

Keep It Southern

Haystak

(x3)

Stop, (Stop ... echo)
Look but don't touch it,
if ya rub up against it,
I hope that you don't scuff it now,

(Stop, Stop, Stop, Stop)

I keep a sack of that sticky icky
A chrome nine millie wit me
A guy to watch my back
Incase somebody try to 50 Cent me
You either represent me
Or your up against me
Where I'm from
They let loose until the clips is empty
Tennessee, I'm from that volunteer state
Where when people get to drinkin'
The violence just escalate
We got young ass boys, drivin' Escalades
We whippin' Caprice's the color of lemonade
So much pearl, that them bitches look laminated
Pass by your girl, the bitches look captivated
Roll my eyes, at the broads and accelerated
I got indicted
And these haters 'round here celebrated
Show me a hole in the wall and a microphone
We get 'em riled up, in here things get thrown
Ornery, thats the way we roll
Rock northern California, the same as home
Now come on

Pumpin' is nothin' they scufflin'
Pushin' and shovin' they love it
When we get it crunk in this mothafucka

(We keep it southern)

Pull up in front and we bumpin'
Pumpin' the brakes and we stuntin'

Tryin' to get into something

(We keep it southern now)

Pumpin' is nothin' they scufflin'
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(We keep it southern boy)

Big booty white broads, who she in the H-2?
Comin' through the drive thru
Sittin' on them (ohh uhhoos)
Hippie starch, Timberlands with the matching jacket
I got that automatic, hate to have to cap a faggot
Blowin' big,
I'm on the scene spendin' massive cabbage
Catch me in traffic and transit
'Cause I be mashin' damn it
Imagine your hustle, amplified by twenty times
No time to sleep, it's a continuous grind
An in the street grindin'
like a motherfuckin' pepper shaker
Rollin' like a 18 wheeler (breaker, breaker)
I eat fader faker, like Waltor Payton leave 'em shook
Got the law tryna hit me with the book
(Ha Ha)

We roll up, like cigarillos, six figure fellows
Bitches be like hello, haters be like hell no
Southern girls keep it shakin' like some jello
Get off in the mix
And your subject will catch an elbow

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(We keep it southern boy)

Down south money getters
All go no stop
Broads treat my pocket
Like the center of a blow pop
We don't smoke sacks
Naw boy we blow crops
Hit the mute button boy

(Siren)

Don't you see those damn cops?
Heads bobbin' up and down
Gone on that stupid juice
Lookin' for a reason we can act a fool, sup fool?
Fuck you, duck dude he's got a gun
Try not to fall

You get stomped when everybody run
I holla hey lil mama you the right height right width
Is that your girlfriend I'm into that bi shit
I've been addicted since the first time I tried it
The sight of them tongues touchin' gets me excited
Stack mack baby, aint a glitch in my game
Vaginas begin to glisten when you mention my name
And I don't drink champagne, but I'll buy some
And bust a bottle on a bitch if he try somethin'
Tell that boy! Now...

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Lyrics submitted by dillon.

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