

First Verse (Gangsta Blac):

Look this is the World's debut of these damn fools
Stak and Blac, tic for tac, breakin' all racial rules
And ain't too much, wrong with that
Cuz if it is, gone speak the truth
Please don't tell 'em wrong, cuz if you do, then you know you through
Bitches I'ma grown ass man
Makin' grown man moves
Don't get it wrong, damn fools
Stak HARD on ya too
We ain't gone play with this shit
Same label and shit
Like brothers, different mothers, but we twins in this shit
Like piano keys (white-black)
Two junkies, we'll be right back
And if you hit me, Stak gone feel it, dawg and Blac won't like that
Shit we might just fight cats
Beat you to the fact, Jack
Provokin' you for callin' the authorities (take that!)
Me, I ain't facin' that
Blood on the baseball bat
Hide all the evidence
Please, 'fo they come Stak
G'wan wit'cha bad self
Put that South all in they mouth
Tell them through the East of Tennessee before we work it out

Chorus (Haystak + Gangsta Blac):

(Haystak)

WHAT!
Put the South in they mouth, put the South in they mouth
WHAT!
Put the South in they mouth, put the South in they mouth
WHAT!
Put the South in they mouth, put the South in they mouth
WHAT!
SOUTH

(Gangsta Blac)

Yeah Parkway!

Second Verse (Haystak):

Taylor Made, see they be too deep in the place to be
Chieffin' trees, drinkin' crown
Actin' bad, talkin' loud
Push and shove through the crowd
Talkin' shit, so what's up now?
They don't want it no..they don't want it
I know alot of y'all wonder why Gangsta fuck with this white boy?
They don't know by now, brotha let me break it down for ya
TOUGH DUDE!
If you don't love me, mane fuck you
Comin' like a train
Boy, it's not a game
What's my name name name?
Big Stak Mac
Where I'm from from from?
The terrible T
What I claim claim claim?
C.W.B.
So all that bullshit you talkin' don't mean nothin' to me
G.B. and me fall up in the New Daisy
Security trippin', say my crew is actin' too crazy
Some call me the coldest cracker and I just may be
I'm like Jigga down here, call me big Hay-Z

Chorus

Third Verse (Gangsta Blac+Haystak):

(Gangsta Blac)

So if you wanna know, every God damned thang about us country folks
Collard green dreams, eat it up, cuz we got some more
Put some dirty South, real deep until you leakin' grease
Boy poppin' it, bustin' loose, tryin' to get to me
Barbeques, hoes, rims, paint, braids, fades, boy!
Hay in the barn everyday in the South boy!

Counter that, runnin'? I'll be damned if I'ma run trick
Down fifty-one, from the law, til' I'm free bitch!

(Haystak)

Corn on the cob, ribs on the grill, potato salad
Straps in the park, at a cookout I'll let a hater have it
Constantly seen on the scene, throughout my neighborhood
Kept it real with my people like I always said I would
Dirty white boy caught up in the mix
Tryin' to separate the real from the counterfeit tricks
Counterfeit cliques go platinum, on the real cats starve
But that's how the industry is, how the music people are!
A celebrity I'll never be
I'm just a representative of my community
In Tennessee we don't fuck around, buckle down
Hold down this Southern town
From H-town to Funkytown, World renowned
We puttin' the....

Chorus