

Groove Theory F/ Mya, Jagged Edge

"Representin' Da South"

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Chorus (4x)

I be the nigga representin' da south
Ba da de bow
We be luv
Slangin' dope
Sprayin' some
Hittin' licks
Fuckin' tricks

[Verse 1]

Speakin' of fuckin' tricks
Some of them suckin' dick
Even they stank is sick
You know who's hittin' licks
Gettin' wet
Frontin' 'bout a MD ballas
Strappin' up then tryin' to be shot callas
Servin' the hustlas
Born for the block
They might hit low so they tell us to cop
A cut, cut, cut and a chop, chop, chop
Bitches hittin' switches like a cha, cha, cha
Run for shop
We can't get robbed
Bitches gettin' high
So it's head, booty cop
Hoes suckin' dicks like lollipops
If a nigga slick robber
Then a nigga gettin' dropped
Whereva ya from do ya do it like ya do it
Cuz where we from we gonna do it like we do it
In my "A"
Representin' weak in dis
Catch a booty while i'm kickin' this
My nigga hittin' fronta this shit
I know, thought ya know
When ya hear reality flow
Plus I know dough
Spendin' chrome for the gold
Skee-lo ya know

Hot house smoke jo's
Grindin' ya know

Chorus (4x)

[Verse 2]

I've neva seen frontin' my advice
Fuck niggas betta think twice
A bama wit a dew shit ain't nuthin' nice
But 'cha niggas wanna do
I hunt yo ass like a gold sweaty liver headed jew
Gamblin' all my riches away
But that's ok
I can go rob for that shit the next day
Robbin' for bricks and ki's
Puttin' dealers on their knees
To survive ??? what a nigga need
Now I be
Jet mail like a rubber venom
And playaz hataz
I'm still spittin' slugs in 'em
Makin' money like Lutchie
Hustlin' for coochie
Tryin' ta make a million dollars livin' all in ???
Spittin' bricks like a gymnast
Gettin' dope from buyer Prez Clinton
Can't mop for the album
Shit we still got connections
If I go I still like to when i'm high
I thought I be stuck tryin' ta make fuckin' pigs fly
Get connected to my music like Tre to his basketball
Makin' sure ya rhyme in this industry
Another fall
If ya think this dream belongs to you
Never gone
Consider gone gamblin' wit this dude
So I started makin' lil' chump change
I still the same nigga ain't a damn thing changed

Bridge (2x)

Nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga
Haha, Luc Duc fo' tha 99 to the 2009
Let's ride, let's ride
One to tha one to tha one check two
Hit 'em on tha mic
Nigga stir me like stew
Lil' Cross says fuck you and your crew
Eight six nigga like a stick in that dude

I'm tha same, balla balla
Bless your chain, balla balla

I don't stop until I'm high
I'ma smoke until I die
Ride

Chorus (4x)

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