

Reckon

Haystak

South
Side! yeah yeah
Stack Mack all my people that stayed down, one love
Those who didn't (Ha Ha)I reckon I'm country like biscuits and gravy
 Balling just picture me baby
 You and me hit you so crazy
 You gonna be pushing them daises
We gonna be pushing Mercedes, Cadiallacs, Escalades
 While you hustling on the block
 We fishing in the Everglades
 Reckon I run up in this liquor store
 Pick up a fifth of that Crown
 We were puffing on that herb
 When y'all break it down and frown
Way before you had a CD the hottest thing in town
They used to call me JD out South slinging pound
 Had to hit it then quit it, get in and get out
 Lay low when you see some shit in the south
 Hate on me get hit in your mouth- whaa pow
 So mean I'll eat glass, wash it down with gas
Having money means nothing, I'll wipe my ass with cashI reckon we fully prepared
 Reckon you oughta be scared
 Reckon we out of control
 Thinking bout platinum and gold
Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now
 Reckon you bitches gonna learn
 You can't keep Haystak down
 I reckon we fully prepared
 Reckon you oughta be scared
 Reckon we out of control
 Thinking bout platinum and gold
Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now
Reckon you bitches gonna learnI reckon I'm southern like fried chicken
 I'll be here till I leave yo
Colisseums and Cathedrals from L.A. to the east coast
 My people(echo) country as collard greens
 Money hungry dope fiends
 Go get that cheese by any means
 Even if it means- we got to ride like Matt Dillon

Haystak Mac Millon, thats Mr. Mac Millon
I came up with cash villians
Riding right, sack dealin
We be in the back chillin (in the back, in the back)
In the back of the club
In the back of the limo
Nothing changed but the day,the date on my
Presidential
I came hard on my first
I came hard on my second
I come hard on my third
Do you reckon I reckonI reckon we fully prepared
Reckon you oughta be scared
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Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now
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You can't keep Haystak down
I reckon we fully prepared
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Reckon we out of control
Thinking bout platinum and gold
Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now
Reckon you bitches gonna learnI reckon we slide like sports cars
Doing 130 when they clock us on the radar
Cops pull us over looking for rocks
Only seen us for a second, heard ud coming for blocks
You reckon you ain't gonna find nothing but cold cash
Why don't you gone write some tickets with yo old ass
I'm talking bad to security up in the club
You get out of line, my clique a fuck you up
They told me cowards won't dig it
They told me haters ain't liking it
I told them that ain't whats on my
Mind when I'm writing it
If my people had got popped and never did fold
Knowing they been took care of it
Soon as they got parole

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