

## Lil Wayne

### "Represent For The South"

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

I represent for tha South  
My resident is the slump  
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 a pawn my chain to grab a half ounce  
10 years later it's time, fo me to cash out  
You dealin' wit it dope dealin' dictartor  
Fuck trafficin' nigga I get the shit catered  
See the clip tailored, only the Gucci shit  
I fucks wit damon, I'm in the movies kid  
My mom reminisce on a late nights  
When I use the reel em in wit that straight white  
Now the 617 dwellin' the big Beamer  
First point cuff far from a lil' dreamer  
Daddy servin' this relationships  
I think momma, put 'em cuz he was makin' shits

[Chorus:]

[Lil' Wayne:]

Money to be made best believe a nigga glockin'  
I run it myself like a quarterback option  
I pitch her ten g's tell the bitch to go shoppin  
She buy so 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'em 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 you  
Rap bout me and a nigga might find you  
A banana in ya ass wit yo head right behind it  
Dope game bitch, let his mom worry about him  
You can holla at me, a fee

[Chorus:]

[Young Jeezy:]

Snowman bitch (bitch), and then I say more (more)  
When you get dough a keys [?], look I got twenty  
more's (more's)

Look I got blood 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  
tapes (tapes)

30 minutes?, I can bake a whole cake

Got a pocket full of stacks, straight for the blocks

And? to look the stones on the watch

Iced up fell buck, ain't never had a chance

Drop sixty green, that's a hold up my pain

Still got a Chevy, spittin' grip on the Lambo [?]

Twenty carats in my ears just the show what I spit  
rigger [?] (hey! )

[Chorus:]

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