

Southern Takeover

Chamillionaire

The sound of revenge, tell 'em what it is Mayne
Welcome to the New World Order
Atlanta, Georgia Houston, Texas
The south is officially takin' over, he already know Just look over your shoulder
Let me see who just showed up
It's the southern takeover, it's over, you betta tell 'em
I got drinks that stand on top try and stop, pop, pop, pop Just look over your shoulder
Let me see who just showed up
It's the southern takeover, it's over, you betta tell 'em
I got drinks that stand on top try and stop, pop, pop, pop It's the mister fo fifth told 'em cookin' coke with
baking soda
Dub roller, pro smoker, wood gripper, pistol whipper
Muck a nigga if he figure fuckin' with my figures
Makes him richer he should know instead or it'll make him better Than a money fuckin' with my money
Get yo money stacked right outta Sunday school
On a bright and sunny Sunday this ain't funny
I ain't jokin' 'bout my coke and package come up shorter Might kidnap yo wife and daughter bury them down
deep in Georgia
No D.A's a fuckin' lawyer prosecutin' witnesses
We execute and start the shootin', start the lootin'
Start the violence, start a riot Get this motherfucker crunker, crunk as you can get it
Pass that ho, I'm a hit it outta line, we gon' spit it
Spit it vivid, 'cause I live it you don't walk it, you just talk it
Pistol totin' and a loadin' that's how smokin' got this dope
And I ain't hopin', steady slangin' right on yo trappa block
Try your track, set up shop try and stop, pop, pop, pop Just look over your shoulder
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I got drinks that stand on top try and stop, pop, pop, pop Hey, hey, hey this ain't about an image, this ain't about
a gimmick
Pussys stand to the side now the game got a menace
I damn seen a city that I think is not the realest
We bummin' on his ass, we finishin' his sentence I only got a minute, I feelin' about a digit
You lookin' at a nigga like I ain't about to get it
I'm lookin' at the money like I ain't about to finish
So you need to mind your business if you ain't about your business I'm a H-Town soldier

I'm a come with the trunk up yeah I'm a gon' remind ya
 If you ain't gettin' it you shoulda told ya father
 Nigga Chamillionaire never show no problems You don't want no problem
 Get 'em knees shoulda let the fo fo remind 'em
 Ya you tip on the ride 'em
 I be ridin' fo fo's on the door beside 'em 6' 6" tall lookin' like he a center
 10 tatoos lookin' like he a killa
 Skinny ass niggas don't fight with a nigga
 Pull out a billfold, put a price on a nigga I have this camp fo put a knife in a nigga
 From the car to his pocket then right in your liver
 Was a big boy that put a slice in the middle
 Ya head fast think you hold a mike with the killa Don't mess with the south homie, that's a dream
 Hallucinate or imagining so
 Double XL with the gats I mean
 Keep somethin' ready to blow in the magazine And you know that southern cash is mean
 Franklin's frown for me when I stash my cream
 Pull up in candy paint that match my green
 Killer, Pastor and Koopa are the master machine Just look over your shoulder
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 I got drinks that stand on top try and stop, pop, pop, pop Y'all know me, it's PT well I hunt and all of that
 Black on black, with black tip, I can't help but represent
 I'm not content, I want more who the fuck you take me for?
 Studio rappers not the fortay, drop my top and bust my AK No more play, N G A yeah, that's a classic
 Ridin' in the classic tote a mill and I blast 'em
 Send 'em to the casket, send 'em to the morgue
 Slap me a nigga 'cause I'm motherfuckin' bored Chamillionaire, I camouflaged in my surrounding
 Get my desert E's and get to motherfuckin' poundin'
 Up and down the streets throwin' heat, out the driver's seat
 Ridin' to the beat tell them nigga just lay weak Just look over your shoulder
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