

Kindred

"Red Clay"

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(Hook)

Have you ever, been stuck in Red Clay?
Have you ever, been down south this way?
Cuz niggaz down here don't wanna play
Southern Country boys from around the way

(Verse 1)

Straight to the forefront, never holding back
Mr. DJ, on the tracks, so I can't slack
In fact I consistently hold more raid than the Gen's
army
Never said you'll harm me
and you protecting your buffoons when alarm me
I got you stuck like superglue
You had no clue no need for beefing in my stew, I gotta
crew to do
Dirt hurt you and your flunky
Beat you down like junkies
That's the high, now we got the munchies
Instead of smacking fast mouths
I doze, I close, I chose my foes
I finger-fuck bitches like hoes
So I suppose as many plenty that any little skinny B
got enemies we down south drinking Hennessey

(Hook 2x)

(Verse 2)

Hey, back up, break 'em down like a compound
Nah, shake 'em up like an earth quake 'til they fall
down
Then smoke 'em out like a pig in a blanket
Yeah, roast his ass like a turkey by banquet
See I did more dirt than the old maid
Get rougher and tougher than leather but smooth like
suede
Got the power to crush you like the abdominal
snowman
Then grind your ass, like glass back to sand
As I map out and diagram my hit
I'm a calculate the many ways the body can split

As I look you in the face and spit
I'm gonna watch you fall through this bottomless pit
So who you laughing at Jack, cuz the joke's on you
Claiming true coming down this way
In the coupe like that nigger (what)

(Straight out of that south side)

(You know we putting it down, come on)

(Chorus 2x)

(Verse 3)

Well, let me get loose and spit my verbal juice
On tracks I raps the G stacks and packs we pack mack
for those who slack
And whack, act, and who you got your back?
I don't need my boys to bruise you
Kick a verse and loose you
Hey, booboo, who control your brain like lyrical voodoo
That's how I screw you, so who do
You want to see
Now, Ni you got the most exciting Stevie, believe me
So many want to be me
From the south side of the A
We blaze purple haze in many days
And in many ways, crime pays
My mind would drive through my way
then start to hit you hard like pavement
Me and my niggas yeah, we stay bad.
Coming through the "Y"
You'll find me locally down south
Run your mouth in my house and get tossed out
I heard you said we was slow
Check the flow
I got more in store down south this way we getting paid
Where we stay

(Chorus 2x)

(fade)

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