

## Haystak

### "Keep It Southern"

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(x3)

Stop, (Stop ... echo)  
Look but don't touch it,  
if ya rub up against it,  
I hope that you don't scuff it now,

(Stop, Stop, Stop, Stop)

I keep a sack of that sticky icky  
A chrome nine millie wit me  
A guy to watch my back  
Incase somebody try to 50 Cent me  
You either represent me  
Or your up against me  
Where I'm from  
They let loose until the clips is empty  
Tennessee, I'm from that volunteer state  
Where when people get to drinkin'  
The violence just escalate  
We got young ass boys, drivin' Escalades  
We whippin' Caprice's the color of lemonade  
So much pearl, that them bitches look laminated  
Pass by your girl, the bitches look captivated  
Roll my eyes, at the broads and accelerated  
I got indicted  
And these haters 'round here celebrated  
Show me a hole in the wall and a microphone  
We get 'em riled up, in here things get thrown  
Ornery, thats the way we roll  
Rock northern California, the same as home  
Now come on

Pumpin' is nothin' they scufflin'  
Pushin' and shovin' they love it  
When we get it crunk in this mothafucka

(We keep it southern)

Pull up in front and we bumpin'  
Pumpin' the brakes and we stuntin'  
Tryin' to get into something

(We keep it southern now)

Pumpin' is nothin' they scufflin'  
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Pumpin' the brakes and we stuntin'  
Tryin' to get into something

(We keep it southern boy)

Big booty white broads, who she in the H-2?  
Comin' through the drive thru  
Sittin' on them (ohh uhhoo's)  
Hippie starch, Timberlands with the matching jacket  
I got that automatic, hate to have to cap a faggot  
Blowin' big,  
I'm on the scene spendin' massive cabbage  
Catch me in traffic and transit  
'Cause I be mashin' damn it  
Imagine your hustle, amplified by twenty times  
No time to sleep, it's a continuous grind  
An in the street grindin'  
like a motherfuckin' pepper shaker  
Rollin' like a 18 wheeler (breaker, breaker)  
I eat fader faker, like Waltor Payton leave 'em shook  
Got the law tryna hit me with the book  
(Ha Ha)  
We roll up, like cigarillos, six figure fellows  
Bitches be like hello, haters be like hell no  
Southern girls keep it shakin' like some jello  
Get off in the mix  
And your subject will catch an elbow

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(We keep it southern boy)

Down south money getters  
All go no stop  
Broads treat my pocket  
Like the center of a blow pop  
We don't smoke sacks  
Naw boy we blow crops  
Hit the mute button boy  
(Siren)  
Don't you see those damn cops?  
Heads bobbin' up and down  
Gone on that stupid juice  
Lookin' for a reason we can act a fool, sup fool?  
Fuck you, duck dude he's got a gun  
Try not to fall  
You get stomped when everybody run  
I holla hey lil mama you the right height right width  
Is that your girlfriend I'm into that bi shit  
I've been addicted since the first time I tried it  
The sight of them tongues touchin' gets me excited  
Stack mack baby, aint a glitch in my game  
Vaginas begin to glisten when you mention my name  
And I don't drink champagne, but I'll buy some  
And bust a bottle on a bitch if he try somethin'  
Tell that boy! Now...

(x3)

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(END)

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