Mississippi

David Banner

Know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Mississippi mothafucka, Newton County
What I live and die for, Scott County
Ball for da kids, Simpson County
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Niggas out here flashin' and ballin' and shit
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout
I'm supposed to be so hard
Fuckin' rebel flags still flyin', fuck 'em, some hoes
We from a place where dem boys still pimpin' them hoes
We from a place, Cadillacs still ridin' on Vogues
We from a place where my soul still don't feel free
Where a flag means more than me in Mississippi
We from a place where dem boys still pimpin' them hoes
We from a place, Cadillacs still ridin' on Vogues
We from a place where my soul still don't feel free
Where a flag means more than me
Still ridin' Cadillacs, still bump in the back
Mothafuckas talk shit but we still in the hood
Mississippi in this thang Pinky rang in my hand
Peanut butta top lovin' wood
Crackas only come to buy crack
And cracka cops only come to bust niggas who sell that
We from a place where dey scream
Pimp a hoe, pimp a hoe
We from a place where dey still
Chop dem boes, chop dem boes
We from a place where yo grandmama still showin' you love
And we still eatin' chicken in the club, bitch
We from a place where dem boys still pimpin' them hoes
We from a place, Cadillacs still ridin' on Vogues
We from a place where my soul still don't feel free
Where a flag means more than me in Mississippi
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Where a flag means more than me
We from a place where mega evers live and mega evers died
We from a place what we chokin' on sticky green to get high

We from a place where ya used to come in the summatime
Now y'all don't mention us in ya rhyme we kin folk
Ya we broke, some talk wit a drawl but bitch we ball
Runnin' through with two techs screamin' "Fuck all, y'all"
We from a place where da rebel flag still ain't burnin'
New schools but the black kids still ain't learnin' 'bout shit
But hit da streets and learn to pimp on a bitch
Five-O, oh, shit throw yo crack in the ditch
And y'all nigga run, y'all nigga run
Like 'Forrest Gump', they got pumps
And them crooked cops love to dump in Mississippi
We from a place where dem boys still pimpin' them hoes
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We from a place where my soul still don't feel free
Where a flag means more than me
601, 601
Crooked letter, crooked letter
Oh, Mississippi, Mississippi, ohh
Wave ya hands from side to side
601, represent where you from
You don't want none, Mississippi
601, Da place we're from
Mississippi, 601, say 601, 601, Mississippi
Hell yeah, Mississippi you know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Home of da blues, da dirtiest part of da south
You know what I'm talkin 'bout
The place where you get dem fish and dem criss muhfucka
Yeah, you know what I'm talkin bout
Delta muhfucka, Cotton you know what I'm talkin bout
We 'bout to free da slaves bitch
Where yo grandmama from nigga
Yo ol one generation moved away slave ass
Booty fuck ass, gank ass, punk ass bitch
Now come on back home get you somethin' to eat

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