Reckon

Haystak

South
Side! yeah yeah
Stack Mack all my people that stayed down, one love
Those who didn't (Ha Ha)
I reckon I'm country like biscuits and gravy
Balling just picture me baby
You and me hit you so crazy
You gonna be pushing them daises
We gonna be pushing Mercedes, Cadiallacs, Escalades
While you hustling on the block
We fishing in the Everglades
Reckon I run up in this liquor store
Pick up a fifth of that Crown
We were puffing on that herb
When y'all break it down and frown
Way before you had a CD the hottest thing in town
They used to call me JD out South slinging pound
Had to hit it then quit it, get in and get out
Lay low when you see some shit in the south
Hate on me get hit in your mouth- whaa pow
So mean I'll eat glass, wash it down with gas
Having money means nothing, I'll wipe my ass with cash
I reckon we fully prepaired
Reckon you oughta be scared
Reckon we out of control
Thinking bout platinum and gold
Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now
Reckon you bitches gonna learn
You can't keep Haystak down
I reckon we fully prepaired
Reckon you oughta be scared
Reckon we out of control
Thinking bout platinum and gold
Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now
Reckon you bitches gonna learn
I reckon I'm southern like fried chicken
I'll be here till I leave yo
Colisseums and Cathedrals from L.A. to the east coast
My people(echo) country as collard greens

Money hungry dope fiends
Go get that cheese by any means
Even if it means- we got to ride like Matt Dillon
Haystak Mac Millon, thats Mr. Mac Millon
I came up with cash villians
Riding right, sack dealin
We be in the back chillin (in the back, in the back)
In the back of the club
In the back of the limo
Nothing changed but the day,the date on my
Presidential
I came hard on my first
I came hard on my second
I come hard on my third
Do you reckon I reckon
I reckon we fully prepaired
Reckon you oughta be scared
Reckon we out of control
Thinking bout platinum and gold
Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now
Reckon you bitches gonna learn
You can't keep Haystak down
I reckon we fully prepaired
Reckon you oughta be scared
Reckon we out of control
Thinking bout platinum and gold
Reckon we came a long way, too far to turn back now
Reckon you bitches gonna learn
I reckon we slide like sports cars
Doing 130 when they clock us on the radar
Cops pull us over looking for rocks
Only seen us for a second, heard ud coming for blocks
You reckon you ain't gonna find nothing but cold cash
Why don't you gone write some tickets with yo old ass
I'm talking bad to security up in the club
You get out of line, my clique a fuck you up
They told me cowards won't dig it
They told me haters ain't liking it
I told them that ain't whats on my
Mind when I'm writing it
If my people had got popped and never did fold
Knowing they been took care of it
Soon as they got parole

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