

# UGK

## "Quit Hatin' The South"

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[Intro: Pimp C]

Uh! It's really goin down in the South bitch!

Yeah nigga! We know hip-hop and rap and all that shit started in the

Muthafuckin East

Knalmsayin? Then it went to the West coast and they did it a little bit better

Knalmsayin? But now it's our time to shine down here NIGGA!

Knalmsayin? So since y'all niggaz keep sayin we ain't real hip-hop down here

We don't wanna be down with you bitch ass niggaz!

So y'all stay up there with that BULLshit!

This country rap tunes down here nigga!

Young Pimp! Young Bun! Underground Kingz!

All the O.G.'s that's recognizing the real, I got love for y'all

But all you bitch ass niggaz talkin down in ya records, you can eat a DICK!

Hold up!

[Charlie Wilson (Pimp C):]

Pushin cocaine, serving pounds of weed (pounds of weed pussy nigga)

Steady stayin on the grind (steady grinding, stay in the studio nigga)

Pussy nigga can't say he ain't hating me (I know you hating me bitch... hold up)

Because if you did, then you wouldn't be lying (hold up)

But how in the hell am I supposed to respect the man? (if it ain't respected, it ain't respected)

That talk down on every song (I hear you talkin down nigga!)

You steady actin like a bitch, you steady cryin your eyes out (stop crying bitch!)

Say my name pussy nigga, we can get the shit on... on...

Ooooooooh yeah! (Knalmtalkinbout?)

[Chorus: Charlie Wilson]

Quit hatin the South... (baby)

We gettin paper in the South... (gettin money)

Quit hatin the South... (baby)  
Quit hatin the South...

[Bun B:]

Well it's been a long time my nigga, I shouldn't have  
left you (I shouldn't have left)  
When I some real trill shit to go left to  
Gotta lot of respect fool (yeah), for the ones before me  
But when my time came they act like they ain't know me  
I've been down with rap music since Cold Crush and  
Melle (Melle)  
Before MTV put Run-D.M.C. on the tele (tele)  
Back when Whodini tried to tell ya about ya friends  
Nigga I was giving rap all my time and my ends  
Bought damn near every record the muthafucka  
dropped  
West coast gangsta music, East coast hip-hop  
Now it's our time to shine and the tables is turned  
Them muthafuckas aggravated 'cause we gettin some  
burn  
"There's no room for everybody, just a few niggaz is  
swole" (why is that?)  
Proabably 'cause they favorite rappers ain't in control  
But just let go of the past 'cause it's hurtin your hands  
And pass it over to the next generation of fans  
And quit hatin the South

[Chorus]

[Willie D:]

I'm blastin off on you hoes like NASA  
You double standards and hypocrisy, remind me of  
Massa  
We ain't good enough to eat at ya table but when ya  
dick get hard  
You wanna run up with the?  
I from the get... coke but I'm still clockin figures  
Bitch... hoe... cocksuckin nigga  
And that goes for all you visitors too  
If you don't like it down here, get the fuck on fool!  
They say you can't rap and they questioning our  
intellect  
Friendly ass niggaz jumpin bad on the internet  
Ain't nobody typing that much, can't be a danger  
Catch you in person, bitch I'll break yo' fingers!  
It's some trash in the South but I promise you  
From the East to the West, some of y'all garbage too  
As long as the beat knock and the lyrics hot, son  
I can give a rat's ass where a rapper is from  
I remember N.W.A. and PE  
Had me feelin like a rapper was the thing to be

You can't fuck with Willie D, UGK either  
Disrepecting the code,? muthafuckas neither

[Chorus: 1/2]

[Pimp C:]

To all the radio, T.V., and even the presses  
Been hatin on the Sizz-outh like we ain't ready  
Y'all think we came in the place, say man we came in  
the state  
Y'all shoulda listened to Andre, bitch we got somethin  
to say  
And all you washed up rappers, you ain't what it's about  
I see y'all tryna rap like us and puttin grills in ya mouth  
Y'all buy the beat, buy the beat, like y'all bouncin and  
twerkn  
But hoe we know what's goin on and bitch that bullshit  
ain't workin  
I'ma O.G. Rock Balll, write my name up on the wall  
Fuck yo' bitch and hit the switch and put my dick up in  
her jaw  
(I'm Sweet) Jones, fucked a clone, legend on the  
microphone  
Player's choice, silver Royce, keep yo' bitch's pussy  
moist  
I'm bumped the school, that's how I do, sippin drank,  
each teen night  
In Benz, big blue lens, knock this bitch and fuck with  
her friend  
Candy cart, squeeze 'em out, bought the ranch man  
fuck the house  
And y'all still gotta buy y'al dope from us so what the  
fuck you bitch  
Niggaz talkin 'bout? {\*echoes\*}

[Outro: Pimp C]

All you ole sensitive ass niggaz! KnaImtalkinbout?  
Y'all niggaz on y'all period up there BITCH!  
KnaImtalkinbout? Y'all hide behind them e-mail  
addresses  
Sending that bullshit through the air!  
Bitch! Say my name bitch, I'ma come to ya house!  
Fuck how you feel, country rap tunes NIGGA!  
They put all y'all records on one side of the store  
And put all the country rap music on the other side of  
the store  
And see who sell out first... bitch ass nigga!  
It's ya own fault ya shit ain't sellin!  
You reap what you sew!  
Fuck you in ya pussy!  
Keep talkin that shit, them young gladiators go come

get you too patna!  
Already, UGK for life, fuck how you feel about it bitch!  
Young Pimp

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