

From The South

Trae

From the South
I got the diamonds in my mouth

Hold up a minute I'm the king of the ghetto
holdin the rap game like wood grain can't let go
you niggaz'll never see me I'm on another level
stay ready to dig a grave keep a gun and a shovel
and pourin acid to eat up the evidence
I be in the rear view now you wonder where I went
I'm a get you if I owe ya-visit ya residence
lay the murk game down and then I'm a hit the fence
better keep my mouth closed so they can't see the shinin
they think it was Z-Ro cause all they seen was diamonds
I'm cold as a deep freeze with bags of ice in it
my three-fifty-seven pretty but ain't nothin nice in it
too many bitches and not enough rubbers
got so many of my real niggaz under the gutter
watch a nigga full of life-life close like shutters
godamn stayin healthy is hard as a motherfucker

Fresh off the block G's know my name
Suicide hood and 4-do's swangin the frame
cocked up and sideways when I'm tippin the lane
showin Asshole By Nature so they know what I claim
ain't no doubt these diamonds in my mouth the best shown
well known reppin Texas finna show that I'm well blown
H Town to Vegas niggaz know that I hail chrome
the feds see I'm ballin so they tappin my cell phone
and I ain't mad plus I got the hood at my back
that'll go to war with anybody playin with my stacks
hit the stash while the slab sideways in the Lac
lookin like a "Superstar" Mike D and Fat Pat
maybe hit 'em with the ghetto they'll know that I'm real
and know that I'm still like UGK keepin it trill
look at the grill I promise I'll be givin you chills
like I was Screw in '98 while he was touchin the wheels
Hold 'em up I'll show you how we rep-in-the-south
tall tees, jeans creesed, J's step in the south
and any hater runnin up finna get left in the south
we keep a trunk full-of-bang that get ya deaf in the south
and I be fuckin with J Prince and Z-Ro will stay down
my kin folk Rollin we gon come for the take down
and show 'em how it go ain't no more touchin the Grey Hound
we shine for the south get with it or lay down

From the South
I got the diamonds in my mouth

I'm from the H where niggaz on the block all day
where we grip the wood and flip 4's all day
with the king of the ghetto you know we loc all day
from the tre', to the North, on back to West-8
it ain't a doubt I'm young but I'm a ball for mine
22's on the Lac sittin tall for mine
VS1's in my grill when I'm crawl the line
and if a jacker runnin up he gon be fallin down
we gon'do it for the Pat and we gon'do it for the Screw

Doug gotta red, but I'm still ridin blue
bring it to the south and I'm a show you what it do
trunk up, top down when I come through-Slow, Loud, to the Bang
put it like pimp got diamonds on the brain
if it ain't a slab better get up out the lane
diamonds in my grill got the hood off the chain

Don't worry bout a thing...
I'm from the south where the riders and the rollers be at
CC's in my grill I pay a thousand just to see that
the penitentary is where they never hold me at
haters be talkin down but they never hold me back(fuck y'all)
from a small gram to a whole zone
if a nigga talk down I'm a break his nose bone
cop a new set of 83's and get my poke on
get a new sack, roll it fat and get my smoke on
fuck a law since a nigga don't know who it is
it's Boss with a mint in my mouth handlin my biz
every diamond in my mouth I handle like they my kids
drank follow my diamonds when I pop open the lid
I take 'em to Johnny to get a check up
fall up in the hood and kick it just to pick my check up
ABN and Hoover gang bitch so respect us
ears and my neck infested with diamonds in Texas

From the South
I got the diamonds in my mouth

Blucker, blucker, blucker that's how my gun go
if I'm lookin agitated bitch you better run hoe
I used to do the baguettes but not VS 1's though
princess cutts up and down Johnny done those
I got loud ice just like Paul Wall
shinin down south brighter then all y'all
when it's time to get ya jewelry done who do y'all call
cause you fellas ain't shinin at all
check me out on the 1st and the 15th I'm somethin like a pimp
even with a suspended license I'm still finna flip
ain't no limit to this cash ain't nothin I can't get
5 duece Hoover cuz, ain't nothin like a crip
ride with a revolver I don't fuck with clips
these roach ass niggaz tryna make me bust my chips
but I'm not a bank I don't even trust my bitch
I'm from the south, and I got diamonds in my mouth