

## 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 creased, 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

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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 penitentiary 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

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Blucker, blucker, blucker that's how my gun go  
if I'm lookin aggitated bitch you better run hoe  
I used to do the bagguetes 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