

## **Crazy Friendz**

### **"Diggin' Da South"**

Visit "[Diggin' Da South](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Southside, yeah, it's going down  
Bout to turn it out, H-A dub K  
Z-Ro The Crooked, it's going down

[Chorus]

Man hold up it's going down  
We gon rock the house  
Got everybody digging the south  
Got everybody digging the south  
Them boys from the S.U.C., bout to turn it out  
Make everybody scream and shout  
Make everybody scream and shout  
Now I heard all my people say

[H.A.W.K]

Bounce, rock, roller skate  
I scrape my tail gate, with a 6-4 pancake  
On 2-88, and I'm headed to the Lou'  
My fragrance is juice, and my tape deck is Snoop  
Roof, up-side your head  
If you trying to take mine, you get filled with lead  
You dead, but I remain on the creep  
Sideways down the street, woofers pounding my seat  
So I creep, and keep it on the down low  
Me and my nigga Z-Ro, remain in Cognito  
The beat go boom, when we enter the room  
The smell of marijuana, mixed with perfume  
It's going down, and you know it's going down  
Got everybody digging this southern sound  
Pound for pound we the best, we can pass any test  
And the lyrics that we spit, will give you cardiac arrest

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, fo'  
It's the H-A-W-K, and the fella they call Ro  
Screwed Up Click representers, getting bent like a  
corner  
Taking up all four lanes, when we swang it's a G thang  
Loving this life, loving this game, dominating the

industry

With raw rap, and everybody love it man

Ain't nobody ripping like the S.U.C.

If you run up with that nigga, I'm gon set you free

It's a gangsta party, and ain't no haters allowed

Nothing but pimps and playas, and plenty women  
going down

Man hold up, let me roll up something sticky

Full of them pills leaning, my people gotta come and  
get me

Stuck, but never lose composer

Military minded, I'm a Southside soldier

Benjamin Frank' folder, I done shocked the south

Prepare yourself for the Screwed Up, we rock the house

[Chorus]

[H.A.W.K]

Girl drop it, Southside is body rocking

To the beat, you can't stop it

Me and Ro making profit, niggas trying to baller block it

But how the hell, can you knock it

Get down on it, sit down on it

Southside soldiers, annihilating opponents

We want it, I mean a platinum plack

The Cadillacs, the highs with the pool in the back

Give me all of that, plus a little bit more

And I'm sure fa sho, you gon love our flow

We'll steal the show, and have the crowd in a rage

And have every lady trying, to get a pass backstage

We represent third coast, not to brag or boast

We eat up like toast, and burn tracks like toast

Respect to the utmost, cause we rough and rugged

And that bullshit you spitting, just ain't gon cut it

[Chorus - 2x]

Visit [Crazy Friendz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.