

Haystack "Reckon"

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South

Side! yeah yeah

Stack Mack all my people that stayed down, one love

Those who didn't (Ha Ha)

I reckon I'm country like biscuits and gravy

Balling just picture me baby

You and me hit you so crazy

You gonna be pushing them daises

We gonna be pushing Mercedes, Cadillacacs, Escalades

While you hustling on the block

We fishing in the Everglades

Reckon I run up in this liquor store

Pick up a fifth of that Crown

We were puffing on that herb

When y'all break it down and frown

Way before you had a CD the hottest thing in town

They used to call me JD out South slinging pound

Had to hit it then quit it, get in and get out

Lay low when you see some shit in the south

Hate on me get hit in your mouth- whaa pow

So mean I'll eat glass, wash it down with gas

Having money means nothing, I'll wipe my ass with
cash

I reckon we fully prepared

Reckon you oughta be scared

Reckon we out of control

Thinking bout platinum and gold

Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now

Reckon you bitches gonna learn

You can't keep Haystak down

I reckon we fully prepared

Reckon you oughta be scared

Reckon we out of control

Thinking bout platinum and gold

Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now

Reckon you bitches gonna learn

I reckon I'm southern like fried chicken

I'll be here till I leave yo

Colisseums and Cathedrals from L.A. to the east coast

My people(echo) country as collard greens

Money hungry dope fiends

Go get that cheese by any means

Even if it means- we got to ride like Matt Dillon

Haystak Mac Millon, thats Mr. Mac Millon

I came up with cash villians

Riding right, sack dealin

We be in the back chillin (in the back, in the back)

In the back of the club

In the back of the limo

Nothing changed but the day, the date on my

Presidential

I came hard on my first

I came hard on my second

I come hard on my third

Do you reckon I reckon

I reckon we fully prepared

Reckon you oughta be scared

Reckon we out of control

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Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now

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You can't keep Haystak down

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Reckon you bitches gonna learn

I reckon we slide like sports cars

Doing 130 when they clock us on the radar

Cops pull us over looking for rocks

Only seen us for a second, heard ud coming for blocks

You reckon you ain't gonna find nothing but cold cash
Why don't you gone write some tickets with yo old ass
I'm talking bad to security up in the club
You get out of line, my clique a fuck you up
They told me cowards won't dig it
They told me haters ain't liking it
I told them that ain't whats on my
Mind when I'm writing it
If my people had got popped and never did fold
Knowing they been took care of it
Soon as they got parole

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