

Petey Pablo

"Down Here"

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You know what it is
Its your boy back in the building
This right here is one of them, one of them
You know what im talkin bout

[Chorus]Down Here we got a different kind of hustle
Grind like a mothafucker, get it from the muscle
Rain sleet and snow aint but 2 things can touch us
Penitentiary and bein dead a mothafucka

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[Petey Pablo]
Carolina ??? I straddle the border
I look hard up at my son and the south at my daughter
Sink into my lemonade is my tar river water
And a half a bag of sugar i aint even got ta stir it
i parked the car away from curb cause i dont deserve it
You aint kickin me nowhere youngin im now in my 30s
Hold your pant dirty dog i can hadle that for ya
Just a big just a bad thats a ???
Got so much shit on my mind boy its best to keep
walkin
Especially if you have a fuck nigger mentality problem
I got a problem solver right here, look like a revolver
Once it start revolving dog there aint too much there to
stop it
Shot at weezy alcwheezy know the path that im on
When they see walkin I was by myself in New Orleans
How many miles you think it is for cacilac to New
Orleans
So you know this fuckin boy here got some miles on hm
dont he

[Chorus]
[Lil Wayne]Young Money
Look

Im from New Orleans where a nigger is a target
9 is expensive and a murder is a bargain
You aint from the city nigga stay within the margin
Right now Im in the Royce got quad at home chargin
Large and in charge yeah I be that beat
And yeah Bush still wrong like 3 left feet
And yeah the kush still strong and the hoes still work
The toilets stopped up but the stove still work
30-30 lookin like a pole in my shirt
You fuckin with my cake ima turn you to dessert
You give that boy a shovel and you put him to the dirt
Now you are just a baby in the sternum of the earth
Yeah I told Pete it's nothin send a track
Heard it one time, killed it sent it back
Wake up and smell the crack
If you've been through New Orleans, you've been
through hell and back.
Boy

[Chorus]

[Rick Ross]

Started at the corner store, then i wanted more
I went and bought a 44, look im ready to roll
I aint with the nonsense ridin with them convicts
Tryin to get my mom rich see daddy never done shit
Down Here, we eat steaks on the first of the month
We flip work convertible and purposeful blunts
Whip it the the kitchen, call it the hell hole
Im on the cell phone, look another ho 12 gone
Pushin the mercedes benz, its a necessity
Embezzle me, I know the secrets to the recipe
I feed the block, i satisfy their taste buds
Champagne body case all you niggas
Down Here we got a different kind of hustle
Grind like a mothafucka slipin im a touch ya
Ima tell you once bitch, your fuckin with the boss
Show love to my nigga Petey Pete and Rick Ross

[Chorus]

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