Re-akshon Remix

Killer Mike

[T.I. talking] Aye, aye Bun who did this man? So me and you got, T.I.P., Killer Mike, Lil Jon, and Bun B So that's the King of the South.. the Underground King.. the King of Crunk.. and King Kong all on the same song Heheh.. aye Jon, they ain't ready We taking it on back to the trap my nigga
! [Hook] I got them 'bows on my 'lac - swervin on these niggaz! I got the hoe up in the back - bumpin niggaz figgaz! I got the weed in my sack - smokin on that killa! In the hood where I'm at - trappin with my niggaz! I got the NEW NEW... (Killa K-K-K-Killa Killa...) NEW NEW... (K-K-K-Killa Killa..) NEW NEW... (K-K-K-Killa Killa..) NEW NEW... (Niggaz don't wanna touch the Killa..)
[T.I.]aye yall been tounge wrestlerling to long Aye whatchu wanna do homes? I'm finna pull this heat and have you fetal like a new-born T.I.P., Mike, and Bun B - scared whatchu better be We was just the kings, now we heads of a legacy Leaders of the new south, fake niggaz move out He talkin loud and proud, but he scared with a tool out I'm the nigga they be askin what we gon' do bout? Mike told me "fuck them niggaz, bring that New New out" pant the Chevy, buy the Caddie, bring the 22's out Put the city back on top, just seperate the fools now We had lots of misrepresentation but hey we cool now Can't keep playin both sides of the fence, you got to choose now The realest of the real or the fakest of the fake If ya got it on ya chest, shawty say it to my face When ya hold ya nuts in hatred, ya only rushin til ya wait And we gon' show them people what it really is in the
A
[Hook

] [Killer Mike] Straight from Atlanta, the hog hand-ler Grown folk trap, scramb-ler Knee deep, means to get them G's to my manager I'll drag 'em threw the river like a bad yellow nigga My mack-10 made for action, body-baggin and throat braggin I'm mashin with pops fashion, bustin first no questions askin You gon' off that waterboat and thinkin you can hold me I'm, King Kong on every track, no cap-sule can hold me I'll THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP, when I BUMP BUMP BUMP BUMP! It's woofers, tweeters, speakers, geekers, ALL IN YO' TRUNK! My dad ain't raise no fag, my mom ain't had no punk We don't hesitate or negotiate, we pop Chevy trunks From the home of Coca-Cola, I'm not referrin to soda I'ma grind til I shine, or die going for mine Sick Sawyer buy my side, swervin and blowin pine Don't be a victim to a Killer, be a father to ya son This Re-Akshon, Killa Kill, T.I.P., and Bun
[Hook]
[Bun B] Bitch I'm coming live from the trunk and I thrive on the funk 'cause I'd rather die like a man than survive like a punk I'm no coward, I'm 'dro-powered, you gettin Twin-Towered devoured - it's a shit-storm and you bout to get showered From Broward county to Harris, Pasadena to Paris I embarrass niggaz on chrome wheels as big as the ferris 'cause there is, now way now how - I stay low-key, low-brow In that black on black on black in the 'lac 'cause I'm so wild I get, drunk off that, I'll be high off this I might pop one of those, it don't matter my nigga - I don't miss They put me hot on list, where players are posted But them players we posted up on corners, when they say and get roasted And the prayer get toasted, 'cause I keep the flame on The face for the game on - leave a stain on anything I puts my name on Disrespect and the tech'll peck a player like Woody 'cause cain't nuttin keep a trill nigga down, ask Khujo Goodie
[Hook]
[Killer Mike talking] All I gotta say is sucker emcees better run The debate is now, who's the greatest emcee?

We are not doing this for fun - this is a bloodsport T.I.P., Killer Mike, or Bun? Emcees are dying, mothers are crying and wack-ass niggaz will go out trying AND THESE ARE THE EMCEES OF THE NEW SOUTH!! It is officially a new day, I am officially the new mouth

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