

Down South Shit

Z-Ro

Keep watching me and you'll see
I can show you how to be a G
I'm just on my down south shit
I'm just on my down south shit, baby
'Round here playa, how you gotta be
That's why I never H.A.T.E.
I'm just on my down south shit
I'm just on my down south shit, baby

A lot of people talk shit 'bout the South
But they don't know shit 'bout the South
Never lived here, but they spit like the South
'Cause don't nobody drop hits like the South
Candy on the cars, I done did that
Big ol' gates at the crib where I live at
And if I jack 'em wanna live, he better get back
'Cause a fuck, I just don't give that
It takes us everything larger
So much heroin that's probably why it's so brown in the water
This the real New Jack City, baby every corner is the carter
And like every other state when the law come around
Everybody pull out they recorder
And it don't matter what you want I got ese's over here
And over there that'll take your order
It's the South

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Got a dope fiend to wipe my slab down
So I can be clean in the slab line
Martin Luther King on a Sunday was the shit and still is
Come down on the slab town
Oh shit, all black on the ave now
You can tell her girl she can let her hair down
Just keep your heat with you 'cause the streets'll get with you
Have a real nigga rollin in the cab now
Styrofoam cup and you know what's in it
Raw paper cone and you know what's in it
Bitch woodie so big look like two bitches
Put on all 3 rubber 'fore you go up in it
Cause these hoes fuck with the ballers
And the way the shit looking, that's all us
Hope you don't fall in love
You might see me in the background the next time you FaceTime call her
We don't love hoes but we love foes
And we love 3's and bumper kits
And pizza chain and watch it rain
Got a spend a bankroll just to fuck with this
Some niggas rock Yeezys, I still rock Ones
Pocket full of money, might not rock none

We don't talk a lot of shit 'cause everybody got dubs
Hoe niggas hearing it, but nigga we not one

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One time for the bottom on the map
Dirty rounds at the bottom of the strap
Yellow bone on the top of my lap
Down south we the best, no cap
Coming down and the haters stay hurt
Self made on the front of my shirt
Street nigga so rocks in the dirt
Tryna get a real good number on the work
Top down and the windows go up
Big rocks on the front of my cup
Old school and a fresh new coupe
It's a real big shoes on a brand new truck
Southside 'bout to slip right in
Old things want to flip by ten
Put your money on a Texas boy
[?] down south, we gon' show you how to win

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