The South

CunninLynguists

Aw yeah, welcome to the South everybody

Creepin up outta the dirty south unexpectedly hittin ya head
Like a stick of lead whippin you, flippin you outta bed
Cause on my block the sidewalk can sizzle an egg
And we as hip hop as a cripple with dreads missin a leg
Visitors get addicted and don't wanna leave
Blowin on trees from Kentucky to the Florida keys
Humidity floats in the breeze
And this is the only place where shorties can go to the beach and grow doubl
e D's
Like GOOD JESUS. Let me rub some lotion on your cleavage
Cause where we live summertime lasts about four seasons

Cause where we live summertime lasts about four seasons Parties are real loud. Car systems got clear sounds Birds fly here in winter. Chickens are here year round And they ass is meaner, the grass is greener and tap is cleaner Follow me and any questions just ask the leaders And the blunted genius of CunninLynguists spittin it clear Sippin beer on a postcard like, "I wish you were here."

So come on down, show and tell with some southern belles Tricks with treats you don't keep in a pumpkin pail Hospitality? we treat our company well From Kentucky bales of hay way down to Florida shells Gals with chunky tails, lookin' like something swell Niggas and negrelles smoked out on country trails You try and visit actin' ignant and startin' hell Your trip'll last about as long as the XFL Here, the weather's hot Streets? we keep em blocked Mardi gras in every spot like we live in a land without some clocks From them Virginia docks, to Mississippi crops Swing through Atlanta where them switches be liftin' shocks So please leave all trash in the Herbie-Curbie Welcome to the dirty dirty, home of them purdy-girlies Birdies ready for flight, dawgs ready to bite The southern south-paw, but everything is all-right

But in the dirty south everything ain't all peaceful We still got racist people with inflated egos Got foul cops shootin at niggas like we some free throws Rough nights, bug bites from Jumangi mosquitoes Fiends that hug pipes, drug life, pills and needles Streets with much hype and some like to kill people And if you don't want cops cuffin you up after your freak show Remember jail baits are developed so check IDs, yo But still the home of black eyed peas, collard greens, that soul food The home of southernplayalistic pimps lettin they hoes loose The home of that bluegrass, red clay, zephyrhills Cadillac grills, battle rap skills The home of Miami Bass, 808's, and spring breaks Girls with tank asses from VA to the Lando Lakes The home of gold fronts, home grown skunk, the home of sippin shine The home of everything under the mason dixie line