

Ludacris

"Raised In The South"

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[Intro: Young Jeezy]
What's up?

[Hook: Ludacris & Jeezy x2]
Keep my name out your motherfuckin' mouth (out yo' mouth)
Keep my name out your motherfuckin' mouth (out yo' mouth)
Keep my name out your motherfuckin' mouth (out yo' mouth)
Keep my name out your motherfuckin' mouth (out yo' mouth)
'Cause I was raised in the motherfuckin' south (in the south)

[Verse 1: Ludacris]
Southside, College Park, yeah I rep that
Where there's money, all my dawgs, go and fetch that
Niggas robbin' in the hood, we don't sweat that
Throw some some red dots up on your head and connect that
I guess you in the right place, at the right time
And I been drinkin' I'm not really in my right mind
The wrong move'll make a Nigga grab the right nine
Knock your livin' daylight out, Bitch, night time
Come off up them stacks
If you don't give 'em then we gon' take 'em
Go and get 'em or we gon' chase him
Go stick him and might erase him
Or turn him into a patient, any demon's we gon' face 'em
Or see all the pigs and all that bacon
We gon' As-salamu alaykum

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: Young Jeezy]
These pussy niggas only talkin' 'cause they got lips
Guess them choppers only bustin' 'cause them bitches got clips
Got them niggas bustin' off the motorcycle like Chips

Think I seen them round Bloods, so they mighta been
Crips
All this rappin' ain't no action, see I can't respect that
Bout to ask him for that trap, and nigga I'mma check
that
Hundred units in the living room, and you can bet that
I'm so high up in this bitch look like I got a jet pack
If you a real street nigga, won't you tell me how it feel
So bought some 26s before you played her like Bill
So keep your name up out your mouth
Gives a fuck bout how you feel
'Cause in these motherfuckin' streets, I Am Legend like
Will

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Ludacris]

These niggas is sweeter than a sweet potato
Softer than Play-Doh, hope bitch nigga, lay low
A-Town by the way of Illinois
And our blocks come together like Legos, they know
Who I am, I'm the man with a plane
And a nigga with verses, blowin' a rapper to pieces
Got a crew full of untamed dogs, and I'm thinkin' that
I'm really bout to let 'em off the leashes, (Roof)
I'm scratchin the surface
The nigga with the million dollar verses
These rappers are worthless
And all I really wanna do is piss 'em off on purpose
I'm possessed, stick a needle in your back
Like a nigga doing voodoo curses
Givin' them a two piece with a biscuit
And hell no I ain't talkin 'bout churches
Get nervous, get robbed of your valuables nigga
Like I'm snatching your purses
And I got a couple urges
To clown on you niggas like a three ring circus
If you ain't got no warrants
Then you best to believe it'll be no searches
So keep my name up out your mouth before I close
your curtains

[Hook x2]

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