

Southern Accent

Delinquent Habits

Southern Accent

(I.Martin/ D.Thomas/ A.Martinez) Verse 1

Sure as the hurra smoke buddha after searchin your ride

Sure as you ain't even trippin cause they lettin you slide

I'm gonna let you feel what's within Ives

Why don't you listen if you trippin I ain't bablin high

Of course I show nuff cause people count on me

I've worn Adidas on the same stage as D.M.C

I smoke nugs flown magic rugs hung with thugs

Show love if this here's dove you dreamed of

Add 1 plus 2 somos tres fillin the place

With a cold style funky to death use a space

Only skin that won't be tatted will be my face

And I'll be ridin my life to the death at own pace

Good luck long life blessed senses walk in the light

Absorbin positive tonight me know me won't lose fight

So kick bad thoughts fuera fiestas en fuego

Rolas for your cara funky like de-e-oh...Chorus 2X

When we step into the place y'all know what's happening

Ain't nobody trippin on the Southern Accent

Hour and a quarter we rock the mic

South of the border like is that alright? Verse 2

Now I've been all around the world Japan to Amsterdam

Argentina Uruguay Chile Brazil and still

I stay paid value every dollar made

I'm emergin from the depths of the realm where I've stayed

Cuando entro entro chueco y ya te dije me conocen

El Delincente que no repite tumbo casa

Dejo testigo sin hiridos para que cuenten toda la historia en su gloria

Tres chosen tres hostin tres scorchin mic's

With some SL 12's in abundance

The one armed bandit with the lyrical air raids

Bombas rolas can you maintain?

Smoked filled pits no glamour no glitz

Got the funky Latin grammar over funky Latin hits

Everytime I spit surely the crowd is gettin lit

Yes y'all stand tall and losen bricks on the wall Chorus Verse 3

I just wanna little sontin to light

It's a good nite tonight for y'all avoid fight

Please take what I'm sayin in tight and feel right
Chinky eyed and high givin em feelin a new sight
Now that eyes ain't blind I'm gon help find
A way to put y'all mind in time to feel mine
I hit the stage sportin sneakers chelas and guayaberas
Cual quiera que quiera D.H. does it better for cheddar forever
Gueras in the front chonies wetter and wetter
Tranquilo take my time on every word to the letter
That little lush kinda blush everytime that I bust
And later on she wantin papi for the way that I thrust
So go ahead and dawn armor
Hit you with the good karma
Breaka breaka mr. police me no want drama
Don't want no loud bangs palos or cold shanks
Keep away me with them wrist chains and cell clanksChours

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