

Rick Ross

"You're Everything"

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Man, fo' real I love bein' from the Dirty South, mayne
It made me the G I am today, made me the hustler I am
today
The grinder, the baller, the gangster I am today,
mayne
Lot of people got opinions and issues and problems
with

What they see comin' from the South
And who doin' what in the South, mayne
But I'ma tell you like this, fuck you dawg, this the South
nigga
We gon' be here, we been here and ain't goin' no
motherfuckin' where
Take it how you like it, hate it or love it, hoe

It's that candy paint, 84's, belts and buckles, chrome
and grill
Leather seats, stitch and tuck, TV screens and wooden
wheels
Suede roof, neon lights, whole tire swang and bang
Tops drop, blades chop, fifth wheel just hangin',
mayne

White T's, fitted hats, Jordans on the dickies
That swisher sweet, cigarillos filled up with the sticky
The fifteens bamin' and the bass kick-kickin'
Cadillac do's slammin' on them po'-po's, tippin'

We ain't trippin' just flippin', these haters dip when they
see us
'Cause they could never beat us best us or be us
I'm a G that's a genius, best to just respect my
thuggin', mayne
It's the South, ain't nothin' above it and that's why
I love it, mayne, fo' real

You're everything I knew, oh, yeah
Do what you want me to, I will do anything
Get on my knees for you, oh baby, what else is there to
do

I don't know, I don't know but I'll cry

Pray at night when you sellin' white, got one ki' tryin' to
sell it twice

Yellow stones all in my shit, yellow bones all on my dick
Honeycomb, I call my crib, money long that's on my
kids

I rock P to my Uncle Chad, UGK you can't fuck with that

Niggas fake, they hate candy paint

And all the paper that your partner make

Shakin' dice like a face of life, champagne just ain't
tastin' right

Haterade they Gatorade, look at these seats they
'gator made

Friend or foe, niggas never know, never know when
you fin' to blow

Dude scrapin' the curb, dippin' sippin' some syrup
Fingers blistered twisted swishers, Pimp died and it
hurt

But I handle my issue, I got several pistols

That won't whistle, missiles knockin' gristle from fatty
tissue

Mississippi's my home, 'til I'm die and I'm gone

I know I put it on my back, held that bitch up alone

With no label backin', pride split into fractions

I hit the ocean on piggy bustin' back at the crackin',
y'all afraid

You're everything I knew, oh yeah

Do what you want me to, I will do anything

Get on my knees for you, oh baby, what else is there to
do

I don't know, I don't know but I'll cry

Lets talk about Pimp C, Bun B, 8ball, MJG

Big Boi, Dre 3000, Scarface, Willie D

T.I.P, Young Jeezy, Birdman, Lil' Weezy

Trick Daddy, Young Buck, So So Def, Jermaine Dupri

J Prince, Rap-A-Lot, Juicy J, DJ Paul

Slim Thug, Lil' Keke, Chamillionare, Paul Wall

We all different but we all rep the same thang

God first, family then money in the South, mayne

They call me Pimp Tyte, MJG

The Dirty South is everything I want

Everything I need, everything I'm longin' for

When I'm outta town, gotta get home, just for

Everything that I been raised to love
The wisdom my grand momma gave to us
Racial profilin', police harassment, regular days to us

You say door, we say do', you say four, we say fo'
You say whore, we say hoe, you want more but we want
mo'

What else is there left for me to do? This the dedication
from me to you

The South, I know you gonna see me through
So until I die I wanna be wit'chu, you're everything

You're everything I knew, oh, yeah
Do what you want me to, I will do anything
Get on my knees for you, oh baby, what else is there to
do
I don't know, I don't know but I'll cry

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