

Still On Da Southside

Trae

On the Southside
Candy sprayed, looking so live
84's and vogues, we glide
Screwzoo, you know we holding it down

I'm still low behind tints, swanging to Southwest
A lot of shit on my mind, still living the stretch
Screw-U I miss you, ain't a damn thang changed
To the day I'm deceased, I'ma rep the name
Holding it down for the South, and the S.U.C.
Ahead of the pack, forever S.L.A.B.
And swanging 4's and vogues, low with T.V.'s
The trunk popped up, and showing that I'm a G
Out the Dirty Southside, of H-T-X
In a throwback drop, or a four do' Lex
With a throw away glock, when a nigga got plex
I'm fresh off the block, slow-mo in a Vet
Peep game when I grip the grain, I'm off the chain
Down the baseline, and cross over the lane
Like A.I., my game is too fly
Blue over gray, when I pass on by
I'm a B-E-T, and a Southwest thug
Beat down the block, and banging on dubs
Scrubs, back back give me fifty
Cause wanna be thugs, don't get no love
From the Maab or the click, Slow Loud And Bangin'
From the beginning to end, I ain't never changing
And the East to Westcoast, is what I'm ranging
That candy blue, on locks that I'm staging
Rearranging, your changing thoughts
When I hit the vault, pulling out candy cars
Like Randy Moss, I'ma play the field
On the hunt for a mill, displaying my skills
Southsive for live, repping my block
My hood on fire, streets is on lock
With the shit that I got, I'm never gon stop
For Screw I'ma punch the gas, to the top

If I'm pulling out the garage, better believe it's mine
And if the light is on me, then I'ma go on and shine
Baller block niggaz, on glass when I hop the lane
It's a damn shame, the way my top drop and swang
My slab doubling, and niggaz be thinking that it's a game
Trae ain't the same, and leading the line like a train
And I'm in the cockpit, that glide like a plane
When I'm on Fondren, I be heading down to Main
Like a pimp, hoes I got by the flock
In a CMC, and low key from cops
I'm on the grind, trying to stack my knots
I put about four G's, up in the stash spot
Bleeding the block, at night when I get my cash
And wood all on my dash, with leather under my ass
2-55, with full speed to mash
When the bops on the block, I'm full speed to pass
Like Dizzy Young, cause I'm young and raw
With no love for the law, that hate a young thug
That's real in the streets, and never been fake

With artillery, for niggaz that I hate
Cause I'm playa, ain't no way to knock that
When it come to the click, you know I got that
So you cats, better play the back field
Cause I'm the homerun king champ, and I'm next to bat
For the Dirty Southside, and the Wild Wild West
When it quick to click, or putting the drama to rest
I'm telling these cats, they don't wanna test
Cause the click full of G's, just might cause a mess
When they in black Houpes, and they ready to ride
Believe me, G-Maab ain't playing no games
I ride for the set, to the day I quit
And if it ever come to that, then it's over mayn

I represent for the Dirty 3rd, when I shake the block
For P-A-T and Mafio, I'ma drop the drop
Body rock and catch hot, when these haters jock
And on top of that, watching these boppers bop
On a G like Trae, since back in the day
When I tip the Houpe, and flipped up Few Quay
South Klique for life, with BJ And Lil' Shay
My brother Jay'Ton, and the rest of S.K.
But now I'm in a first class, four do' slab
Getting my shine on, and beating up the Ave.
Still on the Southside, got niggaz mouth wide
Piss me off, and I'ma fuck up they inside
Outside, when I let up my trunk
Six fifteens, and yep they gon bump
Think of touching my shit, you bound to get stomped
I ain't never been a punk, you chose to get dumped
One deep or with a click, I'm still gon ball
In a DTS, the screens is gon fall
T-R-A-E, I play the game raw
Fin to set this shit off, with no time to stall
For the Screw K3, they done dropped the chain
And the guerilla got loose, that they tried to tame
And now they feeling this one, from H-Town to Spain
Now niggaz in the game, be looking so lame
When they see my 4's, running niggaz out the way
When I'm fresh out the Jag, on candy blue sprayed
When I'm fresh out the Quay, on customized
Six T.V.'s, banked up on MLK
T-I-N-T, black on black I'm thoed
So these niggaz don't know, what I'm working with
Or what I got inside, late night when I ride
It's gangstafied, I know you feeling this

We gon hold it down, On the Southside
Yeah, of H-Town, it goes down