

## **Cook Barbara**

### **"Doin' It In The South"**

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[cool breeze]

Just like when we first came up  
I didn't think that we would ever flip a hundred bucks  
But we put our heads together and we locked it down  
Got clientel and new faces coming around  
The first thing we asked is would they put in dirt  
If they say that they gone give names we give em some  
work  
Now anybody coming by that want more than two  
Put the strap in their face, we check em for that boot  
You see the money is gone come in chunks  
When the folks who wanna race scream five on ones  
Now when the work at the top tells you the money has  
dropped  
Make the customer walk back through the parking lot  
Never take a loss is what we were taught  
We never though for once that we'd ever get caught  
We were making stacks of money ever since we was  
young.  
The first freshmans to attend the prom

[chorus x2]

That money (that money)  
Keep making it (keep making it)  
That's how we do it (that's how we do it)  
In the south (in the south)

[verse 2]

Just like when we first fell out  
How you give the other side all that clout  
You should've listened when I told you they was calling  
your bluff  
They never got jacked they was smoking your stuff  
But you insist on acting like you kicking some game  
And then you go and wonder why we call you lame  
You never used to listen to your folks in the past  
You were just too quick to put your foot on the gas  
Don't ever tell nobody where you keep your stack  
They dig this dirty out and they won't come back  
Didn't you moma ever tell you not to open your mouth

Unless you know for sure you dropped some money  
that house

[chorus x2]

[verse 3]

Just like when we first got popped  
Now which one of y'all went and called the cops  
Before the folks took us in they questioned all our  
words  
Somebody singing like a mockingbird  
You said you told them what? man how you gone  
speak?  
The whole click three time felon repeats  
They caught us with a rolex full of d's and a brand new  
benz  
I gotta look like this the only way I feed my kids  
We goin down and ain't nuttin to say  
But be back serving them up everyday  
You could've been a lawyer the way you had to cop  
that plea  
Man you was just like a brother to me

[chorus to fade]

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