You're Everything

Bun B

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Man f'real I love bein' from the Dirty South man
It made me the G I am today, made me the hustler I am today
The grinder, the baller, the gangster I am today man
Lot of people got opinions and, issues and, problems with
What they see comin from the South and who doin what in the South man
But I'mma tell you like this
Fuck you dawg, this the South nigga
We gon' be here, we been here, and ain't goin' no-motherfuckin'-where
Take it how you like it, hate it or love it ho!It's that candy paint, 84's, belts and buckles, chrome and grill
Leather seats, stitch and tuck, TV screens and wooden wheels
Suede roof, neon lights, Vogue tire swang and bang
Tops drop, blades chop, fifth wheel just hangin' man
White T's, fitted hats, Jordans under dickies (Dickies)
That Swisher sweet, cigarillos filled up with the sticky (Sticky)
The fifteens bam'n and the bass kick-kickin'
Cadillac do's slammin' on them po'-po's tippin'
We ain't trippin' just flippin these haters dip when they see us (When they see us)
'Cause they could never beat us best us or be us
I'm a G that's a genius, best to just respect my thuggin' man
It's the South, ain't nothin' above it and that's why I love it man, f'realYou're everything I knew! (Oh yeah)
Do what you want me to (I will do anything)
Get on my knees for you (Oh baby)
What else is there to do (I don't know, I don't know, but I'll cry)Pray at night when you sellin' white, got one ki' tryin' to sell it twice
Yellow stones all in my shit, yellow bones all on my dick
Honeycomb I call my crib, money long that's on my kids
R.I.P. to my Uncle Chad, UGK you can't fuck wit that
Niggas fake, they hate candy paint, and all the paper that your partner make
Shakin' dice like a face of life, champagne just ain't tastin' right
Haterade they Gatorade, look at these seats they gator made
Friend or foe niggas never know (Know) never know when you fin' to blowDude scrapin' the curb, dippin' sippin' some syrup

Fingers blistered twisted Swishers, Pimp died and it hurt
But I handle my issue, I got several pistols
That won't whistle, missles knockin' gristle from fatty tissue
Mississippi's my home, 'til I'm die and I'm gone
I know I put it on my back, held that bitch up alone
With no label backin', pride split into fractions
I hit the ocean on peggy bustin' back at the crackin' (Y'all scared)You're everything I knew! (Oh yeah)
Do what you want me to (I will do anything)
Get on my knees for you (Oh baby)
What else is there to do (I don't know, I don't know, but I'll cry)Let's talk about Pimp C, Bun B, Eightball, MJG
Big Boi, Dre 3000, Scarface, Willie D
T.I.P, Young Jeezy, Birdman, Lil Weezy
Trick Daddy, Young Buck, SoSoDef, Jermaine Dupri
J Prince, Rap-A-Lot, Juicy J, DJ Paul
Slim Thug, Lil' Keke, Chamillionare, Paul Wall
We all different but we all rep the same thing
God first, family then money in the South manThey call me Peeimp Tyte, MJG
The Dirty South, is everything I want, everything I need, everything I'm longin' for
When I'm outta town gotta get home, just for
Everything that I been raised to love, the wisdom my grand-momma gave to us
Racial profilin', police harassment regular days to us
You say door, we say do', you say four, we say fo'
You say whore, we say ho, you want more, but we want mo'
What else is there left for me to do?
This the dedication from me to you
The South, I know you gonna see, me through
So until I die I wanna be, wit'chu, you're everythingYou're everything I knew! (Oh yeah)
Do what you want me to (I will do anything)
Get on my knees for you (Oh baby)
What else is there to do (I don't know, I don't know, but I'll cry)

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