

Chamillionaire, Neck Of My Woods

(talking: Chamillionaire)

Ha-ha, hop in nigga (Southern Smoke)

Why you looking all scared mayn

Loosen up nigga, ride with me

[Hook 2x: Chamillionaire]

I'ma roll you, through my neck of the woods

Through the hood, hustling and living right

Grinding for a grand, pockets getting bigger

Ain't nothing like a Dirty South, H-Town nigga

[Chamillionaire]

Cadillac with the 4's, the paint that's matching the toes

The basketball players baby mamas, and actresses hoes

No you can't be tripping, you got's the master control

Make her park while you exit, from out the passenger do'

You roll with the easy pass, as you pass through the toll

See the police ya ride slow, you don't the faster you go

See the fiends on the corner, itching and after the blow

You incognito, while passing that lil' package of dro

I know I'm not a hustler, also I'm not a customer

I'm also not a snitch, I'm the type you could put ya trust in sir

The trees made that weed, what is you cussing fa'

It's mother nature's fault officer, you should have a grudge with her

Never works, but still you try the excuses

The prints could make you believe, that all of your grinding was useless

So what if you catch a case, still hustle the juices

Fill up his jar with that bar, man this Southern is ruthless

Ooh it's another one of them thangs, what you call that (slab)

Do the math, recline in your seat and fall back

You gotta try to blend in, and get your car facts

Belt buckles swangs and bang, that's how we crawl Lac

I'ma get my car waxed, pulling into this liquor sto'

Get in, get the Black Magic and a sip of O

J ay, one thang before you hit the do'

Burning off on his ass, you don't know nothing bout Texas hoe