

## The Prophet Posse

### "Bout The South"

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featuring Dayton Family

(Dayton Family)

Let's do this

Fuckin' killas

Prophet Posse

Dayton Family

Flip time

Miphia Style, Memphis

Down South, Gold Teeth

Gold D's Fuck you hoes

I pimp you bitches like I'm gold

I'm flossin like a bone

I'm shinin' like a motherfuckin dime

I'm a motherfuckin' playa

I'm a motherfuckin' playa!!!

Finish it nigga

I'm gonna touch your soul

Niggas we be cold

Make roll, fall, bitches, niggas, hoes

Kick it

(Dayton Family)

Come in for flip bitches we big

And plus we bout it

Nigga Paul we need that green

Can't live without it

Stop at the store

We scoop some more

And I'll be rollin

Dollars we foldin' on the strip grip is what we holdin'

Makin money, ain't shit funny

About these Mephis streets

Hookers get pimped from their head to their fuckin'  
feet

Walk in the Denny's countin them pennies

You didn't come too soon

Lookin for fuckin' hookers

Suck it in the bathroom

Step in the alley not no bally boys, these bitches strife

Better make that money for your pimp or he gonna take  
your life

Third street no choose your feet motel 61

Lookin for action so must tench action better have no  
gun

Catherine's on a hustle

So why you bitches wishin'

(??)

Now I'm on a mission

Ghetto ease

He with the vipor rollin 80 g's

Pullin' of key suck on these

And I'll just the trees

Chorus#1 x5

Set me up and get me up

I'm down to get ya

Hit'cha where we split'cha

Makin' sure the story fit'cha

(Dayton Family)

Life a bitch up in the south

Bog boody bitches

Got my dick up in their mouth

Pimped her to riches

Where you from

You make me cum

With your pussy lips

Walkin' strips

Shakin' your hips

That's where my money flips

Smakin' bithces these lazy bitches off that silky powder

Funky bitch

Nigga clean your ass

Jump in the shower

Cleam my pussy

And make my money fuckin' all these tricks

Suckin' dick fillin' in a pickup truck

No time to sit

Get your purse

Nothin worse

than losin money hoe

You gone pay me

If you gotta be a hooker

With five toes

Sellin draws, lickin' these balls

Make me fall in love

Breakin' laws with pussy walls

Where you want it touch

Nigga I only

You the nigga plan to bone it

Than nascomponent

If you want it

Playa a joke up on it

Chorus#2 x5

My picture freeky

I can sleepy bust their head in public

Breakin' of the care

Fuckin' up their brain

Settin these bichtes love it

(Killa Klan Kaze)

Now I'm a clae south side

Forever, any day bitch

Makes fucked all the talking  
Let that AK-40 spray bitch  
Most of y'all like to see some blood spillen anyway  
Bodies fell  
Niggas die young on us everyday  
If I stay  
One you bustas down  
It's gonna be a loss  
You gonna pay me  
What you owe or get jacked on the cross  
Fire then retire out the game  
In and out of jail  
Cause I'm bout' the cheese  
Fuck the fame  
You can go to hell  
With that shit  
Gosta did what I can  
Back on this bridge  
Project Pat  
Suicidal Lifestyle I'm livin' in  
Who's to blame when you run your mouth  
And you come up dead  
Slangin' cane  
Robbed him for his dope  
Put some in his head

Fucked that boy off

With that sawed off pump

Then I fold Real Mccoy

(???) don't you get some weed

Chopped up, Kaze Click we put the fuckin d in dirt

Who throw with niggas out of flip and we put in woods

Chorus#3 x3

Shotgouns, Kase Click we put the fuckin d in dirt

Who the throw with niggas out of flip

And we gut in woods

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