

# Mississippi

## Donna The Buffalo

Know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Mississippi mothafucka, Newton County  
What I live and die for, Scott County  
Ball for da kids, Simpson County  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Niggas out here flashin' and ballin' and shit  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
I'm supposed to be so hard  
Fuckin' rebel flags still flyin', fuck 'em, some hoes  
We from a place where dem boys still pimpin' them hoes  
We from a place, Cadillacs still ridin' on Vogues  
We from a place where my soul still don't feel free  
Where a flag means more than me in Mississippi  
We from a place where dem boys still pimpin' them hoes  
We from a place, Cadillacs still ridin' on Vogues  
We from a place where my soul still don't feel free  
Where a flag means more than me  
Still ridin' Cadillacs, still bump in the back  
Mothafuckas talk shit but we still in the hood  
Mississippi in this thang Pinky rang in my hand  
Peanut butta top lovin' wood  
Crackas only come to buy crack  
And cracka cops only come to bust niggas who sell that  
We from a place where dey scream  
Pimp a hoe, pimp a hoe  
We from a place where dey still  
Chop dem boes, chop dem boes  
We from a place where yo grandmama still showin' you love  
And we still eatin' chicken in the club, bitch  
We from a place where dem boys still pimpin' them hoes  
We from a place, Cadillacs still ridin' on Vogues  
We from a place where my soul still don't feel free  
Where a flag means more than me in Mississippi  
We from a place where dem boys still pimpin' them hoes  
We from a place, Cadillacs still ridin' on Vogues  
We from a place where my soul still don't feel free  
Where a flag means more than me  
We from a place where mega evers live and mega evers died  
We from a place what we chokin' on sticky green to get high

We from a place where ya used to come in the summertime  
Now y'all don't mention us in ya rhyme we kin folk  
Ya we broke, some talk wit a drawl but bitch we ball  
Runnin' through with two techs screamin' "Fuck all, y'all"  
We from a place where da rebel flag still ain't burnin'  
New schools but the black kids still ain't learnin' 'bout shit  
But hit da streets and learn to pimp on a bitch  
Five-O, oh, shit throw yo crack in the ditch  
And y'all nigga run, y'all nigga run  
Like 'Forrest Gump', they got pumps  
And them crooked cops love to dump in Mississippi  
We from a place where dem boys still pimpin' them hoes  
We from a place, Cadillacs still ridin' on Vogues  
We from a place where my soul still don't feel free  
Where a flag means more than me in Mississippi  
We from a place where dem boys still pimpin' them hoes  
We from a place, Cadillacs still ridin' on Vogues  
We from a place where my soul still don't feel free  
Where a flag means more than me  
601, 601  
Crooked letter, crooked letter  
Oh, Mississippi, Mississippi, ohh  
Wave ya hands from side to side  
601, represent where you from  
You don't want none, Mississippi  
601, Da place we're from  
Mississippi, 601, say 601, 601, Mississippi  
Hell yeah, Mississippi you know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Home of da blues, da dirtiest part of da south  
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
The place where you get dem fish and dem criss muhfucka  
Yeah, you know what I'm talkin' bout  
Delta muhfucka, Cotton you know what I'm talkin' bout  
We 'bout to free da slaves bitch  
Where yo grandmama from nigga  
Yo ol one generation moved away slave ass  
Booty fuck ass, gank ass, punk ass bitch  
Now come on back home get you somethin' to eat

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