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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We pop pills, shoot to kill, you know what we 'bout
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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We pop pills, shoot to kill, you know what we 'bout
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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