

## Snot

### "Southern Comfort Remix"

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Lady singing:  
It goes on and on.....

Mystikal:  
So this how it's goin down, hungh nigga?  
Big Mike:  
Yeah, it's how its happenin like that, loc  
Mystikal:  
That nigga Big Mike  
Big Mike:  
That nigga Mystikal  
Mystikal:  
Layin it down, layin it down, layin it down  
Big Mike:  
Playin wit' cake, playin' wit cake, playin' wit cake  
Hung Bra  
Mystikal:  
Say dat' there'  
Big Mike:  
Fo sho  
Knewmean?  
Y'all know whats up  
Big daddy style

{Big Mike:}  
Now come and get a glimpse of this Uptown pimp  
Who be havin a hard-on for this championship like  
Shawn Kemp  
I got these women ballin, shrimp and crawfish by the  
Lake Front  
Five gallons of D'Acquery, grilled steaks and blunts  
Now women, you can state what you want and fellas,  
you can state what you need  
But I'm always gee'd keyed with a bag of weed  
Yes indeedy, I'm the player with the ball in hand  
Got em ballin, man, darling I know you understand  
Now it ain't hard, nep, but you damn sure better watch  
your step  
Platinum and gold, these hoes know my fuckin rep  
Slept for a year, kickin it back, takin it easy  
Now I'm back with the skills and the real flock to see me

Now be me, be me, many a nigga tried to imitate this  
style  
Couldn't do it, had to go home and practise for a little  
while  
Longer, stronger back in '97 and '98 I'm droppin hits  
Partner, stay off my dick, now quit  
Tryin to portray the type of nigga you can never be  
Mystikal:  
Shit, Big Mike the dopest nigga you will ever see  
Big Mike:  
Puttin' it down for my crown, partner, what you say?  
Big Mike and Mystikal, in December just like May

{Mystikal:}  
Shit, I was born and raised in New Orleans  
I grew up on second line and gumbo, red beans  
Canal Street, river-walkin'  
Everybody shout to da diz-nine(9th ward), hung h bra,  
ya not to be talkin'  
Pointin gats like they do in the movies  
Every night nigga made the news  
Wearin a polo shirt and Bally shoes  
'Stik can remember when them niggas went for hard  
They would round up they boys and so-called represent  
they Ward  
When you get to the club it's gon' be some shit-startin  
And some shoulder-bumpin, steppin on toes, bitch, I  
beg your pardon  
If you're a buster, then you're bust-up  
If you're a sucker, you're gettin sucked up, tough luck  
Stand up like a man and hold your own is the only  
motto  
Cause all that gettin-fucked-all-over-shit played out  
with lotto  
Foot on tha brakes and ease off the throttle  
Before I bust you in your shit with this King Cobra bottle  
Make the bitch respect Michael Tyler  
Lord know a nigga don't want to, but all you  
muthafuckas gotta  
Not wantin the Gucci's, tellin time through Movado  
I don't sell no powder, but I'm stackin g's in my closet  
Uptown niggas livin violent  
Westbank niggas gettin clicked out, Downtown niggas  
gettin violent  
I'd probably be dead or locked down if it wasn't for  
rappin  
Cause where I'm from niggas ain't havin fun unless  
they scrappin  
Goin to war brawlin  
Bitch, don't get mad with me, that's how it is in New  
Orleans

Bitch it goes on  
It goes on ri' chea

It goes right here in New Orleans...

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