

Lauryn Hill

"How We Ride in Dah South"

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Khujo
Gipp
T-Mo (Uh-huh)
Y'all know how we do it down here in this dirty, man
It's your boy Nitty, and you know what I do
We gone represent this thing right to the fullest
(alright)
Southwest (what?), Dent (who?), East Point (what?),
College Park, where y'all at?
All my niggaz, you know what time it is
Y'all know how we get down
To the fullest
Alright
Let's do it

[Verse 1: Khujo]
K to the H to the U to the J to the O G double O D to the I
to the E
One for the G MO to the B
Schooled by the B to the E to the S to the T
Hundred percenter, so winner
Suck up and see the venom like it ain't no thing
Then wash it down it with a glass of Tang
Bang cock suck them rappers mouthing off in a
magazine
See the fire, feel the flame
Jacktime Atlanta mafia came
We don't care who you with
Screw your name
Snatch your chain
Street punks messing up the game
Once a lame, always a lame
Trick busters ain't who they claim
Come around here wiling out, you will get changed
It's business, never personal
Get it with a chain on your brain
Get it with a lick we, um, at a shooting range
You can holler God MC, but you gone die like a man
Blood is pain
I make it simple and plain
Blat point blank range

All these poppas leave the bathroom in his name
It's a crying shame
What a nigga do for the fame!

[Ad-libs]

This is what really goes down in the South
We gone get down shawty

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Drank smoke dro
Stack dough
Pimp hoes
Pockets on swole with a mouth full of gold
How we ride in the South
Playing house four doors
Drop the top when it's hot
Pump the heat when it's cold

[Verse 2: Big Gipp]

Remember me?
Big Gipp, AKA the Big Dipper
Moon pot flipper
If the flame fizzle
I'm a go to the block and set the niggaz
Most improved hitter
In the pocket like a rocket is how I like it
I'm a cantaloupe spitter
Let the horn blow
Hoes too
Hold true and drive through
If I couldn't walk around I took the train or flew
Look what it come to
More hugs, more lies, more love, more flies
More ways of turning corners burning up my new rally
tires
I keep it stinking like Doritoes
Never owned a pair of Speedos
Never slacking Cadillac jacking
Damn he just so sweet
Choking Killa B with no tint
Want the whole world to see
Thorough the tree
Glass house, rag top, and pass out
Hit the stash house
Get what I need and then I mash out
Couple turkey legs
Throw a few golds up in my head
Comprehend what I said
This is truly how it be representing for East Point
When I'm standing in the field

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Murder]

You can find me
Somewhere in Decatur in a Chevy and I'm riding on
dubs
Or you might see
Me coming through the streets with a freak in the late
night clubs
Hustling for that cheese
Standing in the hood in the cut me and my dog on a
shopping spree
From the west did a robbery and I saw my first call hit
jazzy T
Then we hit Magic City and headed for the bounce
Blowing chronic leaves
Or should I say dro?
My click won't blow by the ounce
Lyrical arsonist
Living in the slums in Atlanta they got me for me
murder
I run with the hardest clique
In the S.W.A.T.s to the deck I was a hard ass nigga
Better show you we off in a velvet room
Was fucking in a gentleman club
We in VIP
Sipping crystal
From the goose to the yack
We can see SOV, Goodie MO B my nigga Khujo
On a plate trying to get rich
The way that we spit be ridiculous
And we'll go head over any lyricist
From Gooben to Cambleton Road
Platinum making fee all the way to College Park
From Bankhead to Gabbey Road
My whole clique nothing in the city ever born so hard
So
This is for
The niggaz with the dough and whips sitting on two
threes
So all the real motherfuckers can forget about the
ghetto with a real 'Lac
in the streets

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: T-Mo]

It's the dirty dirty playa
Just hit thirty
Bullseye
Better not cry

Make birds fly
Off in the sky
Away so high
Everybody dies
Many try, miss
Get what you get boy
Talk that shit boy
Flip them bills
Crooks get killed
Nine millimill
Running them suckers up out the ville
Trill
Still, waters run deep
Off in the South
While they sleep
Off in the South
While they creep
Open up your mouth and sing!
Off in the South we
Built this bitch
Run this bitch
Hit that switch
Up and down
Flip that trick
Ride it 'round
Black white doors
Pound for pound one of the best to ever represent the
mighty southwest
ATL to the fullest
ATL to the fullest!

[Ad-libs]

There you have it
I want to congratulate all the DJs
Who got a chance to play this record without the club
getting tore up
From yours truly
Sincerely
Nitty

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