

Mississippi

David Banner

Know what I'm talkin bout
Yeah, Mississippi mothafucka, (Newton County)
What I live and die for (Scott County)
Ball for the kids (Simpson County)
Know what I'm talkin 'bout
Niggas out here flashin' and ballin' and shit (Lincoln County)
know what I'm talkin' 'bout
I'm supposed to be so fuckin' hard
Fuckin' rebel flags still flyin' (what's dis shit) (Delta)
Fucker! (Coast), some hoes

We from a place (Where them boys still pimpin' them hoes)
We from a place (Cadillacs still ridin' on vogues)
We from a place (And my soul still don't feel free)
Where a flag means more than me (Mississippi!)
We from a place (Where them boys still pimpin' them hoes)
We from a place (Cadillacs still ridin' on vogues)
We from a place (And my soul still don't feel free)
Where a flag means more than me

Still ridin' Cadillacs
Still bump in the back
Mothafuckas talk shit, but we still in the hood
Mississippi in this thang, pinky rang in my hand, peanut butter top (Lovin' wood)
Crackas only come to buy crack
and cracka cops only come to bust niggas who sell that
We from a place where they scream: "Pimp a ho! Pimp a ho!"
We from a place where they still (Drop them bows! Drop them bows!)
We from a place where yo grandmama still showin' you love
And we still eatin' chicken in the club, bitch!

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(We from a place) Where Medger Evers live and Medger Evers died
(We from a place) What we chokin' on sticky green to get high
(We from a place) Where ya used to come in the summertime
Now y'all don't mention us in ya rhyme, we kin folk
Yeah we broke, some talk with a drawl, but bitch we ball
runnin through with two tecs screamin, "Fuck all y'all!"
We from a place where da rebel flag still ain't burnin'
new schools, but the black kids still ain't learnin' about shit!
But hit da streets and learn to pimp on a bitch
(Five-oh!) Aw, shit, throw yo crack in the ditch!
And y'all nigga run, y'all nigga run like Forrest Gump
They got pumps and them crooked cops love to dump
in Mississippi

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601, 601
Crooked letter, crooked letter
Ohhhhhhhh, Mississippi! Mississippi, ohhhhhhhh!
Wave ya hands from side to side
601, represent where you from
You don't want none
Mississippi...
601
The place we're frooooooooooom!!
Mississippi! 601
Say 601! 601!
Mississippi...
Mississippi...
but how to pimp a bitch
but how to flip a bitch
Nigga get rich.. diggin' in a ditch
Smoke weed like this
Fuck with me, niggas wish
Mississippi...

Hell yeah, Mississippi, you know what I'm talkin' 'bout
The home of the blues, the dirtiest part of the south
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout
The place where you get them fish and them criss muh-fucka
Yeah.. you know what I'm talkin' 'bout
The Delta, motherfucka
Cotton, you know what I'm talkin bout
We 'bout to free the slaves, bitch!
where yo' grandmama from, nigga
You ol' one generation moved away slave-ass
booty-fuck ass, gank-ass, punk-ass, BITCH!
Haha
Now come on back home, get you somethin' to eat
Punk ass nigga, it's all good