

# Chamillionaire, Welcome To The South

[Chorus]  
[Chamillionaire]

Welcome to the South  
Try to criticize us for how we live  
They gon do the same things that we just did  
Betta watch your mouth  
Try to criticize us for how we spit  
Then say you respect the money that we get  
Welcome to the south  
Watch em criticize everything we did  
And expect that us to never even trip  
We know them grills and candy paint  
So be careful what you say  
Cuz we might just throw it right back in your face  
Betta watch your mouth

[Verse 1]  
[Chamillionaire]

Uh I cross the globe  
I hit a hater  
Same whispers from state to state  
If you didn't say then this aint for you  
Don't worry bout it cuz you can't relate  
Before you buy me then you criticize me  
While you beside me  
Lets get it straight  
Cuz you remind me of the kid beside me  
Same rapper that you say you hate  
Wanna criticize then fine  
Say the south got simple rhymes  
Everytime I travel i'm in the backyard that act just like mine  
Same rhyme just different times  
I don't think that it changed a lil  
Used to show our grills and they be like ew  
Nowadays they all say thats ill  
I remember when the major label  
Wouldn't even come pay a visit  
Used to say they had love for us but  
They just blowin them suspect kisses  
Now you watchin me see you plottin me  
Can't act like we ain't suspicious  
Shoot the slugs you shoot at us but when you bust your thang it misses, uh  
I aint leavin much trippin  
Cuz im a man where i'm residing  
Im decidin where i'm residing  
Should never tolerate domestic violence  
I know you'd rather me just relax and sit back in silence  
But i'm the owner not just the client  
Shit the south is where I stay at

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]  
[Chamillionaire]

Don't knock the swagga, dont knock the swagga  
Then turn around and be a swagger jacker  
You a man and you should be a man  
Don't walk around without an Adam's apple  
We was lookin at it from a distance  
But we wasn't trippin cuz it had to happen

Styrophone cup and a snapla, you actin like you been a fan of rappers  
You was hatin or participatin when you saw sub anuba slidin through  
You and everybody else that did it, they applauded them and they applauded you  
You actin like somebody made ya say it  
Took your hand and then applied the glue  
Turn around and give the mic to you  
And now you end up lookin like a fool  
Can't holla ya, some followers  
and thats the reason i'm in the lead  
The rest of yall are some benchwarmers and gettin mad cuz I'm in the lead  
I'm switchin speeds, don't get fatigued  
Yall behind in line, yall chasin me  
Yall finna see my energy, so get off my back and let a playa breathe  
I won't lie and act like i'm the one supportin everything  
Like southern rappers ain't never lame  
Like some of these boys don't eff up the game  
Most of us do our thang  
And the rest of em leave my ears in pain  
But thats him and he sure aint me  
So don't look at us like we all the same

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

[Pimp C]

South side candy rider  
Never been a socializer  
Flyin high, work grinder, knock ya gal you can't find her  
She was sittin on butter  
Hundred thousand under her ass  
I was workin the wood, circle smokin candy mashin on the gas  
I can't be you, I can't do you  
I just do me, if you ain't  
Been where I been then you can't  
Be who I be if you ain't  
Seen what I see and you can't see what I see  
I put the bricks in the rolla with slabs on that wasn't free  
Been a legend in the south since the year '93  
Pocket full of stones, menace to society  
The heart in the car chrome and folds, not B's  
Now everybody pimpin and they all got keys  
Nigga please, you work for UPS  
They say they smokin dro but all I keep smellin is stress  
I roll with the best  
92 million screwin the Lexus  
I might not be nothin to you  
But i'm the shit in that Texas

Welcome to the South (fading)