

double canon

"Deep Down South"

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Come on, uh...

[Lil' Ron]

I'm bout to cause a disaster, like a earthquake
Eighteen's, got little kids dropping milk shakes
I smoke and sip eights, poured in one soda
Treat my girls like dogs, nigga teach em to roll over
Give em the cold shoulder, if they don't listen
But they quickly convinced, when they see them rims
twisting
Better pay attention, to that nigga Lil' Reezy
It takes six dimes in bikinis, just to please me
Better believe me, its real in the field
My chain like yellow lights, it make people ill
In the Porsche switching gears, like a Nascar racer
And the rocks on my bracelet, got it looking like a
glacier
I'm a clutch player, like Robert Ory
These cats ain't balling, they telling stories
But ain't gotta worry, bout H.S.E.
If I ain't hating on you, then why you hating on me

[Chorus: Big Shasta]

We from the deep down South in the city
In the light, and I be seeing these girls be looking
pretty
That's why, I got to stay on my grind
So we can be a hundred percent, all the time
Y'all don't know where we from (where we from)
Y'all don't know where we been (where we been)

[Yung Redd]

Its like one for the money, and two is for them hoes
Three is for the drank, Four pass me the smoke
You won't see me riding, in any ole Benz
Unless its jet black, on twenty inch rims
I got more Air Force, than the government
Every color pair, I'm so fly trust me I'm loving it
I never leave the hoe, with just a single rubber
And I crawl like Ringling Brothers, hoes love us
Under the in-fluence, catch me swerving

Playing in a number six, like Julius Irving
My watch and my chain, got me coughing and sneezing
Still a young heathen, as long as I'm breathing
I pay for a show, turn it out then I'm leaving
The way the man told us, its flossing season
This year we got it made, we shining y'all
Even though we got a due, we still grinding y'all

[Chorus: Big Shasta]

[Lil' Flip]

Who am I, name is Lil' Flip
And I roll with, two clips
Just in case, something happen
While y'all niggas yapping, I'ma be capping
Rolling with my strap and, pistol packing
Glock 9's, Tech 9's, even a Mack 10
I'm not acting, I pack clips so
Play your roll, and stick to the script
Before I flip, and empty the clip
I'm Gladys Night, cause I'm a pimp
We eating shrimp, and catching planes
You know I'm great, at catching dames
And what's your name, where you live
Will you give some brain, do you got kids
Cause if you do girl, its okay
So pass the syrup, fuck the courvassier

[Chorus: Big Shasta]

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