

## Down South

Casey Veggies

I met this bitch from down south  
Down south, yeah, yeah  
Okay, I met this bitch from down south  
Down south, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Her best friend a stripper out of ATL and she treat us well  
She treat us well, she treat us well  
She tried to turn me into clientele, I'm not for sale, she took a L  
I wish her well, I wish her well

I throw them pennies in the wishing well  
Keep the hundreds in the shoebox for a rainy day  
My nigga smoke designer kush and drink that Ace of Spades  
Learn how to play the cards because the deck will never change  
You from the hood but I can put you in a better place  
Take your time with it, you just gotta wait  
I don't need your number find a way to reach me  
Looking for a crib in [?] 'cause the price is cheaper

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I been stealing pennies out the wishing well  
I fucked your bitch but I'm a real one, I don't kiss and tell  
I gotta [?] 'cause I've been through too many L's  
Got a pocket full of blue cheese, Backwood full of kale  
And everything I got for sale but that shit for cheap  
And every time a nigga feel I just hit the streets  
I been Gucci since back when Gucci told us [?]  
Used to hit Miami and spend a sack up in KOD  
But that's before they closed the doors  
I'm a pimp, I can turn a nun to a whore  
I make her get on her knees like she was praising the Lord  
I tell her that it's a go every time she tell me that she leave it  
[?]

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Shawty bad, got her cake up, yeah she love the bread  
Cute face, all that ass, yeah she [?]  
[?] we can play it how you wanna play it  
And she realize that I'm a boss and I ain't gotta say it  
My momma proud of a young nigga, I'm a prodigy  
[?] my socks is Gucci, I'm rocking Prada kicks  
You probably running game, tryna act like you ride for me

I know you're in it for the money, ain't gotta lie to me  
Me and Rockie throwing ones like we hit the lottery  
[?] the way I'm coming, now she wanna leave  
For the West side but I'm making euros overseas  
She make a nigga [?]

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