

## North 2 Tha South

Lil' Flip

Whoa yeah, Lil' Flip the Freestyle King  
Hold up, from the North to the South  
Uh, uh, uh

Welcome to the South, where niggaz ride 84 swangas  
Nothing but the screwed shit, in they c.d. changers  
You know me, as I slide down the block  
Nothing but princess cuts, slide off my watch  
As I slide out my block, sipping Sprite syrup  
Wearing Iceberg, bout to hit the right curb  
I might swerve, when I'm under the influence  
They pull me over, but I got my license and insurance  
You know me, as I'm on six-ten  
In a big Benz, swangas poke like stick-ends  
Riding on chrome, with my Prime Co. phone  
I'm the Freestyle King, cause I'm sitting on my throne  
The Southside, we ride down MLK  
The Southside, turn three lanes to a one way  
The Southside, you gon get some gun play  
Hands in my pants, but my name ain't Al Bun-day

It ain't a game, we switching lanes  
Sitting on D's or swangs, gripping and squeezing grain  
See me, I ain't ashamed to throw up the set I claim  
It's a Northside Southside, Dirty South thang

We on lights that got word, choppers on block 'burbs  
Make sure that you lock your, Denali's and droppers  
Got nuts and got nerds, if you caught without your  
Heat in your boxers, no feathers they got birds  
Man I'm sitting crooked on a switch, and your misses wondering  
If she'd freeze her lips, if she kissed my wrist  
Top of the list top gun, tops for the drop got none  
Where they pop Don pop gun, and run when the cops come  
That's where I'm from, shrangle a grain swanging a lane where I hang  
Everyday thang, ducking the FED's busting the lead screens hang  
Nothing but rain, me and Lil' Twin always been like kin  
So we spend six to ten, six-ten crooked on sixteen  
Throw up your set and represent, like you ain't ashamed of it  
If you see me with a case, then I promise it ain't luggage  
You still on the same subject, and spitting the same rubbish  
Chamillion just came thuggish, don't act like you can't love it

My neighborhood mean-mug, cause we be acting a grouch  
20 inches squatting lower, than a midget that crouch  
We leaning with a slouch, on a European made couch  
I'm a walking night club, cause there's a disco ball in my mouth  
You better not come out the house, if you afraid of the dark  
My advice is not to park your car, next to the park  
And if you ain't got no bite, then you better not bark  
Cause on my block, you'll be like raw meat surrounded by sharks  
Hold up, them Hollywood hooligans at it again  
If you owe nine, your best bet's to bring back ten  
Me and Twin hitting licks, way up in Memphis 10  
Go to sleep at 9:59, back on the grind at ten  
Look out, I got a snowstorm on every tooth  
I got clumsy screens that stumble, and fall down from the roof

Paul Wall act a guerilla, when it come to my loot  
If you's a hater kiss my boot, till you puke it ain't cute

Last but not least, off the Northside streets  
Be the Mr. Slim Thug, the Boss capish  
You wanna hustle on my block, you gotta ask for permission  
Break the rules on my block, and you'll come up missing  
Ain't no games being played, just big money getting made  
You come short on that North, and somebody getting sprayed  
We real G's no fakers, balling like the Lakers  
By any means necessary, we getting paper  
Not in the Rap-A-Lot mafia, but I roll with a mob  
I cash a check everyday, but I ain't got no job  
I'm a hustler a thug nigga, born and raised  
If I don't get nothing else, Slim don't get paid  
Nawfside representer, wrist cold like the winter  
Main attraction when I enter, standing tall like a center  
Boss Hogg representer, from the North to the South  
H-Town to D-Town, we break boys off uh