

Bun B

"You're EVerything"

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Man for real, I love being from the Dirty South mane.
It made me the G' I am today, made me the hustler I
am today.
The grinder, the baller, the gangsta I am today mane.
A lot of people got opinions and, issues and, problems
with
What they see comin from the South and who doin what
in the South mane.
But I'ma tell you like this, fuck you dog!
This the South nigga.
We gonna be here, we been here, and ain't goin no
motherfuckin where.
Take it how you like it, hate it or love it hoe.

(Bun B)

It's that candy paint, 84's,
Belts and buckles, chrome and grill.
Leather seat, stitch and tuck, TV screens and wooden
wheels.
Suede roof, neon lights, four tires swang and bang.
Tops drop, blades chopped, fifth wheel just hangin
mane.
White Tees, fitted hats, Jordans under dickies. (dickies)
That Swisher sweet, cigarillos filled up with the sticky.
(sticky)
The 15's bammin' and the bass kick... kickin.
Cadillac doors slammin on them 44's, tippin.
We ain't trippin,
Just flippin these haters dip when they see us. (dip
when they see us)
Cause they could never beat us, best us or be us.
I'm a G, that's a genius.
Best to just respect my thuggin' mane.
It's the South, ain't nothin above it and that's why I love
it mane.
For real.

(Chorus)

You're everything I knew.
Ooh, yeah
Do what you want me to.
I will dooo anything

Get on my knees for you.
Ooooh, baby
What else is there to do.
I don't know, I don't know, but I'll cry

(Rick Ross)

Pray at night, when you sellin white.
Got one key tryin to sell it twice.
Yellow stones all in my shit.
Yellow bones all on my dick.
Honeycomb I call my crib.
Money long that's on my kids.
R.I.P. to my uncle Chad, UGK you can't fuck with that.
Niggas fake, they hate candy paint.
And all the paper that your partner make.
Shakin' dice like I'm facin' life.
Champagne just ain't tastin right.
Haterade they Gatorade.
Look at these seats, they gator made.
Friend or foe, niggas never know. (know)
Never know when you feelin' blow.

(David Banner)

Dudes scrapin' the curb,
Dippin sippin' some syrup.
Fingers blistered, twisted Swishers.
Pimp died and it hurt, but I handle my issue.
I got several pistols,
That will whistle missiles, knockin' gristle from fatty
tissue.
Mississippi's my home,
Till I die and I'm gone.
I know I put it on my back, held that bitch up alone.
With no label, put back in.
Pie it, split it into fractions.
I hit the ocean on Peggy bustin back at the crackin'.
(Crackin')
Y'all (Yeah), Y'all (Yeah)...

[Chorus]

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Ooh, yeah
Do what you want me to.
I will dooo anything
Get on my knees for you.
Ooooh, baby
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I don't know, I don't know, but I'll cry

(8-Ball)

Let's talk about Pimp C, Bun B, Eightball, MJG

Big Boi, Dre 3000, Scarface, Willie D
T.I.P, Young Jeezy, Birdman, Lil Weezy
Trick Daddy, Young Buck, SoSoDef, Jermaine Depri
J Prince, Rap-A-Lot, Juicy J, DJ Paul
Slim Thug, Lil' Keke, Chamillionare, Paul Wall.
We all different, but we all rep the same thang.
God first, family then money, and the South mane.

(MJG)

They call me pimp tight, MJG.
The Dirty South, is everything I want.
Everything I need, everything I'm hungry for.
When I'm outta town, gotta get home, just for.
Everything that I been raised to love, the wisdom my
grandmomma gave to us.
Racial profilin, police harassment, regular days to us.
You say door, we say doe, you say four, we say fo.
You say whore, we say hoe, you want more, but we
want mo.
What else is there left for me to do?
This the dedication from me to you.
The South, I know you gonna see, me through.
So, until I die I wanna be, with you.
You're everything.

[Chorus]

You're everything I knew.
Ooh, yeah
Do what you want me to.
I will dooo anything
Get on my knees for you.
Ooooh, baby
What else is there to do.
I don't know, I don't know, but I'll cry

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