

"South In Ya Mouth"

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Look this is the world's debut of these damn fools
Stak and Blac, tic for tac, breakin' all racial rules
And ain't too much, wrong with that 'cuz if it is, gone
speak the truth
Please don't tell 'em wrong 'cuz if you do, then you
know you through
Bitches I'ma grown ass man makin' grown man moves
Don't get it wrong, damn fools, Stak hard on ya too
We ain't gone play with this shit, same label and shit
Like brothers, different mothers, but we twins in this
shit

Like piano keys, two junkies, we'll be right back
(White-black)
And if you hit me, Stak gone feel it, dawg and Blac
won't like that
Shit we might just fight cats, beat you to the fact, Jack
Provokin' you for callin' the authorities
(Take that)
Me, I ain't facin' that blood on the baseball bat
Hide all the evidence, please, 'fo they come Stak
G'wan wit'cha bad self put that South all in they mouth
Tell them through the East of Tennessee before we
work it out

What
Put the South in ya mouth, put the South in ya mouth
What
Put the South in ya mouth, put the South in ya mouth
What
Put the South in ya mouth, put the South in ya mouth
What
South, yeah Parkway

TaylorMade, see they be too deep in the place to be
Chiefin' trees, drinkin' crown, actin' bad, talkin' loud
Push and shove through the crowd talkin' shit, so
what's up now?
They don't want it, no, they don't want it
I know alot of y'all wonder why Gangsta fuck with this
white boy?
They don't know by now, brotha let me break it down

for ya, tough dude
If you don't love me, mane fuck you
Comin' like a train, boy, it's not a game

What's my name name name? Big Stak Mac
Where I'm from from from? The terrible T
What I claim claim claim? C.W.B.
So all that bullshit you talkin' don't mean nothin' to me
G.B. and me fall up in the new daisies
Security trippin', say my crew is actin' too crazy
Some call me the coldest cracker and I just may be
I'm like Jigga down here, call me big Hay-Z

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So if you wanna know, every God damned thang about
us country folks
Collard green dreams, eat it up, 'cuz we got some
more
Put some dirty South, real deep until you leakin' grease
Boy poppin' it, bustin' loose, tryin' to get to me
Barbecues, hoes, rims, paint, braids, fades, boy
Hay in the barn everyday in the South boy
Counter that, runnin'? I'll be damned if I'ma run trick
Down fifty-one from the law, 'til I'm free bitch

Corn on the cob, ribs on the grill, potato salad
Straps in the park, at a cookout I'll let a hater have it
Constantly seen on the scene, throughout my
neighborhood
Kept it real with my people like I always said I would
Dirty white boy caught up in the mix
Tryin' to separate the real from the counterfeit tricks
Counterfeit cliques go platinum, on the real cats starve
But that's how the industry is, how the music people are

A celebrity I'll never be
I'm just a representative of my community
In Tennessee we don't fuck around, buckle down
Hold down this Southern town
From H-town to Funkytown, world renowned
We puttin' the

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