

Guerilla Maab f/ H.A.W.K., Will-Lean

"Southside Story"

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This is my story G, day one on Southside
Southside 'til I diiii-iiie...

[Trae]

It gotta be Southside, all up in your face
When I'm creeping and crawling, up out the states
I made nineteen years, and a candidate
No time to plex, I gotta stack my change
And working wood on the grain, in the turning lane
With a 18 thousand dolla, 'Sacci piece and chain
In the big body Benz, with the raw beam
Six inch TV's, when I drop the screens
Drop the top, sun fin to hit the fade
When I'm baller lining, I'm be a bate
Looking through my shit, watching yellow bones
And its whether or not, they be creeping my car
Going hard on weights, I gotta peep the game
I'm in a private plane, in a private lane
With 13 karats, in my pinky ring
On a pen and pad, I lace up the game
All on the radio, and on the TV
To the world premier, we on MTV
Plus so many niggaz, really can't see me
Body rock the states, and p op up on three's
When I'm swang my 4's, I'm slamming candy do's
I'm on my P's and Q's, and I love this game
That's why, everybody wanna knock my hustle
We done just got rich, and went platinum man

[Dougie D]

Thank the Lord, for all my success
Been struggling striving, trying to do my best
No more canned sardine, just eight cuisines
Its been a long run, running from the law
Got a new pair, of shoes on feet
And I owe it to the Southside, cause it's been lovely
Everybody wanna run with me, and popping trunks all
bubbly
And everybody, in the club with me
Hold up, baby you know the South is so real
Whit cups sipping drank, and blowing on kill

In the STS, dressed to impress
With a bow legged round the side, to roll with
Y'all need to just understand, its so live
Many dollars ,into powder stacks right
When I'm up in the Benz, drop tops in the wind
Chopping to the corner, that I bend
Why a motherfucker, wanna hate on me man
Cause they can't get off they ass, and stack change
Down on Southside, we don't play no games
We pop trunks on the corners, in the turning lane
Just realize, and stop fighting the pencil
Because I pimp a pen, or a pencil
Its about time, that your ass gon recognize
Guerilla Maab, is some cold individuals

[Hook]

This is my story G, day one on Southside
Southside 'til I diiii-iiie
On the road, to reach in the TV and BET
And I owe it, to the Southside
Southside 'til I diiii-iiie

[Will-Lean]

Niggaz can't hold me back I hold the gat, thought of
many ways done told you that
Talking about golden plack, diamonds in your face
done showed you that
I roll the Lac I stroll the Benz, get the weed I'll po' the
end
I'ma ball 'til I fall, fuck waiting 'til I score again
We big shots with big glocks, on top I play it cool
On my block where I lay my rules,&nb; sp;on your block
where I spray with tools
Slay them fools with my steel, let them know this shit's
for real
Botany Boys/Guerilla Maab, a killer squad making mills

[H.A.W.K.]

Fuck what you feel time to pop a seal, only when we
grad, it's major deal
On the Texas reel trying to make a mill, serious bout
that dollar bill
House on the hill yacht on the lake, can't get close to
my estate
Like Ice Cube push rhymes like weight, haters we
anialate
Don't violate or try to hate, licks been heard in the
Texas state
I just can't wait to set thangs straight, Texas is the rap
state
Let's conjugate hop in the Benz, Guerilla Maab and

Dead End

On that chase for benjamins, in this shit we play to win

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Pulling out my yard as I drop the top, ready for the
jackers I'm gon cock the glock

Pulling up at the club everybody show love, might slow
my pace but never stop for bops

Cause when a nigga didn't have weed to smoke, seem
like them hoes had a need to choke

So I bled the block and I bled the block, exactly what I
need for the seeds to grow

Now I'm living myself Z-Ro today, even though I had
road blocks in my way

I made it over the hill I guess that was the will, of that
man for me to get outta the game

I sold weed and crack on down to heroine, sporting
clothes on motherfuckers payroll

Many golds and the movies, Guccis Fassaci's Guess
and Donna Karen

I smoke and I lean but still I maintain, ain't a damn
thang changed I'm still the same

Breaking motherfuckers off with a sock by mouth,
represent the South about fancy thangs

My pen is thoed and my pen is raw, 24/7 I'm gon break
the law

At the end of a show I'ma take a bow, my knees wanna
be me speed rolling be how

I flip my tongue fast like that, rubbing up on tracks and
wrecking 8 Dats

And the Real-To-Real's and a Lex Sedan Deville, with a
separate bitch on t he grill

I bleed the block now with the rocks, I bleed with the
candy paint

Sipping promethazyme codeine, with a Jolly Rancher
with a hand on drank

And I got my mind focused on benjamins, dividends in
the back of a big Benz

22 years old with a Fat Pat roll, from a tight ass verse
and I'm in the wind

(*talking*)

Check it out, Southside Story baby

Z-Ro, Dougie D, Trae, Willea, Big H.A.W.K.

[Hook - 2x]

