

## **Crooked Lettaz**

### **"South's On My Mind"**

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(yeah, yo they sleepin on Mississippi)  
(Jack-town, David Banner, Gamma Ray Productions  
boy)  
(Stew-pot stow-aways)

[Chorus]

Been a long time, the South stays on my mind  
I'm a grown man and everything is fine

[David Banner]

Nobody gives a damn about my place of o-rigin  
Jacktown, rounds of empty shells left on the ground  
Still smokin  
I'm hopin to give the kids something back  
Instead of wild-ass stories about sellin vials of crack  
Or bitches and cars, but my state left scars  
On my man hood, while y'all be screamin that it's all  
good  
When it ain't never been, most kids move to Chicago  
And those that didn't were left hollow  
Wit low self-esteem but it seems that all my dreams got  
crushed  
But y'all niggas kept it on the hush  
So why y'all frontin on the South, come and get some  
Ask your scared-ass parents where you from, you  
crumb

Chorus 2x

[Kamikaze]

My God, these lyrics hot, you're gonna need sunblock  
My verbal's cocked wit ammunition  
For you shiesty A&R's who be dissin  
You missin, the Southern fried cookin, who you lookin  
at?  
Bustin lyrics from the soundproof straight to DAT  
In fact, I'm sick of how you brothers react  
My demo says Mississippi but I ain't speakin 'bout no  
gats  
But my raps, are laced wit homicidal tendencies  
A Menace like Dennis be, bustin rhymes from here to  
Tennessee

[David Banner]

Cops rang, my man he done bled to death  
And the ambulance done came and left  
I'm by myself, with your traces  
And my yard you know it's hard, mentally-scarred  
Brain-barred little cousin Joe, I done seen the whole  
thing  
I can't seem to get my hands clean  
Done washed em twelve times in a row, twelve rhymes  
is spoke  
Twelve dimes but it doesn't ease the pain  
Suggestion, (ah, excuse me Mr. Crump can we ask you  
some questions)  
Don't ask me no questions

Chorus 2x

[Kamikaze]

Now shortly, it be that portly MC from the M-G-T  
North Jackson, Mississippi where them brainiacs be  
Ain't no hustlers, no gangstas, no slangers an' thugs  
The only test for your vest will be verbal slugs  
And mean mugs get shrugged out quick, it ain't no  
fightin  
Just down home receitin, and some dope lyric writin  
Tighten your skills, before you cross the border into  
hell  
It's that mack, know your state where them stow-aways  
dwell

Chorus 4x

-outro-

\*shout outs and hollering for about 20 seconds\*

[David Banner]

Check this out right here, this is David Banner  
Like to end this song by saying all praises is due to  
God  
God first, yaknowimsayin, music second  
Yo peace out to my little god-son Lil' Ju  
Peace due to Earl B. Washington, Phinga Print's father

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