

Project Pat F/ Three 6 Mafia, Baby , H

"Southwest Anthem"

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[Intro - Boobonic] + (Mr.)
Southwest anthem (Uh huh)

[Chorus x2 - Boobonic] + (Girl)
Baby who the chicks coming with (Most Wanted)
The beef is on, who they running wit (Most Wanted)
Playa hating, on that click shit (Most done it)
When it's I, who they get (Niggaz don't want it)

[Verse 1]
[Mr.] See these niggaz talk shit, and scared to bust
grapes
[Boo] A man them niggaz ain't real at all, they just fake
[Mr.] It's Mr. and Boobonic, the realest since P. Johnson

[Boo] + (Mr.)
Aiyyo, y'all niggaz just wishing for death, like C.
Bronson
I get y'all, hit y'all, (spit to ya flick fall)
Money getting, it, all, get poor (shit naw)
Flick raw, and get them hoes to the tele
(Bitch you ever think that you could get his bitch) ask
Kelly

[Boo] I get head deli, and smack niggaz for hating
[Mr.] Aiyyo, nigga have my dough on time, I hate
waiting
[Boo] Mr., what you do to niggaz that think this shit
sweet

[Mr.] + (Boobonic)
Hit 'em up, then I toss they bodies, in cops creek
Or trunk 'em, bury 'em, living like true mobsters
Do 'em like Hammer (how's that) too proper

[Boo] + (Mr.)
Aiyyo, I aim real good, I only need a two-shotter
Don't worry 'bout ya bitch (why not) 'cause Boo got her,
come on

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2 - Boobonic]

Aiyyo my whole twist, is to freeze my whole wrist
Just to seem like me, niggaz fuck my old bitch
Y'all niggaz twenty on pump four, gased up
That slut you call ya girl, I got her ass up
Y'all some fake niggaz, type say his bitch model
And pour three Coronas, in an empty Cris' bottle
And that's when I come through, cross you like A.I
And you could smack the shit outt Boobonic, the day I
Change for a bitch
Of course niggaz gon' say I change 'cause I'm rich
My Range got change for a Six, but 'Bonic ain't change
for a bit
I still hang and do the same shit, see the game getting
Upset wit a few niggaz, (who nigga)
You niggaz (who), them hating 'Boo niggaz
Can I help that my age, don't match my money (no)
And that my bitch, don't match ya honey (no)
All that I felt (no) and um, I got dough (no)
And um, I pop Mo' (no) and um, I rock shows (no)
'Cause God gave me the time that I got
That's why I stay away from flamable shit, because I'm
hot, come on

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3 - Mr.] + (Boobonic)

Look you never seen a nigga like M-R-Dot
I'm like Puff, you can't hold me down, or can't stop
(In a) SL drop, (wit a) ten shot glock
(I'ma) thug like Pac, I'm hot, what you forgot
That I got the game locked, trust me, can't touch me
Niggaz going nuts, if they think they could bust me
I ball like Webber, Most Wanted got chedda
All that Beretta, chromed out Careva
And you can't stay in the rain, wit umbrellas
From Junior Black Mafia, the ghetto Good Fellas
Fucking cop tellers, running quick to snitch
(So you) sweet fruit gangstas, get banana clips
(And they) need seat belts, from the way they ride dick
(Uh huh) and click get hit, no trial for you pal (Aw)
Right before the hearing, (uh) from one shot, booyaoh
Think you niggaz new now, whatcha gon' do now

[Chorus x4]

[Outro - Girl]

...Most Wanted
...Most Wanted
...Most done it

...Niggaz don't want it

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