

## Southern Fried

Killer Mike

Welcome to this country-fied, bonafide  
and my flow is sweet as a potato pie  
Never been a sour apple, I'm a Now N' Later guy  
I'ma tell her somethin sweet and she gon' lick me later guy  
Hello to my hater guys  
How you doin, sirs? I know you got mean words  
But keep them to yo'self, unless those murders will occur  
Cause I'm from Killa Kill Adamsville  
Right next door Bowen Homes and Dixie Hills  
Allen Temple Wildwood and Plainsville  
These motherfuckers murder in plain sight  
Everyday, broad daylight, they ain't right  
Shit's loko out in Zone 4  
Since the 80s' it's been that way doe  
My nigga uncle died shootin back at the po-po  
He went out, but he ain't go slow though  
Even hit the cop back with the fo'-fo' doe  
Got buried in a Rolex, Jordans and a Polo  
Nigga died pretty as a pimp in a photo  
Whoa WHOA! Yee'n hear fat boi  
He ain't say that boi, don't e'en try to act boi  
That fat black motherfucker got a way with the words  
I'll tell you he can rap, boi  
Respect my words like a rabbi  
I'm a Porterhouse, you a motherfuckin ribeye  
Hate on me to your girlfriend, she gon' look you dead in the eye  
and tell ya, "So, muh'fucker, he still fly!"

Ain't I fresh? Ain't I clean?  
Ain't I; m ridin thru the city in the meanest machine?  
Ain't I, ain't I 100? Playa fa' sho  
Ain't I slick 'bout pimp game and just might mack on yo' hoe, ain't I?  
Ain't I fresh? Ain't I clean?  
Ain't I'm ridin thru the city in the meanest machine?  
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So fresh, so clean  
Rollin down the streets so slow, so sweet  
like a cup of, codeine, smo-kin on that, I-rene  
wit a sweet country girl named Irene, I lean feel-in irie  
I be, strapped, to the motherfuckin T, so please don't try me  
My Chevrolet lay butt naked on the asphalt flo' flashin her high beams  
And I'm still in the company of Irene and we been joined by Maxine  
We maxin, relaxin, chillin double stackin  
And me bein the Westside player that I be  
I'm tryna see what's hap'nin, and what's hap'nin?  
M̃-na-na-nage in my garage  
These two young ladies is the reason I (A.D.I.D.A.S)  
That's All Day I Dream About that Sex scene  
You textin, hopin that they call you  
I just BBQ and call 'em up and say, "Hey, fall thru"  
And you know it's shrimp and lobster tails  
when they enter the room with lots of players  
My potnas young black millionaires  
And they all about some mon-ay!  
Yeah young'n, it's a double entendre

Yee ain't got to wonder, when you ask LaRhonda  
what she been doin hangin out with Shawwna  
She tell you, "Nuttin, hon-ey!"

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Mont, Rolex, big Benz, no flex  
Wedding ring on finger, I married a Trina  
Pretty as a singer, fine as a stripper  
When we in the strip club, strippers try to tip her  
I don't want no dance, hoe! Get up off my zipper  
You ain't tryna rip me if you ain't tryna rip her  
We like Bun and Pimp, bitch! See we is a duo  
This that Ball and G shit, we don't need no new hoe  
See I got a suave mouth which purchases my (Suave House)  
This that 2 Live Crew shit, I (Rap-A-Lot) 'bout new shit  
This that country rap tunes, Southern fried funky shit  
I am the antithesis or opposite of monkey shit  
And that's some education for y'all thinkin we unlearned  
Cause our uncles played that Gucci Crew and walked around with perms  
and we buy them '95 Impalas, paint them bitches urr-ange  
We get (Gang Starrs) like Preem and Guru cause respect was (Hard to Earn)

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