

Goodie Mob & Outkast "Dirty South"

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One to da two, da three, da four
Dem dirty Red Dogs done hit the door
And they got everybody on they hands and knees
And they ain't gonna leave until they find them keys

Now if dirty Bill Clinton fronted me some weight
Told me to keep two, bring him back eight
And I only brought him five and stuck his ass for three
Do you think that Clampett will sick his goons on me?

See Martail Homes, that's my claim to fame
That's where I learned my slickest trick in the dope-d-
game
Like my favorite, I call it lemon head delight
That's when you lick off all the yellow and you sell the
white

Right, well, if pimpin' be a sport, I be bein' the wide
receiver
That nigga B I G will make y'all niggas believers
Sippin' on Cuervo Gold off in the club drunk as fuck
Callin' them hoes bitches and smokin' my weed up

When I'm too sober, year older, now I'm almost legal
Wanted to live the life of Cadillacs, Impalas and Regals
Fuckin' around wit hoes, bustin' nuts in they mouths
Kickin' that same southern slang, lookin' for love off in
yo' jaw, hoe

See, powder gets you hyper, reefa makes you calm
Cigarettes give you cancer, woo woo's make you numb
What you niggas know about the Dirty South
What you niggas know about the Dirty South

See, never did I thank when I got grown
That some pee wee sacks had been done took dis town
See life's a bitch, then you figure out
Why you really got dropped in the Dirty South

See in the 3rd grade, this is what you told
You was bought, you was sold
Now they sayin' Juice, left some heads cracked

I betcha Jedd Clampett want his money back

See East Point Atlanta, threw this road block
Talkin' 'bout all this, blow traffic got to stop
So the big time players off John Freeman Way
Had to find themselves another back street to take

'Cause back in the day we was outta control
We didn't understand, "Naw nigga, that money ain't yours"
That's when me and Big State took an oath and
swear'd
Never would we talk, never would we tell

So when they pulled up bumpin' "Rock The Bells"
We took what we want and left them quiet as hell
What you niggas know about the Dirty South
What you niggas know about the Dirty South

Now that Cobras got tha boys on Del owe on they back
Gipp holler at Miss Ann, she said they didn't get the
trap
Behind tha black, behind green, behind tha red tint
Dealers breakin' off that blow up for those woodchips

A lot of faces ain't around, a lot of folks got shot
Scatta Mack droppin' G's while that Cristal pop
Been on tha grind with Cool Breeze, droppin' pounds
with B.

Eric Neat is tha coolest from my century
Mack town keeps growing, old school like Charles
Stankin' like dem Lincolns in Piedmont Park
Perry Homes to Herndon Homes to all tha Homes
Adamsville to Pool Creek, shit just don't sleep in tha
Dirty South

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