

## Haller & De Groof

### "Down South"

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[Chorus: repeat 4X]

Down South we play the game, we play it raw

[First Verse: Kangol Slim]

I'm strictly bout makin' my money

Strictly bout makin' my cheese

All these haters straight hatin' me

Cuz I'm on a paper chase for the collard greens

Monitor this, I handle my biz

Support me and my kids, I gotta get the dividends

Even if it mean committin' a sin, kickin' doors in

Muthafucka you a foe or friend?

Game is real, we playin' it raw

Down South, if you got it to see, we runnin' off in your  
house

Duct tapin' your arms, your legs, and your fuckin'  
mouth

When we get what we want, tellin' you to ride out

Never leavin' a trace

Sprinkle some ye round the place

Now you're known to the D.A.

That's a closed case

So don't fuck with them hounds

We lay it down

Ask a clown when we buck around

Muthafuckas better lay down

We play it raw

[Chorus] (2x)

[Second Verse: Tre-8]

I'm missin' a certified death wish

Nigga wanna step to this gettin' blows to the dome

And I cock the chrome, it's on, strong gone

Niggas don't last long, I got'z to get my blast on

With the black mask on

Got a tool for my getaway

Servin' with the AK got the double clip

Plus the hollow tips nigga make way

You'll get blazed today

And I'ma say what I gotta say

Niggas gotta play, the game how I play the game  
Droppin' bombs on your town everytime mane  
It ain't a tongue it's a mind thang  
Funky little rhyme game  
Where nobody go, nigga movin' too slow  
I don't changed the whole time frame  
Now it's rangin' and clangin' them bitches  
We stained them bitches, lookin' stupid like hoes  
Bringin' the pain to these hoes  
With flows and blows of death  
Makin' niggas sweat like hot sauce  
Runnin' up my block bruh  
Make me put my top down  
Break you off proper  
Pussy poppers over the World had better hide  
Look into my eyes as I cock the nine  
Niggas die when they try to see me  
Nobody can beat me rappin' this fast and easy  
The sequel, me runnin' with PNC, G, and we be raw  
We be the coldest muthafuckas that you ever saw  
nigga we be raw

[Chorus] (2x)

[Third Verse: Misdemeanor]

We bes, the dopest muthafuckas that you ever saw  
Spinnin' out of Lexus cars playin' the game raw  
These niggas better recognize the real when caps get  
peeled  
Me and my nigga Tre leavin' brains just spilled  
That's on the real, you can get killed  
If you want, hit your ass two times up in the chest with  
the pump  
Throw your ass in the back of the flip-flop trunk  
Ride wit'cha your lady I'll dump you off at the dump  
When ya hurtin' for birth, til' the day you live the Earth  
When you was on, that bitch should've worn a fuckin'  
skirt  
Ol, sissy ass nigga I had to get wit'cha  
Now your Mom and Dad sayin' they miss ya, had to  
give 'em a tissue

[Chorus] (4x)

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