

Lil Keke & Slim Thug, Southern Nigga

(feat. 8 Ball, Mr. Lee, Rell, E-Roc)

[Hook: x2]

I'm a Southern nigga, Houston Texas nigga
Syrup sipper nigga, candy paint dripper
Wood grain gripper, chrome wheel spinner
Land other man, hol' up Dirty nigga

[Mr. Lee:]

I'm a Southern boy, that's why I act this way
I'm rolling chrome 23's, on a Escallade
We keep it crunk brah, we stay leaned up
Foam cups, filled up with the purple stuff
Houston Texas boy, I represent it boy
Land of the Dirty Dirty, and them candy cars
We rolling Cadillacs, with the wheel on back
And the leather and wood, with the top back

[Rell:]

I'm a Texas nigga, wide frame reckless nigga
Cornbread breakfast nigga, you disrespect this nigga
We hit a club or two, then get a clucker too
Then get it popping like sodas, make 'em do the do
We ride 22's, some call 'em Clyde the glide's
We lean side to side, with the lean inside the ride
You can't compare with I, I do what I feel
Ice chain ice watch, light blue so I chill

[Hook x2]

[8 Ball:]

Big dog big rims, sub woofer shaking every car alarms
Going off, and I can't see the smoke is heavy
Legendary spitter, hoe hitter and money getter
Hot on the mic, when it comes to shit like this I'm cold like Winter
Southern nigga, but I don't know shit bout cows and horses
We hustle hard, cop that new shit smoking on golf courses
Bitches keep 'em got em, never had a problem getting em
Flows keep 'em got em, never had a problem spitting em

[E-Roc:]

Me I'm a dirty nigga, candy slab rolling nigga
Ain't never had a job, paper still folding nigga
E-Roc's a soldier nigga, Nodd Factor's holding nigga
Sipping on grape Sprite, purple haze blowing nigga
We exercise game, like 24 hour fitness
15's be knocking in your hood, like a Jehovah witness
The streets love us mayn, sick cause they love us too
Love it when TV screens, sky dive up out the roof

[Hook x2]

[Lil' Keke:]

It's the Don nigga, better be strapped and rolling hard with your guns nigga
Slab riding, and fa sho I'm not the one nigga
Try to test it ain't no playing, you'll get done nigga
You better run, nigga
This C.M.G. boy, ain't nothing for free boy
And get it gangsta on the streets, ten a ki boy
You know this Big Unit, with that dirty honey
Get you a dirty bird, if you got dirty money

[Slim Thug:]

The big Boss man, H-Town representer

Slim Thugger, shut your town down when I enter
Tall like a center, and a raw Dirty South boss
I got what it costs, to get you bumped off
I'm boss hogging, 22 inch crawling
A young stunner never stalling, I ain't new to this balling
I'm a vet, sliding on chrome in some'ing wet
Pieced up thoed deck, represent for my set ha

[Hook x2]