

Welcome TO The South Featuring Pimp C

Chamillionaire

[Chorus]

[Chamillionaire]Welcome to the South

Try to criticize us for how we live

They gon do the same things that we just did

Betta watch your mouth

Try to criticize us for how we spit

Then say you respect the money that we get

Welcome to the south

Watch em criticize everything we did

And expect that us to never even trip

We know them grills and candy paint

So be careful what you say

Cuz we might just throw it right back in your face

Betta watch your mouth[Verse 1]

[Chamillionaire]Uh I cross the globe

I hit a hater

Same whispers from state to state

If you didn't say then this ain't for you

Don't worry bout it cuz you can't relate

Before you buy me then you criticize me

While you beside me

Lets get it straight

Cuz you remind me of the kid beside me

Same rapper that you say you hate

Wanna criticize then fine

Say the south got simple rhymes

Everytime I travel I'm in the backyard that act just like mine

Same rhyme just different times

I don't think that it changed a lil

Used to show our grills and they be like ew

Nowadays they all say thats ill

I remember when the major label

Wouldn't even come pay a visit

Used to say they had love for us but

They just blowin them suspect kisses

Now you watchin me see you plottin me

Can't act like we ain't suspicious

Shoot the slugs you shoot at us but when you bust your thang it misses, uh

I ain't leavin much trippin

Cuz im a man where I'm residing
Im decidin where I'm residing
Should never tolerate domestic violence
I know you'd rather me just relax and sit back in silence
But I'm the owner not just the client
Shit the south is where I stay at[Chorus][Verse 2]
[Chamillionaire]Don't knock the swagga, don't knock the swagga
Then turn around and be a swagger jacker
You a man and you should be a man
Don't walk around without an Adam's apple
We was lookin at it from a distance
But we wasn't trippin cuz it had to happen
Styrophone cup and a snapla, you actin like you been a fan of rappers
You was hatin or participatin when you saw sub anuba slidin through
You and everybody else that did it, they applauded them and they applauded you
You actin like somebody made ya say it
Took your hand and then applied the glue
Turn around and give the mic to you
And now you end up lookin like a fool
Can't holla ya, some followers
and thats the reason I'm in the lead
The rest of yall are some benchwarmers and gettin mad cuz I'm in the lead
I'm switchin speeds, don't get fatigued
Yall behind in line, yall chasin me
Yall finna see my energy, so get off my back and let a playa breathe
I won't lie and act like I'm the one supportin everything
Like southern rappers ain't never lame
Like some of these boys don't eff up the game
Most of us do our thang
And the rest of em leave my ears in pain
But thats him and he sure ain't me
So don't look at us like we all the same[Chorus][Verse 3]
[Pimp C]
South side candy rider
Never been a socializer
Flyin high, work grinder, knock ya gal you can't find her
She was sittin on butter
Hundred thousand under her ass
I was workin the wood, circle smokin candy mashin on the gas
I can't be you, I can't do you
I just do me, if you ain't
Been where I been then you can't
Be who I be if you ain't
Seen what I see and you can't see what I see
I put the bricks in the rolla with slabs on that wasn't free

Been a legend in the south since the year '93
Pocket full of stones, menace to society
The heart in the car chrome and folds, not B's
Now everybody pimpin and they all got keys
Nigga please, you work for UPS
They say they smokin dro but all I keep smellin is stress
I roll with the best
92 million screw in the Lexus
I might not be nothin to you
But I'm the shit in that Texas Welcome to the South (fading)

Songwriters

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