Young Buck, Welcome To The South

(feat. Lil' Flip & David Banner)

[Young Buck:]
Young Buck, Lil Flip, David Banner c'mon
G-Unit In This Bitch, G-Unit In This Bitch

The Dirty, Dirty
Show 'Em How The South Do
Gold Grills, Coupe' Devilles Sittin On 22's
The Dirty, Dirty Baby
Show 'Em How The South Do
We Pop Pills, Shoot To Kill, You Know What We 'Bout
And On Behalf Of G-Unit, Welcome To The South

Working This Wood Wheel, Ya'll Don't Know How Good It Feel
Just Come To Cashville, Ya'll Gon See How Hood It Is
We In The Projects, Cookin' Chikens In The Kitchen
We Goto Prison, But Get Out And Go Back To Get In It
Your Hood Ain't No Harder Than Mine, Bitch, We All Thuggin'
We Fight In Clubs, Hit The Parkin Lot, And Start Bustin'
I Know I'm Country, I Cant Help It I'm From Tennessee
I'm Throwin' Up This Hennisey, And Blowin Up My Enemies
Ya'll Niggas Remember Me? Not Because The Bird's Tennekee
But Young Buck Been A G', I Give A Fuck Who You Be Boy
I Want In On Everything, A Dime Bag, If So Come See Me For It
To Be A Star, All You Need Is A Pyrex Jar
Some Soldiers, And Some Baking Soda, You Can Buy That Car

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[David Banner:]
I Swear On The Soul's Of Our Dead Cousin's
I Ain't Fuckin, Man I'm Commin Ak 40's Bustin',
7's And Mack 11's
I Told 'Em All I Ain't No Hoe
But Niggas Don't Listen Till You Kick A Nigga,
Smack Him With That Callico
I'm Tryin To Stay In Gods Plan
But I Hadta Show These Faggots That Your Fuckin With A Man, Ya Bitch!
I Left Them Niggas Needin'Path
And Ya'll Probly Won't Live To See This Weekend,
Gotta Go, Gotta Go, FUckin Mash Out
I Hit The Dro' A Lil More And Then I Pass Out
Crashin' The H2, Bitches I Hate You
Now U Keep Talkin Shit, I Kidnap And Ducktape You
Let Them Faggots Rape You
Then It's Back To Mississippi, If Ya Boys Want Revenge
Tell Them Bitches Come And Get Me
Cuz I Was Born In This Bitch To Die
I'm In Queens, In Your 'Lac, With Your Bitch, Gettin' High

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[Lil Flip:]
I'm The King, It Ain't No Mystery, So Fuck Ya'll Niggas Dissin' Me

I'm Goin' Down In History, I'm Leavin' With A Victory
Yo' Baby Momma Kissin' Me, Talkin' 'Bout She Missin' Me
Since I'm A Star, When I Hit The Door, They Never Friskin' Me
Cuz I Pack A Pack A Pound, Just Ask Around, Like 50 "I'll Back You Down"
Run To Ya' Crib And Snach Ya' Pounds, Everybody On The Ground
You Know My Niggas Hold Me Down, What Goes Around Comes Around
I Represent H-Town, Still Run The Underground
With Bricks On The Greyhound, Spree's On My Escalade
I'm Glad I Made It Out The Game, It Gotta Be A Better Way
Now We Gettin' Cheeda', Now We On Another Level
It's Clover G And G-Unit, Young Buck, Shut 'Em Down

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