

Cornelius Peter

"Southside Story"

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This is my story G, day one on Southside
Southside till I diiii-iiie...

[Trae]

It gotta be Southside all up in your face
Well I'm creeping and crawling, up out the states
I made nineteen years and a candidate
No time to plex, I gotta stack my change
And working wood on the grain, in the turning lane
With a 18 thousand dolla, throwed piece and chain
In the big body Benz, with the raw beam
Six inch t.v.'s, when I drop the screens
Drop the top, some fin to hit the fate
When I'm baller lining, I'm be a bate
Looking through my shit, watching yellow bones
And its whether or not, they be creeping my car
Roll hard on weights, I gotta peep the game
I'm in a private plane, in a private lane
With 13 karats, in my pinky ring
On a pen and pad, I lace up the game
All on the radio, and on the t.v.
To the world premier, we on MTV
Plus so many niggas, really can't see me
Body rock the states, and pop up on three's
When I'm swanging 4's, I'm slamming candy do's
I'm on my P's and Q's, and I love this game
That's why, everybody wanna knock my hustle
We done just got rich, and went platinum man

[Dougie D]

Thank the Lord for all my success
Been struggling striving, trying to do my best
No more canned sardine, just eight cuisines
Its been a long run, running from the law
Got a new pair of shoes on feet
And I owe it to the Southside, cause it's been lovely
Everybody wanna run with me, and popping trunks all
bubbly
And everybody in the club with me
Hold up, baby you know the South is so real
Whit cups and my drank, and blowing on kill

In the STS, dressed to impress
With a bow legged round the side, to roll with
Y'all need to just understand, its so live
Many dollas into powder stacks, that's right
When I'm up in the Benz, drop tops in the wind
Chopping to the corner, then I bend
Why a motherfucker wanna hate on me man
Cause they can't get off they ass, and stack change
Down on Southside, we don't play no games
We pop trunks on the corners, and the turning lane
Just realize, and stop fighting the pencil
Cause I pimp a pen, or a pencil
Its about time, that your ass gon recognize
Guerilla Maab is some cold individuals

[Hook]

This is my story G, day one on Southside
Southside till I diiii-iiie
On the road, to reach in the T.V. and BET
And I owe it to the Southside
Southside till I diiii-iiie

[Willeam]

Niggas can't hold me back, I hold the gat
Thought of many ways, then told you that
Talking about, golden plack
Diamonds in your face, done showed you that
I roll the Lac, I stroll the Benz
Get the weed, I'll po' the end
I'ma ball till I fall, fuck waiting till I score again
We big shots with big glocks, on top I play it cool
On my block, while I lay my rules
On your block, while I spray with tools
Slay them fools, with my steel
Let them know, this shit's for real
Botany Boyz, Guerilla Maab
A killa squad, making mills

[H.A.W.K.]

Fuck what you feel, time to pop a seal
Only when we grad, it's a major deal
On the Texas wheel, trying to make a mill
Serious, bout that dolla bill
House on the hill, yacht on the lake
Can't get close to my estate
Like Ice Cube, push rhymes like weight
Haters, we anialate
Don't violate, or try to hate
Licks been heard, in the Texas state
I just can't wait, to set thangs straight
Texas is the rap state

Let's conjugate, hop in the Benz
Guerilla Maab and Dead End
On that chase for benjamins
In this shit, we play to win

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Pulling out my yard, as I drop the top
Ready for the jackers, I'm gon cock the glock
Pulling up at the club, everybody show love
Might slow my pace, but never stop for bops
Cause when a nigga didn't have weed to smoke
Seemed like them hoes, had a need to choke
So I bled the block, and I bled the block
Exactly what I need, for the seeds to grow
Now I'm living myself, Z-Ro today
Even though I had road blocks in my way
I made it over the hill, I guess that was the will
Of that man, for me to get outta the game
I sold weed and crack, on down to heroine
Sporting clothes, on motherfuckers payroll
Many golds and the movies, Guccis
Fassaci's, Guess and diamonds Karen
I smoke and I lean, but still I maintain
Ain't a damn thang changed, I'm still the same
Breaking motherfuckers off, with a sock by mouth
Represent the South, about fancy thangs
My pen is throwed, and my pen is raw
24/7, I'm gon break the law
At the end of a show, I'ma take a bow
My knees wanna be me, speed rolling be how
I flip my tongue fast like that
Rubbing up on tracks, and wrecking 8 Dats
And the Real-To-Real's, and it takes Sedan Deville
With a separate bitch, on the grill
I bleed the block, now with the rocks
I bleed with the candy paint
Sipping promethazyme, codeine
With a Jolly Rancher, with a Dandy on drank
And I got my mind focused on benjamins
Dividends in the back, of a big Benz
22 years old, with fat back roll
From a tight ass verse, and I'm in the wind

Check it out, Southside Story baby
Z-Ro, Dougie D, Trae, Willelan, Big H.A.W.K.

[Hook - 2x]

