

Partners N Crime, Down South

(feat. Tre-8)

[Chorus: x4]

Down South we play the game, we play it raw

[First Verse: Kangol Slim]

I'm strictly bout makin' my money
Strictly bout makin' my cheese
All these haters straight hatin' me
Cuz I'm on a paper chase for the collard greens
Monitor this, I handle my biz
Support me and my kids, I gotta get the dividends
Even if it mean committin' a sin, kickin' doors in
Muthafucka you a foe or friend?
Game is real, we playin' it raw
Down South, if you got it to see, we runnin' off in your house
Duct tapin' your arms, your legs, and your fuckin' mouth
When we get what we want, tellin' you to ride out
Never leavin' a trace
Sprinkle some ye round the place
Now you're known to the D.A.
That's a closed case
So don't fuck with them hounds
We lay it down
Ask a clown when we buck around
Muthafuckas better lay down
We play it raw

[Chorus x2]

[Second Verse: Tre-8]

I'm missin' a certified death wish
Nigga wanna step to this gettin' blows to the dome
And I cock the chrome, it's on, strong gone
Niggas don't last long, I got'z to get my blast on
With the black mask on
Got a tool for my getaway
Servin' with the AK got the double clip
Plus the hollow tips nigga make way
You'll get blazed today
And I'ma say what I gotta say
Niggas gotta play, the game how I play the game
Droppin' bombs on your town everytime mane
It ain't a tongue it's a mind thang
Funky little rhyme game
Where nobody go, nigga movin' too slow
I don't changed the whole time frame
Now it's rangin' and clangin' them bitches
We stained them bitches, lookin' stupid like hoes
Bringin' the pain to these hoes
With flows and blows of death
Makin' niggas sweat like hot sauce
Runnin' up my block bruh
Make me put my top down
Break you off proper
Pussy poppers over the World had better hide
Look into my eyes as I cock the nine
Niggas die when they try to see me
Nobody can beat me rappin' this fast and easy
The sequel, me runnin' with PNC, G, and we be raw
We be the coldest muthafuckas that you ever saw nigga we be raw

[Chorus x2]

[Third Verse: Misdemeanor]

We bes, the dopest muthafuckas that you ever saw
Spinnin' out of Lexus cars playin' the game raw
These niggas better recognize the real when caps get peeled
Me and my nigga Tre leavin' brains just spilled
That's on the real, you can get killed
If you want, hit your ass two times up in the chest with the pump
Throw your ass in the back of the flip-flop trunk
Ride wit'cha your lady I'll dump you off at the dump
When ya hurtin' for birth, til' the day you live the Earth
When you was on, that bitch should've worn a fuckin' skirt
O, sissy ass nigga I had to get wit'cha
Now your Mom and Dad sayin' they miss ya, had to give 'em a tissue

[Chorus x4]