

# King of the South

Big K.R.I.T.

Grew up on the country side of town  
Now I'm ballin' under city lights  
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King of the south, king of the south, king of the south  
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Grew up on the country side of town

M-I crooked my nigga  
Do it for the south, ya'll know  
Born and raised where the rebel flag hang from the slaves  
Grew up where ya'll niggas won't go  
Rep that, rep that shit like I own it  
I did it big for my fam and my homies  
I got the biggest house on my block, foreign with the drop  
For the times I was out here homeless, God flow  
Time and time again I tried to tell these niggas  
Yo what I say to these niggas?  
Reebok, on tap dance, do whatever for a sack  
Give a lap dance bitch ass nigga  
Fee-fi-fo coked up  
25 lighters on my dresser, ain't shit changed  
Rollin' in the ham sandwich on propellers lookin' like a stretch  
I'm so clean you think I might be selling cocaine  
Light at the end of the tunnel  
When you're flexin' it's hard to be humble  
Talkin' fourth down, can't throw the ball to Def Jam  
Cause they might fumble  
Kick that south flow that you can't get  
Try to fuck the world but my dick won't fit  
My bitch like "KRIT, motherfuck they feelings  
You wanna be king, gotta claim that shit"  
I'm talkin' 'bout off with they heads  
When you put on a mink, gotta creep down stairs  
When you come from the country  
Your feet on the snakes would will make clothes out of bears  
I ain't playin' no games  
I leave with the future, you follow these lames  
I embody the South, the swing, the grain  
The trunk with the bang, the gold in their mouth

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Ain't no love in the coliseum  
This shit here been a bloodsport  
Keep what you kill, fuck if they live  
Cause everybody out here cutthroat  
I've been quietly waitin'  
Deep in my dungeon, my stomach was rumblin', my belly was achin'  
Everybody wanna see a monster  
Till they see the monster, the monster holla out, "What's shakin'?"

I know what you thinking, this nigga shit, must not be stankin'  
He must not know better at all  
Titans collide, only Zeus could survive  
If not me bitch, who the fuck you gone call?  
To rain from the mountain tops  
Still blood stains on the leaves  
I don't do it for the blog spot comment box, I do it for the OGs  
And them country folk that can't talk that shit  
This ain't your curb, don't walk that bitch  
This ain't your porch, so keep off that shit  
Go find a cliff and jump off that bitch  
If you don't think that I'm king  
I done proved them wrong like twice, can't stop my fight  
I could murder your favorite rapper  
And all I get is "No way a Mississippi nigga really that nice!"  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
I said it six times cause it's my pleasure  
Say it one more time for just for good measure, fuck em  
Raised by the King that before me  
Slowly crept up and still paid dues  
I embody the South, the swang, the bang  
The soul and the pain and the blues

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