

Lil' O, Victory N'Gold

(Lil' O shouting)

We bring the smash on you cowards
All you boys think we playing
We ain't playing wit you punks
We gonna hit ya'll where it hurts
F**k em' kill em' all

Lil' O - Chorus 2X:

Southside got a hold
With any means necssesary, victory n'gold
Man f**k these haters they don't like the way we roll
We hit with the hot slugs, leave his body cold
Whoa, Whoa

(Verse 1- Lil' O)

From this day forward the dirty south declares war
You boys better harden up like 36 South
I'm a raw don wit it my rhyme is like ya brain
And a sawn-off wit it you better come and get it
I ain't playing wit you niggaz
Why do you think I stay spraying at you niggaz
You see me in ya nightmares caving in your liver
Kicking down ya doors now your shaking and ya shiver
And nigga I deliver, 'cause I'm bored with you hoes
Knocking on your front door like em dominoes
We clutching four-fours, and emptying holes through ya body and frame
And I leave the witness sick so theres nobody to name
We was all in the game sex, money and murder
Southside represented, number one hater hurters
Plus we where ??? we shoot up convoys
By the toe truck nigga I wrecked you boys

Chorus 2X

(Verse 2- Will Lean of Botany Boys)

Victory in gold, applying pressure
Until the mystery unfold
Ducktape the family, now this bitch was being told

Hit em wit the heata and left his body cold
Froze with bullet holes
Nigga we bad actors, jackers, straight subtractors
Third coast paper stackers, thrown pistol packers
Boy I come and get ya, AK ripping at ya
On target like a missile while slugs whistle past ya
Bullets hot as hell, balancing like a scale
Mashing up the mail, slinging shells upon your tale
Feel sick heavy ass ??? when I starts the ripping
The side your head starts to chip in
And niggaz I'm in it to win it, don't get offended
The plaque and the gold in the hold
I'm born a sinner plus we in the middle
Bullets bust the chemist, the menace, I finish
Thats how we pull the punks

Chorus 2X

(Verse 3- C-Note Of Botany Boys)

I'm f**kin over you boys,
Niggaz strapped up in the cut in the burbany cars
You wanna fool wit the rules you
What you claming red or blue
I'd rather have gold or green if ya know what I mean

But I gotta have a paper stack
Where the f**kin papers at, I want my money
Ain't shit funny give me the keys, give me the G's
Give me the code to your safe bitch nigga freeze
I want it all so I can ball
I want the lex wit the twenties so I can crawl
It's war now, take a tip overtime
Got the rolex in H-Tex so I can over shine
Will Lean always strapped with the beam
You wanna f**k with Lil O, you gotta meet the four-four
And nigga C-Note, I'm strapped at all times
Yeh I'm always busting nine 'cause I'm busting mine

Chorus 2X