

Southern Boy (ft. Lil' Wayne & Bun-B)

Big Tymers

[Mannie Fresh talking:]

yeah, yeah, yeah, If David Banner was here right now, he would just look at y'all mutha fuckas and go DAMN,

If Flip was here he would go What Is y'all saying ?...

[Mannie Fresh]

I'm a push trucks, nigga I'm a drive Benz,
Muthafuck the 8's nigga I'ma get the 10's,
I'ma drink everything, I'ma get drunk,
Watch the shoes, I'ma show ya dudes, I'm bout to pop the trunk,
I'ma be captivator, I'ma be calm,
Hat to the shirt, to the pants playa WOAHH,
I'ma play Polo, I'ma stay rich,
I'm about to bust the southside in this bitch,
I'm a stay with sprint, mutha fuck Nextel,
(can you hear me now, I don't love no girl)
I'ma eat chicken player, Ima sip lak,

And push the old school Caddy with the Diamond in the Back,
I'ma get the candy paint just because I know you can't,

Pussy, Pussy, Pussy, your life is blank,
I'ma get the new J smoke all the purple haze,
I'ma stick with game spittin', game spittin' in your face,

[Chorus X2 (Lil' Wayne)]

Cause I'm a mutha fuckin southern boy,
coming down so clean, and with rhymes so mean,
heavy starch in my jeans, I

Want Criss, want hard, fuck a nigga, fuck a broad,
you can't top my southern flow,
'cause I'm a mutha fuckin southern boy

[Baby]

Look we ride the biggest truck,
20 inches don't give a fuck,
When I roll, nigga know I'm plush
Coming round' and I'm high as fuck,
Green truck, lift up, spinning blades is a must,
Wood grain, suede and leather, feeling good with this Cali weather,
I can go in any hood, get a nigga they know I could,
Coming round and I'm iced up too,
Nigga know bout me and my crew,
Laying low, being cool,

Smoking weed, is what we do,
Moving Ki's, bought that coupe,
Stacking G's is what we do,
Nigga know that I'm slanging that iron,
Fuck around trying to take my shine,
Nigga know that I'm bout getting mine,
Hustling, flippin when I'm on that grind,
Nigga know we got work uptown,
Fuck around and we shut you down,
Pussy, pussy pussy, you pussy pussy bitch..

[Chorus X2]

[Bun B]

I'm pumping through the south holding my nuts,
I'm in my candy apple red cadillac car rolling them dutch,
White cuts with that stitch and tuck, looking for a bitch to fuck,
Find a slut lil fifty buck, look like you need this dick to suck,
I'm truck turner pimping, with Issac Hayes roll on,
Just another pimp getting his stroll on bitch hold on,
You staring at a pimp, trying to look him in his eyes,
When You practice southballing, if you get broke don't be surprised,
Tell no lies about this macking, some win and some be loosening,
But pimping never dying 'cause these hoes is steady choosing,
If you fucking with my paper, you cruising for a bruising,
So let there be no confusion, pimping ain't no illusion,
Don't believe me ask (?), she shorted my lil brother, she mutha fucking paged chose a pimp
like no other,
We all about that dollar bitch, so when you see a pimp don't try to holla, wipe me down and
pop my collar..

[Chorus X2]

Songwriters

FREEMAN, BERNARD JAMES / WILLIAMS, BRYAN / CARTER, DWAYNE / THOMAS, BYRON

O.Published by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>