

## Where da South At?

Lil' Keke

So put your money where your mouth at  
If it's cheddar and chips then we about that  
Fraud off in the game, baby, I doubt that  
There go the East and the West  
Now where the South at, nigga?

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I wear platinum on the chest 'cause I just can't rest  
CMG and BBS, nationwide success  
C-Note the big shot and Lil' Keke the Don  
We been Houston trend setting, baby since day one

Start over and do it again, it don't matter to me  
Rest in peace to DJ Screw from the S.U.C  
It's the year 2 1, we still don't bar none  
Fade 'em all when we ball, keep the game on the run

We put the lick down, multiplied the ends  
Then put the split down, Southsi' for li'l  
We from the South side nigga, we posted at the bar  
Me and Ke' the 'gar, we be shining like a star

Them deuces on the car, cold drank mixed with bar  
Boys recognize who we are 'cause we coming with that hard  
I wonder which ride, we gon flip this year  
2002 Escalade, yes, we skipped the year

About to jump through the Kappa, the young pro rapper  
Three or four girls in my car, a true macker  
The young paper stacker, equipped with game  
Nigga welcome to the section, where we hog the lane

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So put your money, where your mouth at  
Collecting chips and buying new whips, yeah I'm about that  
This is hardcore, thug life  
Tattoos and paying dues and getting feddy every night

Hoes sweating me, niggaz betting me  
That the laws behind my Lam', think they could catch me  
I think not, I'ma mash to the spot

Turning corners hitting blocks, got the sturning wheel hot

Alright catch a flight, hot-lanta next night  
Looking for some fire green, the price is right  
Come on they say the South 'bout to fall off  
It's the fourth quarter nigga but the game ain't called off

We ain't stopping till the tapes is hauled off  
Even if it take the glock nine and the sawed off  
For real, it ain't no telling where the South at  
Quit bumping your gums and put your money where your mouth at

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I guess we blowed up like you thought we wasn't  
See the double R, rap star on buttons  
Shining kinda dim, north star like nothing  
And I'm stomping on the snitches that be hating and fronting

From the Clover to the Wood, nigga it's all good  
At the dome out in Miami, Florida, it's all hood  
Recognize homeboy, we be South for life  
And my boys'll get more from lifting so much ice

Home of the piece and chain, diamond teeth and thangs  
Home of the pinky rings and the raw cocaine  
These niggaz swanging elbows and acting real wild  
While I'm trying to win a Grammy like I'm Destiny's Child

Smoking black and mild and getting crunk on stage  
Fuck in the after Source nigga, we front page  
See me backstage, strapped with a gauge  
Taking rap to a whole another phase dog, I'm any ways

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