

LL Cool J F/ The Lost Boyz

"Can't Stop the Southland"

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Sit your ass back and come along for a ride
And take a little trip through the big Southside
I'm mad ass Danger and I'm down to bang
A loco Eastsider and I run with a gang
13th Street is the color I fly
And if you wanna run up I won't ask you why
Either fist to fist, or gun to gun
I'll be there til the end and you'll never see me run
So go and take that chance and see what I'm about
And when they drag your ass away, then you'll leave
without a doubt
I'm not saying I'm bad, I won't say that I'm not
But bring your self trippin's gonna get your ass got
The gang-bang game is a trip
I ain't gonna stop cuz I'ma never quit
I'm a true ass Sureno who's down for the blue
And if it's gonna be me, ese it's gonna be you

[Chorus]
We keep you runnin
We keep you runnin
Can't stop the Southland
Cuz it's a Brownside thing and you know we don't stop
We keep you runnin
We keep you runnin
Can't stop the Southland
It's a Southside thing and you know we won't quit

Since I run with a gang, ese I'm not here alone
My homies value my life as if it was their own
So before you get bold, puto take a good look
Cuz what little you got, can always get took
You get punked, your a bitch, and rolled up like a snitch
You shouldn't have even tripped and got caught up in
our mix
With some crazy ass vatos always down for a crime
And bangin for their hood even when they're doing
time
It's a full time job and we do good work
And put in extra hours just to kick up more dirt
So you better think twice before you press your luck

Cuz me and my homies, we don't give a fuck
Everytime we roll, everytime we ride
We don't stop bangin for the Eastside
There is no love for the enemy
If I don't kill him, then he's gonna kill me

[Chorus]

Gang bangers with minds and a heart of stone
Southside just keeps us moving on
Throw your hood up in the air and hold it high
Down til the end because we're do or die
So spread your wings and hold your head
Because we're all rising from the dead
If we lose one, then we'll go kill two
And won't rest myself until we do
The Southland is the strongest and the rest are weak
Being down for each other, that is our key
We got you busters scared and on the run
And when I catch you slippin I'ma slice your tounge
Then take my gun and make you beg
And with no compasion split your head
I'm just one out of many that'll lay you down
Dedicated to my hood because I'm strong and pround
Everything I see, that's all I say
To my homies in SB and the ones in LA
So bump that shit cuz the real just arrived
This is crazy ass Danger from the Brownside

[Chorus x2]

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