

## Lily Yuan "Where Da South At ?"

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So put your money where your mouth at

If it's cheddar and chips then we about that

Fraud off in the game, baby, I doubt that

There go the East and the West

Now where the South at, nigga?

So put your money where your mouth at

If it's cheddar and chips then we about that

Fraud off in the game, baby, I doubt that

There go the East and the West

Now where the South at, nigga?

I wear platinum on the chest 'cause I just can't rest

CMG and BBS, nationwide success

C-Note the big shot and Lil' Keke the Don

We been Houston trend setting, baby since day one

Start over and do it again, it don't matter to me

Rest in peace to DJ Screw from the S.U.C

It's the year 2 1, we still don't bar none

Fade 'em all when we ball, keep the game on the run

We put the lick down, multiplied the ends

Then put the split down, Southsi' for li'l

We from the South side nigga, we posted at the bar

Me and Ke' the 'gar, we be shining like a star

Them deuces on the car, cold drank mixed with bar

Boys recognize who we are 'cause we coming with that hard

I wonder which ride, we gon flip this year

2002 Escalade, yes, we skipped the year

About to jump through the Kappa, the young pro rapper

Three or four girls in my car, a true macker

The young paper stacker, equipped with game

Nigga welcome to the section, where we hog the lane

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So put your money, where your mouth at

Collecting chips and buying new whips, yeah I'm about that

This is hardcore, thug life

Tattoos and paying dues and getting feddy every night

Hoes sweating me, niggaz betting me

That the laws behind my Lam', think they could catch me

I think not, I'ma mash to the spot

Turning corners hitting blocks, got the sturning wheel hot

Alright catch a flight, hot-lanta next night

Looking for some fire green, the price is right

Come on they say the South 'bout to fall off

It's the fourth quarter nigga but the game ain't called off

We ain't stopping till the tapes is hauled off

Even if it take the glock nine and the sawed off

For real, it ain't no telling where the South at

Quit bumping your gums and put your money where your mouth at

So put your money where your mouth at

If it's cheddar and chips then we about that

Fraud off in the game, baby, I doubt that

There go the East and the West

Now where the South at, nigga?

I guess we blowed up like you thought we wasn't

See the double R, rap star on buttons

Shining kinda dim, north star like nothing

And I'm stomping on the snitches that be hating and fronting

From the Clover to the Wood, nigga it's all good

At the dome out in Miami, Florida, it's all hood

Recognize homeboy, we be South for life

And my boys'll get more from lifting so much ice

Home of the piece and chain, diamond teeth and thangs

Home of the pinky rings and the raw cocaine

These niggaz swanging elbows and acting real wild

While I'm trying to win a Grammy like I'm Destiny's Child

Smoking black and mild and getting crunk on stage

Fuck in the after Source nigga, we front page

See me backstage, strapped with a gauge

Taking rap to a whole another phase dog, I'm any ways

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