

# Quit Hatin' the South (feat. Charlie Wilson)

UGK

Uh, it's really goin' down in the South bitch  
Yeah nigga, we know hip hop and rap  
And all that shit started in the motherfuckin' East Know I'm sayin'? Then it went to the West coast  
And they did it a little bit better  
Know I'm sayin'? But now it's our time  
To shine down here nigga Know I'm sayin'? So since y'all niggaz keep sayin'  
We ain't real hip hop down here  
We don't wanna be down with you bitch ass niggaz So y'all stay up there with that bullshit  
This country rap tunes down here nigga  
Young Pimp, Young Bun, Underground Kingz All the O.G.'s that's recognizin' the real  
I got love for y'all but all you bitch ass niggaz  
Talkin' down in ya records, you can eat a dick  
Hold up Pushin' cocaine, servin' pounds of weed  
Steady stayin' on the grind  
Pussy nigga can't say he ain't hatin' me  
Because if you did, then you wouldn't be lyin' But how in the hell am I supposed to respect the man?  
That talk down on every song  
You steady actin' like a bitch, you steady cryin' your eyes out  
Say my name pussy nigga, we can get the shit on, on, ooh yeah Quit hatin' the South, baby  
We gettin' paper in the South, gettin' money  
Quit hatin' the South, baby  
Quit hatin' the South Well, it's been a long time my nigga, I shouldn't have left you  
When I some real trill shit to go left to  
Gotta lot of respect fool, for the ones before me  
But when my time came they act like they ain't know me I've been down with rap music since Cold Crush and  
Melle  
Before MTV put Run-D.M.C. on the tele  
Back when Whodini tried to tell ya about ya friends  
Nigga I was givin' rap all my time and my ends Bought damn near every record the motherfucker dropped  
West coast gangsta music, East coast hip hop  
Now it's our time to shine and the tables is turned  
Them motherfuckers aggravated 'cause we gettin' some burn There's no room for everybody, just a few niggaz  
is swole  
Probably 'cause they favorite rappers ain't in control  
But just let go of the past 'cause it's hurtin' your hands  
And pass it over to the next generation of fans And quit hatin' the South, baby  
We gettin' paper in the South, getting' money  
Quit hatin' the South, baby  
Quit hatin' the South I'm blastin' off on you hoes like NASA

You double standards and hypocrisy remind me of Massa  
We ain't good enough to eat at ya table but when ya dick get hard  
You wanna run up with [Incomprehensible]I from the get coke but I'm still clockin' figures  
Bitch hoe cock suckin' nigga  
And that goes for all you visitors too  
If you don't like it down here, get the fuck on foolThey say you can't rap and they questionin' our intellect  
Friendly ass niggaz jumpin' bad on the Internet  
Ain't nobody typin' that much can't be a danger  
Catch you in person, bitch I'll break yo' fingersIt's some trash in the South but I promise you  
From the East to the West, some of y'all garbage too  
As long as the beat knock and the lyrics hot, son  
I can give a rat's ass where a rap is fromI remember N.W.A. and PE  
Had me feelin' like a rapper was the thing to be  
You can't fuck with Willie D, UGK either  
Disrespectin' the code, does motherfuckers neitherQuit hatin' the South, baby  
We gettin' paper in the South, gettin' moneyTo all the radio, TV and even the press  
Been hatin' on the Sizz-outh like we ain't impress  
Y'all think we came in the place, say man we came in the state  
Y'all shoulda listened to Andre, bitch we got somethin' to sayAnd all you washed up rappers, you ain't what it's  
about  
I see y'all tryin' rap like us and puttin' grills in ya mouth  
Y'all buy the beat, buy the beat like y'all bouncin' and twerkin'  
But hoe we know what's goin' on and bitch that bullshit ain't workin'I'ma O.G. Rock Ball, write my name up  
on the wall  
Fuck yo' bitch and hit the switch and put my dick up in her jaw  
I'm Sweet Jones, fucked a clone, legend on the microphone  
Player's choice, silver Royce, keep yo' bitch's pussy moistI'm bumped the school, that's how I do, sippin'  
drank, each teen night  
In Benz, big blue lens, knock this bitch and fuck with her friend  
Candy cart, squeeze 'em out, bought the ranch man fuck the house  
And y'all still gotta buy y'all dope from us  
So what the fuck you bitch niggaz talkin' 'bout?All you ole sensitive ass niggaz, know I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Y'all niggaz on y'all period up there bitch  
Know I'm talkin' 'bout? Y'all hide behind them e-mail addresses  
Sendin' that bullshit through the airBitch, say my name bitch, I'ma come to ya house  
Fuck how you feel, country rap tunes nigga  
They put all y'all records on one side of the store  
And put all the country rap music on the other side of the store  
And see who sell out firstBitch ass nigga, it's ya own fault ya shit ain't sellin'  
You reap what you sew and fuck you in ya pussy  
Keep talkin' that shit  
Them young gladiators go come get you too partnerAlready, UGK for life, fuck how you feel about it bitch  
Young Pimp

Songwriters

LATIMORE, BENNY/BUTLER, CHAD L/FREEMAN, BERNARD JAMES / DENNIS, WILLIEPublished by  
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