

Gravediggaz

"Yeah, Yeah, Yeah"

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Yeah
It's the Down South Players, baby
This how we do it for the two grand (Huh)
It's Da Joint!

Yeah, yeah, yeah
A'ight
Yeah, yeah, yeah
A'ight

See, I'm headed to the club, roll Los Ditties
Got the thing freakin', steppin' out the exposition
Steppin' through the door so player of the year
Ice up, wearin' the Versace gear
Now who told the truth and who told a lie
Sayin' the South was the fire, our party's always live
Now who could bring the club shit to the club
Here's P, nigga, 9, nigga, what
Pass the fire let me show a little love
And burn a little some'in' for my motherfuckin' cuz
Real niggas holla' if you hear me, pass the bottle of
Remy
Let me get it in me, representin' the South till the end
The disrespect nigga betta believe that's a sin
Never caught flippin', but player haters trippin'
My bottle on ice, and I'mma keep sippin'
Watch the big head hunters, nigga, keep on flippin',
what

Yeah, yeah, yeah (The niggas my team, we're makin'
the cream)
Yeah, yeah, yeah ('Cause DSP that's who we be, Player)
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Got the place rockin' from front to
back and)
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Nigga, what you think, who makin'
the bank, huh)

Got in the club and lookin' at these players that be
hollerin'
And they be sweatin' bein' best, heavy dollerin'
'Cause I'm shakin' more rump than little bit

This is how good it gets
Pretty as a goddamn picture, say that's how you're
feelin'
'Cause the Down South Players gonna get ya
Hit you in the head with the South side funk
If you don't think that I won't
Lot of dough make your shit jump
On the back on honey bees, baby
1-2, throw, got them haters goin' crazy
Hit rock blowin' up the scene
Got attitude on them nigga's team
Feel what I mean and it's all about the muthafuckin'
cream
And I keep them player haters come clean
'Cause we bouncin', we're drivin', we're weavin'
We got so many goals we're achievin', ah

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the cream)
Yeah, yeah, yeah ('Cause DSP that's who we be, Player)
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Got the place rockin' from front to
back and)
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Nigga, what you think, who makin'
the bank, huh)

Down South Players be rippin' the club up
Now nigga, what, the South that came up
Got that thug proof for you to groove to
'Cause that's how us Down South thugs do
We got them hoes shakin' booty to the beast we got
A million dollar worth of cars in the parkin' lot
That we all own, nigga sittin' on chrome
Baddest freak in the club we take home
So player what you think, who makin' the bank
It be them Down South Players with that number rank
We in it to win it, we make the money, we spend it
If there's a party goin' on, best believe we in it
You could pass me the buddha and I'mma get zooted
Lot a dare, puttin' down, player, that's how we do it
Two thugs everywhere, where you from, we don't care
Throw your set in the air (Nigga), and let me hear you
say, huh

Yeah, yeah, yeah (The niggas my team, we're makin'
the cream)
Yeah, yeah, yeah ('Cause DSP that's who we be, Player)
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Got the place rockin' from front to
back and)
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Nigga, what you think, who makin'
the bank, huh)

Ain't nuttin' but party y'all
You know it ain't nuttin' but a party y'all
Ain't nuttin' but party y'all
You know it ain't nuttin' but a party y'all, huh

Down South Players, baby
For the year two grand
Is his we do this here
Lauderdale is keepin' it real
Yeah, huh
It's Da Joint!
Hip Rock, baby
Nigga
Now what
This is how we do it for the clubs, baby
Down South Players
We represent, huh
Come and get your grill
Ha-ha
Right

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