

Lil Wayne

"Represent 4 The South"

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(Feat. Rick Ross & Young Jeezy)

[Chorus: Young Jeezy (Screwed & Chopped)] [x2]

I represent for tha South
My resident is the slums
A couple golds in my mouth
Bring my dance and my charm
I'm as hot as a gets
I'm the youngest in charge
They gotta show me respect
I represent for da South

[Rick Ross:]

I'm not a Slim Thug, I'm a fat mack
I don't give a fuck, I'll push ya hat back
Still sellin' dubs nigga, that's fact
You can hit me on the cell pimp that's that
I had to pawn my chain to grab a half ounce
10 years later, time fo me to cash out
You dealin' wit a dope dealin' dictator
Fuck traffickin' nigga I get the shit catered
See the clip tailored, only the coogi shit
I fucks wit Damon, I'm in the movies kid
My mom reminisce on the late nights
When I use to reel em in wit the straight white
Now the 617 wit a lil' Beamer
First foreign car, far from a lil' dreamer
Daddy severed his relationships
I think mamma, quit'm cuz he wasn't makin' shit

[Chorus:]

[Lil' Wayne:]

Money to be made best believe a nigga clockin'
I run it myself like a quarterback option
I pitch her ten g's tell the bitch to go shoppin
She buy herself some clothes and she brought me back
a choppa
See niggas tryna kick it but no I don't play soccer
I'm all about my cake I'm tryna to marry a betty crocka
A package on the way you know my whip game proper
And off of one key I see seventy thousand dollas

Now I will shoot dice, smokin' on a joint
I bet wit yo gotti he hit five straight points
Though we kept hustlin, though we kept grindin
You rap bout money and a nigga might sign ya
Rap bout me and a nigga might find ya
A banana in ya ass wit yo head right behind ya
Dope game bitch, let his mom worry about him
You can holla at me, a fee

[Chorus:]

[Young Jeezy:]

Snowman bitch (bitch), need I say more (more)
When you get done with these, look I got twenty more
(more)
Still got blow money, cause nigga I know money
(money)
Now I'm on the road gettin' fifty a show money
Still sittin' on white bricks (bricks), wrapped in duck
tape (tape)
30 minutes flat, I can bake a whole cake
Got a pocket full of stacks, straight for the blocks
And it came through, look at the stones on the watch
Iced out belt buckle, ain't never had a chance
Drop sixty grand, just to hold up my pants
Still got the Chevy, spit the grip on the Lambo
Twelve carats in my ears just the show what I stand fo
(hey!)

[Chorus:]

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