Southside

50 Cent

South...siiiiiiide (Yeah, you know I'm never 'gon change you know)
South...siiiiiiide (If I was tryin to change, I probably couldn't change you know)
South...siiiiiiide (I'm fucked up man, It's where I'm from nigga!!!)

Look at you, you lil' dirty ass nigga you ain't shit
I'm glad you here though you just in time to get the grits
Run to the store, get some Quaker Oats and some O.E.
Tell Harpee it's from me, he'll let you owe him he know me (Yeah)
That's how I used to talk to a nigga growin up
That's why I give him my ass to kiss blowin up (Fuck y'all!)
Took my biggest lost at eight, you know when mommy died
I ain't know what was goin on, I ain't even fuckin cry
Man, truce and I blow, them Bonnevilles turn to BMs' (Woooooo!)
Some niggas wanted to be Mike, but me I wanted to be him (You lookin good man!)
Four finger ring, rope chain and medallion (Damn!)
Red bomb bitch with a ass like a stallion (Woo!)
It's a dream, it's a dream, it's all a dream (Yeah)
I get the coke, get some pistols and build a team
I'm a be better than Cat, yeah better than 'Preme
I'm a be the last man standin, you know what I mean?

South...siiiiiiide (Look at this nigga son!!)
South...siiiiiiide (This nigga Irv, got on a 'Preme Team shirt!)
South...siiiiiiide (And he from Hollis!!, HAHAHAHA!! [cracks up])
South...siiiiiiide (Hollis niggas don't even like Southside niggas!)
South...siiiiiiide (Nigga, we all over the water!)
South...siiiiiiide (We don't mix!!! What the fuck is the matter with you!!!!)

I'll shoot up your house I'll burn up your crib
And when the fireman come I'll shoot at them with the cig (Brrappp!!!!)
Ebony and Ivory the beamer or the llama
When it comes to the bricks I cook better then your mama
And that's your baby mama I see her with a lil' uzi
I'm in the piece you wipe me down like I'm Lil' Boosie (Wipe me down!)
I'm a lil' woozy, I'm higher than heaven
I got the haze mixed with AK-47
I need that Beckham money, I need that older money
So if you checkin for me, nigga show the money

He mean that big money, not that lil' money
That's my nigga Yay, I know he'll kill for me

South...siiiiiiide (Niggas make me sick man!)
South...siiiiiiide (Sick to my stomach, man!)
South...siiiiiiide (Every time a nigga get out of line)
South...siiiiiiide (I put 'em RIGHT BACK in line, man..)
South...siiiiiiide (Niggas think Jimmy Iovine's my boss)
South...siiiiiiide (Nigga, FUCK Jimmy Iovine, nigga!)
South...siiiiiiide (I'm from a hundred thirty fourth street, nigga!)

South...siiiiiiide (I AIN'T GOT NO MOTHERFUCKIN BOSS...)

We went from run down sneakers to runnin the state
I can't die (Nah!) I got too much money to make
You got plans, then you know where I'm comin from, my stomach numb
(Yeah) I got 99 Problems you want 'em son? (Hah?)
99 enemies, don't be the hundredth one
I'll become a corpse before I become a bum (Bum!)
Life's short, feel good under the summer sun
Down here, you got two options get a gun or run
My first car was a spaceship, no hoopty
Champ hoodie and boots, no Gucci
Yayo introduced me, Fifth scooped me
The floor couped me now you gotta shoot me

I be's the boss of this shit right here! I said the noss nigga you hear me!
The B-O-S-S-M-A-N!!!! And nigga what!!!!
Thought so! I'm the George Bush of this shit!!!
I'm not goin to war, but I'll send niggas to war
But I will sit here, and veto every motherfuckin act that comes through here
you know!?
I'm thinkin you know what I'm sayin!
We went from 50 Cent, to Fiddy, to Curtis, to Ferrari F50
Now I got a few aliases you know what I'm sayin
I'm thinkin next, I'll be Sam you know, Uncle Sam
I'm a tax everyone of these motherfuckers that come through here!!!
Now thr music, we need a little piece of that
Everything that comes through you understand what I'm sayin
It's The Unit!!!! Yeah!!!!

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