

Down South

Wale

(La Musica de Harry Fraud)

Down South slangin', rollin' with these hustlers
Tryna get rid of all you haters and you busters
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Look

What's the sense of it all?

Pimpin' powder, and pussy tryna make pennies

See niggas lie on the stand, guess hell ain't harder than prison, who knows

In the 90's a traffic stop get you tickets, a joke

Now the find you a traffic stop get you riddled with holes

We be livin' too fast, we be sippin' it slow

One of my niggas was sellin' work, now he sellin' out shows

I mean face it that's growth, pay attention take notes

You over 40 and movin' work better be by the boat

Better be by the dock, better not be by your home

If niggas really wan' hurt you, they gonna leave you alone

'Cause them peoples is comin'

Where your loyalty youngin'?

When a rapper say, "Free my nigga", his lawyers get hungry

Now everybody wanna be a trap nigga 'cause them rap trap niggas get paid

And don't nobody want to be a trap, trap nigga when them badge niggas got yo
u on tape, yeah

Art imitatin' life, now y'all just saying lies

Got these suburbanites, thinkin' y'all ain't afraid to fight

Right in the mirror cryin' a little, you shakin', right?

Your soul is in prison and there is no visitation rights

Down south slangin' music with these hustlers

Keep it true to self and never sell out with these busters (No)

I ain't finna tap dance, I don't give a fuck though

Keep it true to self and keep it cool, my niggas cutthroat

Run it

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I got the cocaine lady, white lady, by the key (Key)

Ayy, cup full of Texas, poured by the three (Three)

Hoped out the Porsche, went and sold me a P (A P)

Smoke a pussy nigga like I rolled me a leaf (Like a leaf nigga)

Or smoke put holes in his teeth (Ayy)

Boom bop pow put a hole in his cheek (Ayy)

Nigga talkin' tough but you a hoe in these streets (Ayy)

Come a get nanni freak hoes in the sheets (Ayy)

Hustle like a muthafucka (Oh, oh), niggas servin' scudda butter (Oh, oh)

Pussy niggas undercover (Oh, oh), and I ain't studder motherfucka (Oh, oh)

Hit 'em with the blocka blocka (Oh, oh), quick to serve me a clocker (Oh, oh
)

You borderline dick-suckers, tryna take pics, suckers

Baby, make your leg bend, yellow bitch a red skin
In DC like a red skin, come and give me head then
My youngin' pop a lead in
Nigga swing your dred than
Oh, you wanna tussle? We gonna see how niggas play it then (On God)

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Down South slangin', rollin' with these hustlers (Yeah, look)
Tryna get rid of all you haters and you busters (Maxo, Maxo, Maxo)

Down South slangin' (Oh), servin' all these costumers (Uh-huh)
Like Bill I keep these pills but keep a heath cliff like Rudy Huxtable (Okay)
)
On the real you might get killed, don't touch my chain 'cause it's untouchable
Big black knows my hip, yeah I'ma shoot that bitch ain't cute but she still fuckable (Huh)
Racks on racks, move packs, sell packs at school had packs like lunchables
Took gats on gats, .45's and MACS, we bust those straps so comfortable (Boom)
)
Hunnid chops no fun with her (Ayy)
On adderall but still functional (Vroom)
Still aired out at a functional (What?)
That Draco so dysfunctional
Used to be robber Igbo Naija boy, go ask Wale (Uh-huh)
Yellow bone on top give me sloppy top as I lay (Suck it)
Pull up on a op hit him with a chopper rocker as he lay (Boom-boom)
I spend some chips to get you killed, my Crips gon' make you Frito Lay
Bang, we don't really tussle
If I can't get that thang in then I'm not finna go clubbin' (Hell nah)
Every since my bro got killed, I can't trust shit, I can't trust nothin'
Can't even trust my Crip, because a Crip killed Nipsey Hussle (Maxo, Maxo)

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