

Megan Thee Stallion, Southside Royalty Freestyle

[Intro: Megan Thee Stallion]

Real motherfuckin' H-Town shit

(Sippin' on a four)

I'm from the Southside, you know how we ride

(Sip, sippin' on a four and I'm ja—, ja—, ja—)

(What Juicy say? He be like, "Shut the fuck up")

(Jammin' on the strip)

[Verse 1: Megan Thee Stallion]

Ayy, what's up bitch? It's Megan, and I'm from South Park

And if it's 'bout some motherfuckin' money we could talk

Ayy, a lot of bitches hate me, and these niggas too

But when you gettin' money, that's what haters 'posed to do, ayy

Bitch, I'm out here shinin'

I'm really Houston's finest

I don't know if he lookin' at the titties or these diamonds (Yeah, ah)

These hoes can't stand me (Ah)

Niggas want my panties

And I threw the "H" up when I brought home all them Grammys

Hunnid K on my watch, yuh

Thick, brown skin with the long hair

Diamonds all on my G-string, but I'm still eatin' at TP's

Used to meet my tricks at Pappadeaux, hit the bar with all my hoes

Take me to the Galleria, tell that nigga to "Buy me those", ah

[Verse 2: Sauce Walka]

Ooh-wee

Trip creator, the inventor of the flavor

The "P" stand for "Pimpin'," it don't stand for "Pushin' paper"

The pain is now or later, but the car Mercedes Benz

Now a days at Splashtown there's Maybachs on G10s

Fifteens and onion rings

Cars laced like shoestrings

It's a dream to drop the top and come down Luther King

We the reason why y'all diamond grills and ice chain medallions

This the city with no doctor needed, you might make a stallion

New Ferrari, it's Italian

And a rapper paid for it

Coming down to H-Town, trickin' off when he was bored

It ain't shit I can't afford

No deal, Rolls Royce

Quarter million dollar diamond in my face, tears of joy

[Verse 3: Big Pokey]

Lookin' like a legend when I slide up gently

They askin' for the king, nigga, tell 'em Blunt sent me

They waitin' on the 'Lac and not the one that's black

I'm in the '76 Hog crawlin' like a razorback

I caught your bitch lookin', the wet paint gushin'

Shot the deuce and kept pushin' on the double stitched cushion (Yeah)

Special and spectacular

Slab ridin' ambassador

The Cutlass out here runnin' like a Hellcat Challenger

Martin Luther master

Cullen Street captain

Top peeled back, all white, like a napkin (Yeah)

Runnin' like a stallion

Southside of town, call me Don Key the great (Yeah)

Yeah, Mr. Cut Down (My boy, nigga)

[Verse 4: Lil Keke]

Die with me, ho, and I'm patrolling' on the blacktop (Yeah)

Hands in and out my fuckin' pockets, pullin' racks out

Grabbin' on the wheel, lookin' backwards when I back out

Clique city, niggas get they bread and droppin' 'Lac tops

Exotic in the air, drinking clean, I'm in the turning lane

Glass house sittin' up under the frame, that nigga murder gang
Tearin' up the runway, serious when them Forgis slide
Trunk closed, bangin', nigga, it's sounding like it's war outside
When it's money, we gon' wake up and go run it down
In the trenches lurkin' for that sack, I'ma go hunt it down
They ask me why I do it? Ho, I do it for the H
T-E-X-A-S, this for the state, nigga, Crock Bull

[Outro: Sauce Walka]

H-Town, Splashtown

The most copied and underappreciated city in the game, man

You know it take ten female artist to make a Megan Thee Stallion

And it's a nigga wanna be Sauce Walker in every record label in America

Every rapper puttin' "Drip" and "Splash" in they song

Y'all know where y'all get that drip from

But we been draped and dripped out since three in the morning

Lil Keke, you know what I'm sayin'? You spill me?

Keep our name out y'all mouth like Puffy said, you spill me?

Yeah, everybody wanna have double cups

Everybody wanna have a big booty cutie on duty, double-cup polluted

Stupid? You spill me?

We the ones got y'all on that anime

Y'all wasn't talkin' 'bout no Dragon Ball Z, My Hero Academia, none of that Tsuyu Asui

Yeah, we got y'all talkin' 'bout some business this, business that

Know what I'm sayin'? This new Houston

But we gon' keep drippin' on, and keep pimpin' on, y'all gon' keep sippin' on

Yeah, this the city of the hot girls and the cold players

You spill me, P? (Ha)

Yeah, we cold-hearted out here P, and the baby girls hot-headed, ooh-wee