

Keyshia Cole

"The South"

Visit "[The South](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Yeah we back nigga, S.L.A.B
Slow Loud And Bangin' mayn, Yung Redd
My nigga Trae yeah, I'm just saying though mayn
Still the money making money, grind
Still out here, in this rap game
You niggaz days is out, you know I'm tal'n bout
I'm just addressing the situation, know I'm saying
For y'all ain't know, it is plex nigga what's up

[Hook]

I been through every hood, I stood on every block
But welcome to the South, partna what they talking bout
Hustled on every spot, my wheels never stop
So welcome to the South, partna what they talking bout
I been through every hood, I stood on every block
So welcome to the South, partna what they talking bout
Hustled on every spot, my wheels never stop
21 gun salute, and we clear the parking lot

[Z-Ro]

It's the corner that's where I stay, a concrete jungle but
it's where I play
With a second to die but a minute to pray, when you in
H-Town watch what you say
South Coast on down to MLK, lot of motherfuckers die
everyday all day
Better walk right planning on walking our way, then you
better have a conversation with the AK
Nigga fuck foreign these niggaz don't play, gangsta
type niggaz like Boss and Trae
Lil B and Redd gon empty that lead, don't matter if it's
night time or in broad day
Rolling in a mission coming down Broadway, bout to
dump on a chump 17 the hard way
Out of respect we don't trip on the Lord's day, but
anyday could be go to war day
We got Crips and Bloods and clips and drugs and,
sheisty ass niggaz that'll rob they cousins
And punk police that be spitting no peace, acting like
hoes all I know'll cock they dozens

So I ride on niggaz and disguise on niggaz, but always
keep my eyes on niggaz
I don't wanna have to pull a five on niggaz, bet the
motherfuckers it'll be a crime won't it

[Yung Redd]

You could say I'm on that Kay Slay shit, I'm a
motherfucking drama king
I ain't gotta sing, bout all them guns that I'ma bring
So it seems, you niggaz it's Halloween
No gangstas just masks, I don't know them Clover G's
naw
If you thinking I'm slipping then try, sleep with them
heaters beside me
Me and them killas is riding, uh-huh
Toss what you think I mean, 7-1-3 is the name of my
team
This ain't a game them nines'll bang, it'll rain and split
your frame
Yung Redd, is still the best kept secret
You so far from the hood, this beef shit is your
weakness yeah
Give respect, where respect due
Fuck what the rest do, Sucka Free I move with select
few

[Hook]

[Trae]

It's drama in any kind of whether, you better duck 'fore
the heat come get ya
Everybody suspect so we gon load the Mack up, with
some'ing that'll burn when it hit ya
Bitch I'ma get ya, and it ain't no way you niggaz fin to
come cross my set
Assholes coming out of mother nature, with hands
that's known to wreck
Fucking with my slab and I'm known to plex, pop my
trunk and I cause a mess
Four 15's and a bitch on top of the grill, I might put your
shit to rest
By the way that I tip my slab, jelly slab when I flip my
AVE
Whether South gon connect with the West, with nothing
less then wood wheel I grab
You say you thoed but don't make me laugh, bitch we
been raw on the mic
Y'all had y'all second of fame to try to run the game,
but now we bout to go on and take flight
I'm a SK G and a leader of the wolfpack, so I'm about to
get the hood back

Right where we started yep now we got the hood back,
so these niggaz wanna pull back
Just like I thought you niggaz ain't built for this, the type
of shit you on you get killed for this
And that's gangsta I put it on my click, so niggaz don't
get fooled you ain't real with this

[Lil B]

These niggaz know they good, to get dropped in the
hood
Let's get it understood, I floss with Boss and grip wood
Four deep and corner to corner, and every city to city
I bleed blocks with rocks, showing 'em no pity
I'm still that nigga, that ride or die for the Southside
You get to tripping, this wood gon ripping your mouth
wide
Open and scoping, poking 'em in your brain
Yelling out A.B.N. South Clique, cause that's the gang
Nigga I got killas from Acre Shakers, to the South-West
Sunnyside 3rd Ward, niggaz'll rip your chest
Plus I got Ridgemont 4, Mo City killas
Riding for Lil B, better go get your guerillas

[J-Doe]

You ride around, on your little ass dubs
With your little ass thugs, with your little ass mugs
With your lil' bitty guns, with your lil' bitty slugs
It's J-Doe S-Dub-V, you heard of us
When I jump on the track, with S.L.A.B. I'm murderers
Since Trae got my name hot, now they curious
But I've been on the block, and niggaz wasn't feeling
us
Ever since we pulled a three out, they see we serious
And I keep that thang with me, like my nigga Boss
bang-bang
Down South nigga, sitting on 4's and we swang-swang
Down a pint smoke some dro, and still try to maintain
Born to see the the mood of Houston now, about to do
my thang

[Boss]

Pick up ya pace better pick up ya face, Boss in the
house bout to stick up the place
Let the glock go hick-up in ya face, nigga when the
Maab step up in the place
Niggaz trying to get paid from fifty states, niggaz got
pack for sales off the scale
You try to stop a nigga dope sale, post my licks up in
the hotel
Got a few fiends I know that won't tell, trying to sit low
with stacks of mo' mail

Sco' by the barrell and green by the bail, cool and the
cut no time for no gel
Fresh bandanas Chuck's and pig tails, trying to find me
a new trip we can bail
Gotta get paid with no time to fail, gotta flip another
double whole sale

[Hook]

Visit [Keyshia Cole](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.