

Marc Anthony F/ Jennifer Lopez

"Southern Dialect"

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These niggas ain't feelin us

It's the best kept secret, baby

Down south

We got women on the beach

Swerve on streets

Players ridin drop

And the flips won't stop

[Verse 1]

Now tell me what y'all know about a player like me
comin through steppin

I'm wreckin, New Orlean'an, and in 1984 turned Texan
Lyrically flexin I made a name for myself

Gained love, not in clubs, on streets, and I dealt
With these playa-hatas out here among us in the game
I had to pass em by cause it really wasn't my thing

Now don't you wanna scream it like you mean it
To them fools who said I couldn't do it
The ones that said that if I left the group, then I'd be
ruined

Keep on doin what you're doin
That's what my conscience said, use your head, and
you'll win

Cause them haters who I thought was my partners,
wasn't really my niggas
They reneged, they couldn't stand to see me get big in
the business

That's why they player-hated me
Talkin my business to them broads like we related,
gee?

It never faded me cause I know where my head is at
Know where I'm headed at, that's why I keep on makin...

[Chorus]

Now the deeper the root
The bigger the square of the loot
When people think of the bomb shit, they think of the
boon, fool
I'm speakin the truth, partner, seek and you'll find

Southern dialect, I'm regulatin, that's how I gets down
for mine

[Verse 2]

It's on to the break of dawn
So why should I stop kickin these fly-ass rhymes
That's puttin these knots in my pocket? I'm
About to rock until I can't no mo'
I'm takin this here all the way to the bank for dough
Cause y'all know, as long as players turn into rappers
And rappers turn into actors, all these broads'll be
gettin atcha
Now which non-believin MC wanna see what time it is?
The rhymin wizard's about to show you haters what
southern rhymin is
I'm bombin kids, I show no mercy on a braveheart
Put it down in '94, and never gave thought
Caught every ???, every ass, checks got cashed
Fools got slung like the trash, I mash
>From the scene, never seen by no witnesses
Partner, don't try to play dumb, look, you know what
this is
Quit the biz cause y'all ain't ready for the outcome
No doubt, son, I'm from the south, and never lost a
bout, son

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now, don't step, or you'll get ruined, mayn
I got you trippin on the way a soldier's like me over
here doin things
You knew the game, but you blew it again
Now the head honcho is back, so non-believers, hand
over your ring
Give it up or get broken down
It's goin down now, Mike Dean supplied the potent
sound
So now you know it's a southern thing
I'm handlin things, I bust a rhyme and do damage to
any man you bring
I'm serious, I told you that way back in '94
They wanna flow, it ain't no thing, just let the record go
Didn't you know I bust from southwest to southeast?
Blessed by the best with this platinum-plated
mouthpiece
So I give thanks, then it's off to the bank
Protected by forces unseen, so I ain't gettin ganked
As for the fakers and the haters
Small things ain't nothin to a player
I'm all about my paper

I stacks my chips and then I break
Gather up my crew to Mike-a-nize, then we go and rock
another state
Forget what another say, I'm backed up by my actions
Produce a dope hit, make a lick, and leave em askin
Who is Big Mike? and like that I'm back atcha
Partner, handle your businesss, I ain't mad atcha
Million dollar lyrics I compose leave a pattern for
quality stature

[Chorus]

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