

**E.s.g.**  
**"The South"**

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Intro:

Alright

This is yo everyday boppin bitch

And I'm lookin for the niggas wit the drop top

Candy painted hittin the switch

So here's a blast for ya muthafuckin ass

Wit a dick in ya mouth

Straight from the muthafuckin south

Verse One:

Well it's the south

Nuthin but the muthafuckin south

Before ya say shit get my dick out cha mouth

Mr. E is who I be

OG fo 93

Studio BGs gets no L O V

To the east I'm feelin hap

Was the hap white black

As I get funky then a jit jack

Then George Clint jock's rap

So bitches hold ya nose

Nigga watch cha hoes

We gon chunk dem 84s then blow the indo

I'm higher then an eagle

Rollin deep in a regal

Divorce Desert Storm

Now I live wit desert eagles

Slap a hoe

Jack the sto'

I neva stole a flow

'Cuz I'm tighter then a twat

And I knock on virgin hoe

So and if ya dick fit

'Cuz it's dank and drink

Ya got me thinkin by the quick lick

I'm big wit the.44

This ain't an indo

Got the money ese

Hell no

I'm out wit dat bum again

The fiends tongue numb again

The half pin sprung again

One dead Columbian  
I'm I know it's gonna be he  
Once the bird hit street  
And the word hit the street  
Dat I  
Bought me a little crib in the Cristmonte  
And last month a little punk could buy a blunt  
I guess my life  
'Cuz Shife won't a ruin  
But dat ain't shit biatch  
Ya know what I'm doin

Chorus:

It's the south  
Comin straight from the south  
Fuckin it up wit a blunt up in my mouth  
It's the south  
Comin straight from the south (and I'm a OG)  
Fuckin it up wit a blunt up in my mouth

Verse Two:

Nuthin but a  
O fuckin G  
And thank god dat it didn't happen in ninty-three  
Jacked from a crab  
I got fo my gold  
Now my pockets look swoll  
Like a nigga on parole  
After doin 10 L  
Ain't cha fo a dime bag  
Fienin fo a piece a pussy and some zig zags  
But fuck it I'm gonna get mine  
Kick mine and dick mine  
Why ya lick mine and trick mine  
Ya can't playa hate a true playa  
So play dat Sega  
Watch a nigga E page ya  
Wit the rat tat tat tatta  
To me it don't matta  
Now who's in the backa  
It looks like a jacka  
I guess they wanna get me fo car today  
But this ain't Tim  
So I'ma show him a harda way  
To not to fuck wit the E

And dat ain't nuthin but the south in me  
And I'll be

-Chorus-

Verse Three:

Watch cha back 'cuz here I come  
It ain't nuthin but dat bomb  
From the nigga straight from dat muthafuckin south  
Wit the fry in my hand and my dick in ya mouth  
Droppin dem bombs all muthafuckin day  
We gotta have Bose  
There's no date this ain't LA  
It ain't nuthin but a nigga like the E  
And yea G it's nuthin but the south in me

-Chorus-

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