Where da South At?

Lil' Keke & C-Note

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 runWe 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 starThem 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 yearAbout 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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Now where the South at, nigga?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 nightHoes 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 hotAlright 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 offWe 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 atSo 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 frontingFrom 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 iceHome 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 ChildSmoking 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 waysSo put your money where your mouth at
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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