

Neil Young

"Welcome to the South"

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[Intro - Young Buck]

Young Buck, Lil' Flip, David Banner c'mon
G-Unit in this bitch, G-Unit in this bitch
The dirty dirty
Show 'em how the South do

[Chorus - Young Buck]

Gold grills, Coupe DeVilles sittin on 22's
The dirty, dirty baby, show 'em how the South do
We pop pills, shoot to kill, you know what we bout
And on behalf of G-Unit, welcome to the South

[Verse 1 - Young Buck]

Working this wood wheel, y'all don't know how good it
feel
just come to cashville, y'all gon see how hood it is
we in the projects, cookin' chickens in the kitchen
we go to prison, but get out and go back to get in it
your hood ain't no harder than mine, bitch, we all
thuggin'
we fight in clubs, hit the parkin lot, and start bustin'
I know I'm country, I can't help it I'm from Tennessee
I'm throwin' up this hennissey, and blowin up my
enemies
y'all niggaz remember me? (remember me?)
not because the birds ten a ki'
But Young Buck been a g', I give a fuck who you be boy
I want in on everything, a dime bag, if so come see me
for it
to be a star, all you need is a Pyrex Jar
some soldiers, and some baking soda, you can buy
that car

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - David Banner]

I swear on the souls of our dead cousins
I ain't fuckin, man I'm commin AK 40's bustin'
7's and Mack 11's
I told 'em all I ain't no hoe
but niggaz don't listen till you kick a nigga

smack him with that callico
I'm tryin to stay in gods plan
but I hadta show these faggots that your fuckin with a
man, ya bitch!
I left them niggaz needin' path
and y'all probly won't live to see this weekend
gotta go, gotta go, fuckin mash out
I hit the dro' a Lil more and then I pass out
crashin' the H2, bitches I hate you
now you keep talkin shit, I kidnap and ducktape you
let them faggots rape you
then it's back to Mississippi, if ya boys want revenge
tell them bitches come and get me
cuz I was born in this bitch to die
I'm in Queens, in your 'Lac, with your bitch, gettin' high

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Lil' Flip

I'm the king, it ain't no mystery, so fuck y'all niggaz
dissin' me
I'm goin' down in history, I'm leavin' with a victory
Yo' baby momma kissin' me, talkin' 'bout she missin'
me
since I'm a star, when I hit the door, they never friskin'
me
Cuz I pack a pound, just ask around, like 50 "I'll back
you down"
run to Ya' crib and snatch Ya' pounds, everybody on the
ground
you know my niggaz hold me down, what goes around
comes around
I represent H-Town, still run the underground
with bricks on the greyhound, spree's on my escalade
I'm glad I made it out the game, it gotta be a better way
now we gettin' cheeda', now we on another level
It's clover G and G-Unit, Young Buck, shut 'em down

[Chorus] - 2X

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