

Big Mike, Southern Dialect

These niggas ain't feelin us

It's the best kept secret, baby

Down south

We got women on the beach

Swerve on streets

Players ridin drop

And the flips won't stop

[Verse 1]

Now tell me what y'all know about a player like me comin through steppin

I'm wreckin, New Orlean'an, and in 1984 turned Texan

Lyrical flexin I made a name for myself

Gained love, not in clubs, on streets, and I dealt

With these playa-hatas out here among us in the game

I had to pass em by cause it really wasn't my thing

Now don't you wanna scream it like you mean it

To them fools who said I couldn't do it

The ones that said that if I left the group, then I'd be ruined

Keep on doin what you're doin

That's what my conscience said, use your head, and you'll win

Cause them haters who I thought was my partners, wasn't really my niggas

They reneged, they couldn't stand to see me get big in the business

That's why they player-hated me

Talkin my business to them broads like we related, gee?

It never faded me cause I know where my head is at

Know where I'm headed at, that's why I keep on makin...

[Chorus]

Now the deeper the root

The bigger the square of the loot

When people think of the bomb shit, they think of the boon, fool

I'm speakin the truth, partner, seek and you'll find

Southern dialect, I'm regulatin, that's how I gets down for mine

[Verse 2]

It's on to the break of dawn

So why should I stop kickin these fly-ass rhymes

That's puttin these knots in my pocket? I'm

About to rock until I can't no mo'

I'm takin this here all the way to the bank for dough

Cause y'all know, as long as players turn into rappers

And rappers turn into actors, all these broads'll be gettin atcha

Now which non-believin MC wanna see what time it is?

The rhymin wizard's about to show you haters what southern rhymin is

I'm bombin kids, I show no mercy on a braveheart

Put it down in '94, and never gave thought

Caught every ???, every ass, checks got cashed

Fools got slung like the trash, I mash

>From the scene, never seen by no witnesses

Partner, don't try to play dumb, look, you know what this is

Quit the biz cause y'all ain't ready for the outcome

No doubt, son, I'm from the south, and never lost a bout, son

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now, don't step, or you'll get ruined, mayn

I got you trippin on the way a soldier's like me over here doin things

You knew the game, but you blew it again

Now the head honcho is back, so non-believers, hand over your ring

Give it up or get broken down

It's goin down now, Mike Dean supplied the potent sound

So now you know it's a southern thing
I'm handlin things, I bust a rhyme and do damage to any man you bring
I'm serious, I told you that way back in '94
They wanna flow, it ain't no thing, just let the record go
Didn't you know I bust from southwest to southeast?
Blessed by the best with this platinum-plated mouthpiece
So I give thanks, then it's off to the bank
Protected by forces unseen, so I ain't gettin ganked
As for the fakers and the haters
Small things ain't nothin to a player
I'm all about my paper
I stacks my chips and then I break
Gather up my crew to Mike-a-nize, then we go and rock another state
Forget what another say, I'm backed up by my actions
Produce a dope hit, make a lick, and leave em askin
Who is Big Mike? and like that I'm back atcha
Partner, handle your businesss, I ain't mad atcha
Million dollar lyrics I compose leave a pattern for quality stature

[Chorus]