

Limp Bizkit F/ Eminem

"Southern Comfort Remix"

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Lady singing:
It goes on and on.....

Mystikal:
So this how it's goin down, hungh nigga?
Big Mike:
Yeah, it's how its happenin like that, loc
Mystikal:
That nigga Big Mike
Big Mike:
That nigga Mystikal
Mystikal:
Layin it down, layin it down, layin it down
Big Mike:
Playin wit' cake, playin' wit cake, playin' wit cake
Hungh Bra
Mystikal:
Say dat' there'
Big Mike:
Fo sho
Knewmean?
Y'all know whats up
Big daddy style

{Big Mike:}
Now come and get a glimpse of this Uptown pimp
Who be havin a hard-on for this championship like
Shawn Kemp
I got these women ballin, shrimp and crawfish by the
Lake Front
Five gallons of D'Acquery, grilled steaks and blunts
Now women, you can state what you want and fellas,
you can state what you need
But I'm always gee'd keyed with a bag of weed
Yes indeedy, I'm the player with the ball in hand
Got em ballin, man, darling I know you understand
Now it ain't hard, nep, but you damn sure better watch
your step
Platinum and gold, these hoes know my fuckin rep
Slept for a year, kickin it back, takin it easy
Now I'm back with the skills and the real flock to see me

Now be me, be me, many a nigga tried to imitate this
style
Couldn't do it, had to go home and practise for a little
while
Longer, stronger back in '97 and '98 I'm droppin hits
Partner, stay off my dick, now quit
Tryin to portray the type of nigga you can never be
Mystikal:
Shit, Big Mike the dopest nigga you will ever see
Big Mike:
Puttin' it down for my crown, partner, what you say?
Big Mike and Mystikal, in December just like May

{Mystikal:}
Shit, I was born and raised in New Orleans
I grew up on second line and gumbo, red beans
Canal Street, river-walkin'
Everybody shout to da diz-nine(9th ward), hungh bra,
ya not to be talkin'
Pointin gats like they do in the movies
Every night nigga made the news
Wearin a polo shirt and Bally shoes
'Stik can remember when them niggas went for hard
They would round up they boys and so-called represent
they Ward
When you get to the club it's gon' be some shit-startin
And some shoulder-bumpin, steppin on toes, bitch, I
beg your pardon
If you're a buster, then you're bust-up
If you're a sucker, you're gettin sucked up, tough luck
Stand up like a man and hold your own is the only
motto
Cause all that gettin-fucked-all-over-shit played out
with lotto
Foot on tha brakes and ease off the throttle
Before I bust you in your shit with this King Cobra bottle
Make the bitch respect Michael Tyler
Lord know a nigga don't want to, but all you
muthafuckas gotta
Not wantin the Gucci's, tellin time through Movado
I don't sell no powder, but I'm stackin g's in my closet
Uptown niggas livin violent
Westbank niggas gettin clicked out, Downtown niggas
gettin violent
I'd probably be dead or locked down if it wasn't for
rappin
Cause where I'm from niggas ain't havin fun unless
they scrappin
Goin to war brawlin
Bitch, don't get mad with me, that's how it is in New
Orleans

Bitch it goes on
It goes on ri' chea

It goes right here in New Orleans...

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