

# Welcome To The South

## Young Buck

Young Buck, Lil Flip, David Banner c'mon  
G-Unit in this bitch, G-Unit in this bitch  
The dirty, dirty show 'em how the South do  
Gold Grills, Coupe' Deville's sittin' on 22's  
The dirty, dirty baby show 'em how the south do  
We pop pills, shoot to kill, you know what we 'bout  
And on behalf of G-Unit, welcome to the South  
Working this wood wheel, y'all don't know how good it feel  
Just come to Cashville, y'all gon' see how hood it is  
We in the projects, cookin' chickens in the kitchen  
We go to prison, but get out and go back to get in it  
Your hood ain't no harder than mine, bitch, we all thuggin'  
We fight in clubs, hit the parkin' lot and start bustin'  
I know I'm country, I can't help it, I'm from Tennessee  
I'm throwin' up this Hennisey and blowin' up my enemy  
Y'all niggas remember me? Not because the Bird's tennekee  
But Young Buck been A G', I give a fuck who you be boy  
I want in on everything, a dime bag, if so come see me for it  
To be a star, all you need is a Pyrex Jar  
Some soldiers and some baking soda, you can buy that car  
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And on behalf of G-Unit, welcome to the South  
I swear on the soul's of our dead cousin's  
I ain't bustin', man I'm comin' A.K. 40's bustin'  
7's and Mack 11's  
I told 'em all I ain't no hoe  
But niggas don't listen till you kick a nigga  
Smack him with that Callico  
I'm tryin' to stay in God's plan  
But I had to show these fagots  
That your fuckin' with a man, ya bitch  
I left them niggas needin' path  
And y'all probably won't live to see this weekend  
Gotta go, gotta go, fuckin' Mash out  
I hit the dro' a lil more and then I pass out  
Crashin' the H2, bitches I hate you  
Now you keep talkin' shit, I kidnap and ducktape you

Let them Fagots rape you  
Then it's back to Mississippi, if ya boys want revenge  
Tell them bitches come and get me  
'Cuz I was born in this bitch to tie  
I'm in Queens, in your 'Lac, with your bitch, gettin' high  
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And on behalf of G-Unit, welcome to the South  
I'm the King, it ain't no mystery, so fuck y'all niggas dissin' me  
I'm goin' down in history, I'm leavin' with a victory  
Yo' baby Momma kissin' me, talkin' 'bout she missin' me  
Since I'm a star, when I hit the door, they never friskin' me  
'Cuz I pack a pack a pound, just ask around  
Like 50, I'll Back You Down  
Run to ya' crib and snach ya' pounds, everybody on the ground  
You know my niggas hold me down  
What goes around comes around  
I represent H-Town, still run the underground  
With bricks on the Greyhound, spree's on my escalade  
I'm glad I made it out the game, it gotta be a better way  
Now we gettin' cheeda', now we on another level  
It's Clover G and G-Unit, Young Buck, shut 'em down  
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