

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
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
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
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
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 camouflouge 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
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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>