

Southern Boy

Big Tymers

Yeah, yeah, yeah, if David Banner was here right now
He would just look at y'all muthafuckas and go "Damn!"
And if Flip was here he would go, "What is y'all's saying?"
I'm a push trucks, nigga I'm a drive Benz
Muthafuck the 8's nigga I'ma get the 10's
I'ma drink everythin', I'ma get drunk
Watch the shoes, I'ma show ya dudes, I'm 'bout to pop the trunk
I'ma be captivator, I'ma be calm
From that hat to the shirt, to the pants playa, woah
I'ma play polo, I'ma stay rich
I'm about to bust the southside in this bitch
I'm a stay with Sprint, mutha fuck Nextel
Can you hear me now? I don't love no girl
I'ma eat chicken player, I'ma sip lak
Push the old school Caddy with the diamond in the back
I'ma get the candy paint just because I know you can't
Pussy, pussy, pussy, your life is blank
I'ma get the new J smoke all the purple haze
I'ma stick with game spittin', game spittin' in your face
'Cause I'm a mutha fuckin' southern boy
Comin' down so clean, and with rhymes so mean
Heavy starch in my jeans
Want Criss, want hard, fuck a nigga, fuck a broad
You can't top my southern flow
'Cause I'm a mutha fuckin' southern boy
I'm comin' down so clean, and with rhymes so mean
Heavy starch in my jeans
Want Criss, want hard, fuck a nigga, fuck a broad
You can't top my southern flow
'Cause I'm a mutha fuckin' southern boy
Look we ride the biggest truck 20 inches don't give a fuck
When I roll, nigga know I'm plush comin' 'round and I'm high as fuck
Green truck, lift up, spinnin' blades is a must
Wood grain, suede and leather, feelin' good with this Cali weather
I can go in any hood, get a nigga they know I could
Coming round and I'm iced up too nigga know 'bout me and my crew
Layin' low, being cool smokin' weed, what we do
Movin' ki's, bought that Coupe stackin' G's what we do
Nigga know that I'm slingin' that iron

Fuck around tryin' to take my shine
Nigga know that I'm 'bout gettin' mine
Hustlin', flippin' when I'm on that grind

Nigga know we got work uptown
Fuck around and we shut you down
Pussy, pussy pussy, you pussy pussy bitch
'Cause I'm a mutha fuckin' southern boy
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'Cause I'm a muthafuckin' southern boy
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Want Criss, want hard, fuck a nigga, fuck a broad
You can't top my southern flow
'Cause I'm a muthafuckin' southern boy
I'm pumpin' through the South holdin' my nuts
I'm in my candy apple red Cadillac car rollin' them dutch
White cuts with that stitch and tuck, lookin' for a bitch to fuck
Find a slut, let's get this buck, look like you need this dick to suck
I'm truck turner pimpin', with Issac Hayes roll on
Just another pimp gettin' his stroll on bitch hold on
You starin' at a pimp, tryin' to look him in his eyes
When you practice south ballin', if you get broke don't be surprised
Tell no lies about this mackin', some win and some be losin'
But pimpin' never dyin' 'cause these hoes is steady choosin'
Gets to fuckin' with my paper, you cruisin' for a bruising
So let there be no confusion, pimpin' ain't no illusion
Don't believe me ask Ice are, she shorted my lil' brother
She mutha fuckin' paged chose a pimp like no other
We all about that dollar bitch, so when you see a pimp
Don't try to holla, wipe me down and pop my collar
'Cause I'm a mutha fuckin' southern boy
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