

Dolly Parton F/ Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt

"South Side Story"

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

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

I done learned from mistakes like who's my men, and
who's not
Like who's gone run, but who's not
Like who's gone shoot if you shot
Who gone hold it and who's not
Who gone change spots

[Chorus]

In the streets of New York, you can't trust nobody
Niggaz'll run up on you with a 12-guage shotty
Loyalty comes free, smokin' weed is my hobby
You wanna rob me, you gotta leave here with a body
In the streets of New York, You can't trust nobody
Niggaz'll run up on you with a 12-guage shotty
Loyalty comes free, smokin' weed is my hobby
You wanna rob me, you gotta leave here with a body

[Verse 1]

When I was ten years old, I seen a nigga take three in
the head
Probably around the same time he used to pee in the
bed
I stayed awake, cause my nightmares was seein' 'em
dead
Smelled the burnt tires peelin' after leavin' him lead
The killer fled, with a fuckin' laugh
My heart pumpin' on blast
I just started at him, slumped in the grass
Arms movin', fingers shakin', spittin' up blood
DNA mixed in the mud, another ditch to be dug
There I stood, stiffer than wood
See homey used to buy me candy
Now he's gone, who gone provide his family?
My earring, shoulda been runnin'
I never thought I'd be that sick
Damn, I wasn't 'posed to see that shit
That's when I thought
It was more than three shots
He coulda been waitin for me, maybe he circled around

the block
I turned around at my pops, he like "what happened?"
This nigga rolled up and just started clappin'
I can still hear him laughin'
[Chorus]

[Verse 2]
It was a regular day in South Side, sprinklers and kids
runnin'
All of a sudden, head's turnin', somebody did
somethin'
This nigga named, I forgot, fuck it, he lived around the
block
Regular gettin' money nigga, but loved to clown a lot
Walked across the park, stuntin', frontin'
Diamonds in his ear, diamond watch on
Eatin' a bag of popcorn
Walked up behind a shorty, grabbin' her waist
She pushed him away, so he threw the bag in her face
She felt disrespected, shorty couldn't accept it
Called him a pussy, told him she'd be back in a second
But he din't pay her no mind
Called her a bitch about four times
Stayed in the park, wit' no niggaz wit' em and no nine
And them in no time, older nigga from behind
Swung a baseball bat, left his face all crack
Told him "take all that"
Hit him again, popped his chain wit' a frown
And left the clown, with a stain on the ground

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
All my days go by blowin' that sticky, icky
California made me picky
Chicken head tried to stick me wit' a hickey
If we, blow up quickly, stickly, somewhere tipsy
The location don't matter, I'm South Side until' they hit
me
I'll be DEAD
If looks can kill, I'm from the ghetto boys
But I don't know Scarface, I push wit' bill
My heart spills
For the kids that ain't got nothin' ain't got it still
And for my, cousin I lost
Humped over the steerin' wheel

[Chorus]

