

Jay-Z F/ Beanie Sigel, DJ Clue

"Souf' West Rida"

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DFW to LAX
from LAX back to DFW
check this out, I'm a Souf' West rhymer and a Souf'
West rider
check this out
(south, south, south, south...)

Chorus:

People won't stop he's flaming hot
ooh, the boy's on fire
like collard greens with extra hot sauce
I'm a Souf' West rider
People wont stop he's flaming hot
ooh, the boy's on fire
like collard greens with extra hot sauce
I'm a Souf' West rider

Verse 1:

new school lyrics and an ol' school twang
watch P.E.A.C.E. lyrically gang bang on these crews
who don't know how to move
fast and troop, like a dashing coupe
my styles have you in a position where you can't recoup
you awaken in midair between two loose
???, put your mind in rotation
there's no preparation to rock the brain
dipped a body in propane, striked a match against the
flame
ain't it a shame?
I'm dippin' in the fast lane in a black van
proper rims and bomb ass bass
camera with detachable face
when the sun hits my shit it's like glossy
I run a hundred and fifty five horseys
step back up off me
who are you? who?

Verse Two:

I'm a fancy vocal habit
yes, Nancy hoped and grab it
less than nothin', bluffin', like she ain't sufferin'

I know how it go
when you're broke you roll slow
when you're rich you speed and shit
but I ain't supposed to flow
what? you sure? you's a lie
I'mma do that every chance I get, though
spit all you in a ???
now how does it feel to be put in a miss, oh
you did it to me, I'mma do it for you
eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth
I'm gonna make a real supper for you
you can saddle up and ride I'm a ??????
or you can stick around and await your doom
just tell Rufus here what you want on your tomb
two hours later, in a saloon
poker playin', piano man's pushin' tunes
prostitutes are swayin' props, brushes and brooms
now I check out what happened when it took a chime
for noon
grabbed my sasprilla and I stepped outside
I noticed immediately it was mighty quiet
?? got my horse and ready to ride
and something told P.E.A.C.E. to look to his right

Oh, you gon' feel me, here have a sock(?)
I back up three or four feet, them lead buckles and a
body drops
stupid motherfucker wanna steal from P.E.A.C.E.
and get a deal and go out on a rhyming spree
hell, no, not at my expense
man, I'm tellin' you I'm tired of this
now you gon' make me react on some violent shit
don't try to get your punk ass where I'm tryin' to sit
and when I speak on it, you wanna hit me with the
nonsense
but if I clutch you upside your head, I get all the proper
responses
and you know how to find this
cool wit' what I do, I ain't lying this is all true
I'm honest, oh, you gon' feel me

uh huh
I'm a Souf' west rider
uh huh
I'm a Souf' west rider

well, I'm ridin' on an elephant
from LA to the South
y'all relax
'cause I'm hot
ooh, it hot in here

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