

Beach Boys & Fat Boys

"Down South"

Visit "[Down South](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook - 2x]

This is how we, do it down South
Platinum and the gold, ice in our mouth
Fo's in place, Chi-Town fades
4's or blades, candy sprayed

[Tite]

Down here we like it big, on that Dirty coast
Big money swanging whips, cause we serve the most
We live by that G code, that's what gangstas do
On the grind stacking chips, with a gangsta crew
Down here sipping lean, that's that purple stuff
Staying thoed getting bucked, playas living it up
Game spitters riding big, is a habit y'all
Everything you dream about, we done had it y'all
We got money yellow hoes, wearing g-string clothes
Sport sweaters in the summer, cause our necks stay
froze
Gripping grain having change, hanging low as your
belt
If you wanna be a man, go and get it yourself
Down here we do it all, break laws and ball
Ghetto stars for the cause, either stand or fall
We live it up cause we love it, playa deal with that
Tite getting it how I live, keep it real with that

[Hook - 2x]

[H.A.W.K.]

Down South, yeah we ride on dubs
Abuse them drugs, and hoes don't get no love
We just some thugs, with ice that glow and glisten
In a six hundred Benz, and the top is missing
Sit back and listen, cause what I'm saying is real
From Houston to Huntsville, boys got ice in grills
We love to chill, and ride on candy paint
Sip on drank, and blow on that stanky dank
Down South, we known as that Dirty Dirty
If you got your money right, I got them birdy birdies
They going for thirty, yeah you heard me clear
And if you didn't know nigga, that's how we do it down

here

[Chalie Boy]

Down here, we be off the chain
Down here, we roll foreigners and wide frames
Down here, riding on dubs and 4 swanging
We staying iced up, from the heel to the brain

[Hook - 2x]

[Yungstar]

DJ Screw, mayn put a M down South
So I pay cost to be the boss, keep a time out in the
crime house
We thoed we hold it down, wait for bidness no pleasure
This game is serious, ask MJG he'll tell you
Stay fired blowing big, sipping on a daily basis
I got better with my cheddar, I'm bout stacking my
faces
It's the scrambling we gon handle em, living the best
out our figgas
And if I'm lying we be draping choose my son, you
tripping
When that Don from six, man I'm still a G to the N
I'm staying fly cause you smile, showing love to my kin
For shizzle my nizzle, from here McGregor we swang
and bang
And in Peru hotting dudes, chopping by is from the
fame
The girls best friend, princess cuts in everything
You know what's his name, and I take a half and a
chain
This a down South patriot, and you know I won't stop
Tops drop trunks pop, and make em body rock

[Hook]

Visit [Beach Boys & Fat Boys](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.