

Lil' Flip, North 2 Tha South

(feat. Paul Wall, Chamillionaire & Slim Thug)

[talking]

Whoa yeah, Lil' Flip the Freestyle King
Hold up, from the North to the South
Uh, uh, uh

[Lil' Flip]

Welcome to the South, where niggaz ride 84 swangas
Nothing but the screwed shit, in they c.d. changers
You know me, as I slide down the block
Nothing but princess cuts, slide off my watch
As I slide out my block, sipping Sprite syrup
Wearing Iceberg, bout to hit the right curb
I might swerve, when I'm under the influence
They pull me over, but I got my license and insurance
You know me, as I'm on six-ten
In a big Benz, swangas poke like stick-ends
Riding on chrome, with my Prime Co. phone
I'm the Freestyle King, cause I'm sitting on my throne
The Southside, we ride down MLK
The Southside, turn three lanes to a one way
The Southside, you gon get some gun play
Hands in my pants, but my name ain't Al Bun-day

[Hook: Chamillionaire]

It ain't a game, we switching lanes
Sitting on D's or swangs, gripping and squeezing grain
See me, I ain't ashamed to throw up the set I claim
It's a Northside Southside, Dirty South thang

[Chamillionaire]

We on lights that got word, choppers on block 'burbs
Make sure that you lock your, Denali's and droppers
Got nuts and got nerds, if you caught without your
Heat in your boxers, no feathers they got birds
Man I'm sitting crooked on a switch, and your misses wondering
If she'd freeze her lips, if she kissed my wrist
Top of the list top gun, tops for the drop got none
Where they pop Don pop gun, and run when the cops come
That's where I'm from, shrangle a grain swanging a lane where I hang
Everyday thang, ducking the FED's busting the lead screens hang
Nothing but rain, me and Lil' Twin always been like kin
So we spend six to ten, six-ten crooked on sixteen
Throw up your set and represent, like you ain't ashamed of it
If you see me with a case, then I promise it ain't luggage
You still on the same subject, and spitting the same rubbish
Chamillion just came thuggish, don't act like you can't love it

[Hook: Chamillionaire]

[Paul Wall]

My neighborhood mean-mug, cause we be acting a grouch
20 inches squatting lower, than a midget that crouch
We leaning with a slouch, on a European made couch
I'm a walking night club, cause there's a disco ball in my mouth
You better not come out the house, if you afraid of the dark
My advice is not to park your car, next to the park
And if you ain't got no bite, then you better not bark
Cause on my block, you'll be like raw meat surrounded by sharks
Hold up, them Hollywood hooligans at it again
If you owe nine, your best bet's to bring back ten
Me and Twin hitting licks, way up in Memphis 10
Go to sleep at 9:59, back on the grind at ten

Look out, I got a snowstorm on every tooth
I got clumsy screens that stumble, and fall down from the roof
Paul Wall act a guerilla, when it come to my loot
If you's a hater kiss my boot, till you puke it ain't cute

[Hook: Chamillionaire]

[Slim Thug]

Last but not least, off the Northside streets
Be the Mr. Slim Thug, the Boss capish
You wanna hustle on my block, you gotta ask for permission
Break the rules on my block, and you'll come up missing
Ain't no games being played, just big money getting made
You come short on that North, and somebody getting sprayed
We real G's no fakers, balling like the Lakers
By any means necessary, we getting paper
Not in the Rap-A-Lot mafia, but I roll with a mob
I cash a check everyday, but I ain't got no job
I'm a hustler a thug nigga, born and raised
If I don't get nothing else, Slim don't get paid
Nawfside representer, wrist cold like the winter
Main attraction when I enter, standing tall like a center
Boss Hogg representer, from the North to the South
H-Town to D-Town, we break boys off uh

[Hook x2: Chamillionaire]