

## Southside

Birdman

Su woo

Bitch I'm from the south, the south side  
We all ride, and when we catch a outsider, outside  
Y'all die, we all ride  
And when you see us we be leaning to the side, the south side  
We all ride, and when we catch a outsider, outside  
Y'all die, we all ride  
Ey pussy nigga you know you ain't from the south

Junior

Catch me in the whip, extra with the clip  
Leaning to the right side army guns big chips  
Wine candy on the strip  
You know how we get it when we coming with the flip  
Cus we running with the flip  
And the money is a must and hoes we don't trust  
Guns in the cut bitch know wassup  
20 on the slab, 50 in the jag  
Coming through the air hustling on her ass  
Ordinary nigga with extraordinary style  
Swagger to the ceiling nigga hustling gone wild  
Hustling with my child  
Blowin' out the pound, come from uptown  
Banana clips a hundred rounds, blaaa!

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Careful with the swanga  
Come and true banging  
Kill another kurb nigga hustling but ain't hanging  
Up on the post where the money do come  
Got a spot make a hundred the one that do run  
Who back up on the slab in all black paper tags  
Ya that be the money and the Louie all cash  
Back like I swung through, Hummer and the Benz  
Coupe Benz 6 and no roof, Rolls Royce and Gucci shoes  
Haha, ya digg, ya understand, Cash Money, Young Money  
Been about be big money, get money, bleed money  
Flip money, see money, spend big face new hundreds

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Catch me in the neck of my woods  
We all good, we all hood

Got them thangs taped that's when I come through  
Nigga got them paper plates money when we fall through  
Brand new china k monster with the sun roof  
Cherry with the lumber, birds cheap numbers  
That's how we do it bitch stuntin' every summer  
Born breaded soldier, known high roller  
K gave me the game hustling into know ya  
Always strapped fuck if they coming, better be strapped  
Bitch a hundred we dumping, blowin' rocking jewels  
Fuck it we cool  
Nigga out of line so we chopped him out his shoes 100

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Ya just know it's like you candy paint nigga  
We don't play with these pussies  
Big money shit, global with it ya know  
Yeah bitch, born rich neighborhood superstar  
Junior, Young Mula, CMB, yeah baby, army gunz