

## **Mercedes F/ Magic**

### **"The South"**

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[SOS]

Aw yeah, welcome to the South everybody

Creepin up outta the dirty south unexpectedly hittin ya head  
like a stick of lead whippin you, flippin you outta bed  
Cause on my block the sidewalk can sizzle an egg  
and we as hip hop as a cripple with dreads missin a leg  
visitors get addicted and don't wanna leave  
blowin on trees from Kentucky to the Florida keys  
Humidity floats in the breeze  
and this is the only place where shorties can go to the beach and grow double D's  
like GOOD JESUS. Let me rub some lotion on your cleavage  
cause where we live summertime lasts about four seasons  
Parties are real loud. Car systems got clear sounds  
Birds fly here in winter. Chickens are here year round  
and they ass is meaner, the grass is greener and tap is cleaner  
Follow me and any questions just ask the leaders  
and the blunted genius of CunninLynguists spittin it clear  
Sippin beer on a postcard like, "I wish you were here."

[Deacon the Villian]

So come on down, show and tell with some southern belles  
tricks with treats you don't keep in a pumpkin pail  
hospitality? we treat our company well  
from Kentucky bails of hay way down to Florida shells  
gals with chunky tails, lookin' like something swell  
niggaz and negrelles smoked out on country trails  
you try and visit actin' ignorant and startin' hell  
your trip'll last about as long as the XFL  
here, the weather's hot  
streets? we keep em blocked  
mardi gras in every spot like we live in a land without some clocks  
from them Virginia docks, to Mississippi crops

swing through Atlanta where them switches be liftin'  
shocks  
so please leave all trash in the Herbie-Curbie  
welcome to the dirty dirty, home of them purdy-girlies  
birdies ready for flight, dawgs ready to bite  
the southern south-paw, but everything is all-right

[Chorus]

[SOS & Deacon the Villian]

But in the dirty south everything ain't all peaceful  
We still got racist people with inflated egos  
got foul cops shootin at niggas like we some free  
throws  
rough nights, bug bites from Jumangi mosquitoes  
Fiends that hug pipes, drug life, pills and needles  
streets with much hype and some like to kill people  
and if you don't want cops cuffin you up after your  
freak show  
remember jail baits are developed so check IDs, yo  
But still the home of black eyed peas, collard greens,  
that soul food  
The home of southernplayalistic pimps lettin they hoes  
loose  
The home of that bluegrass, red clay, zephyrhills  
Cadillac grills, battle rap skills  
The home of Miami Bass, 808's, and spring breaks  
Girls with tank asses from VA to the Lando Lakes  
The home of gold fronts, home grown skunk, the home  
of sippin shine  
The home of everything under the mason dixie line

[Chorus]

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