

Dirty South (feat. Big Boi)

Goodie Mob

One to da two da three da four
Dem dirty Red Dogs done hit the door
And they got everybody on they hands and knees
And they ain't gonna leave until they find them keys
Now if dirty Bill Clinton fronted me some weight
Told me to keep two, bring him back eight
And I only brought him five and stuck his ass for three
Do you think that Clampett will sick his goons on me?
See Martail Homes, that's my claim to fame
That's where I learned my slickest trick in the dope-d-game
Like my favorite, I call it lemon head delight
That's when you lick off all the yellow and you sell the white
Right, well if pimpin' be a sport I be bein' the
wide receiver
That nigga B-I-G will make y'all niggas believers
Sippin' on Cuervo Gold off in the club drunk as fuck
Callin' them hoes bitches, and smokin' my weed up
When I'm too sober, year older, now I'm almost legal
Wanted to live the life of Cadillacs, Impalas and Regals
Fuckin' around wit hoes, bustin' nuts in they mouths
Kickin' that same southern slang
Lookin' for love off in yo' jaw hoe!
See powder gets you hyper, reefa makes you calm
Cigarettes give you cancer, woo woo's make you numb
What you niggas know about the Dirty South
See never did I thank when I got grown
That some pee wee sacks had been done took dis town
See life's a bitch then you figure out
Why you really got dropped in the Dirty South
See in the 3rd grade this is what you told
You was bought, you was sold
Now they sayin' Juice left some heads cracked
I betcha Jedd Clampett want his money back
See East Point Atlanta threw this road block
Talking 'bout all this blow traffic got to stop
So the big time players off John Freeman Way
Had to find themselves another back street to take
Cause back in the day we was outta control
We didn't understand, "Naw nigga, that money ain't yours"
That's when me and Big State took an oath and swore
Never would we talk, never would we tell
So when they pulled up bumpin' "Rock The Bells"
We took what we want and left them quiet as hell
What you niggas know about the Dirty South
Now that Cobras

got the boys on Delowe on they back
Gipp holler at Miss Ann she said they didn't get the trap
Behind the black, behind green, behind the red tint
Dealers breaking off that blow up for those woodchips
A lot of faces ain't around, a lot of folks got shot
Scatta Mack droppin' G's while that Cristal pop
Been on the grind with Cool Breeze, droppin' pounds with B.
Eric Neat is the coolest from my century
Mack town keeps growing, old school like Charles
Stankin' like them Lincolns in Piedmont Park
Perry Homes to Herndon Homes, to all tha Homes
Adamsville to Pool Creek, shit just don't sleep in tha Dirty South
One to the two the three the four
Dem dirty Red Dogs done hit the door
And they got everybody on they hands and knees
And they ain't gonna leave until they find them keys
See powder gets you hyper, reefa makes you calm
Cigarettes give you cancer, woo woo's make you numb
What you niggas know about the Dirty South

Songwriters

ANTWAN ANDRE PATTON, CAMERON F. GIPP, FREDERICK BELL, PATRICK L. BROWN, RAYMON
AMEER MURRAY, RICO RENARD WADE
Published by
Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>