

Lil' Wayne "I'm From The South"

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Verse 1: Uhh... I'm Weezy F. bitch what it do. (what it do) I got that fuck a motha fucka attitude. (fuck you) I got a gun and a bitch. (I got two x2) I got a bitch and a gun. (I got two x2) I'm the hottest in this bitch straight up. (straight up) I got'em on my back, like... wait up. (wait up) I ain't finished with you hoes stay up. (stay up) I'm at the top bitch, look way up. (way up) Nigga's trippin bitches wishin they'll come down here (fuck me). Sick and tired of that city and she fiend'n for country. I ain't mad at cha girl she just feelin my gangsta. From the bottom of the map where the bricks get anchored. Where the dope is heavy. Where the hoes is fine. Where the hoes a getcha, if you niggas is blind. So, this is the time, you should listen to mine. Don't play wit it bitch, nigga this is tha South.

Chorus: Bitch I'm from the South, the south side, we all ride. And when we catcha a outsider, outside. And yall die, we all ride. And when you see us we be leaning to the side, the south side, we all ride. And when we catcha outside, outside, and yall die. We all ride. Ey? pussy nigga you know you ain't from the South.

Verse 2: Bitch. Check em off. Fresh. Dap it Don, tech the strap is on? Brrrdddaattt! Your back is off. Yea, bag em up. Yea, bag em down. Yea, crack em up? the new, crack in town. It's Weezy, say the baby, lotta pizzazz about me. Holly groove, seventeen, Belfast, Eagle Street. Chell's man's illegal heat, Trell's plant's leave em sleep, trashcan no sheets'swell man. Hell has no furry but I'm strapped so don't worry, when the weather starts to flurry, we adapt in a hurry. Less guts then glory man, upchuck the party man. Buck. Buck. Your Carter man? Fuck. Fuck. Duck. Duck. They caught em. Get away smooth from the pig, just a cig, in a river with his wig, his liver in his feet. Down south Louisiana, 504, we don't loose.

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Verse 3: Yeaah. Block burners. Ey, I spend a bin, wit my
thirty-six waist saggin. No smiles, on some murder shit
straight clappin. Waste bag ya nigga's. And what
makes matters worse, they rattin nigga's, that put ya
motha fuckin face in tha dirt. Kiss the snail's boy. Close
the box, drill the nails boy. Ya wont bite, you're a just a
will. You are? just a witness when the shit for real. You
are, not real, your mo bitch then your girl. Get her down
south and put some dick in her world. I got diamonds in
my mouth. I got diamonds on my neck. Gotta bad
suckin women and I'm bout to wipe dat. Vizzile tizzle
tourists... come down and we gon loose ya. Have a
motha fucka thinking dat they in Aruba. Max and
Rugers, shootin to kill you. Your music don't reach
down here. We don't feel you!

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