

Neck of My Woods

Chamillionaire

(*talking*)Ha-ha, hop in nigga (Southern Smoke)
Why you looking all scared mayne?
Loosen up nigga, ride with me[Hook - 2x]I'ma roll you, through my neck of the woods
Through the hood, hustling and living right
Grinding for a grand, pockets getting bigger
Ain't nothing like a Dirty South, H-Town nigga[Chamillionaire]Cadillac with the 4's, the paint that's matching
the toes
The basketball players baby mamas, and actresses hoes
No you can't be tripping, you got's the master control
Make her park while you exit, from out the passenger do'
You roll with the easy pass, as you pass through the toll
See the police ya ride slow, you don't the faster you go
See the fiends on the corner, itching and after the blow
You incognito, while passing that lil' package of dro
I know I'm not a hustler, also I'm not a customer
I'm also not a snitch, I'm the type you could put ya trust in sir
The trees made that weed, what is you cussing fa'
It's mother nature's fault officer, you should have a grudge with her
Never works, but still you try the excuses
The prints could make you believe, that all of your grinding was useless
So what if you catch a case, still hustle the juices
Fill up his jar with that bar, man this Southern is ruthless
Ooh it's another one of them thangs, what you call that (slab)
Do the math, recline in your seat and fall back
You gotta try to blend in, and get your car facts
Belt buckles swangs and bang, that's how we crawl Lac
I'ma get my car waxed, pulling into this liquor sto'
Get in, get the Black Magic and a sip of O.
J. ay, one thang before you hit the do'
Burning off on his ass, you don't know nothing bout Texas hoe

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