

Artist: lil_keke

Title: Where da south at

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[Hook - 2x]

So put your money, where your mouth at
If it's cheddar and chips, then we about that
Fraud off in the game, baby I doubt that
There go the East and the West, (now where the South at nigga)

[Lil' Keke]

I wear platinum on the chest, cause I just can't rest
C.M.G. and BBS, nationwide success
C-Note the big shot, and Lil' Keke the Don
We been Houston trend setting, baby since day one
Start over and do it again, it don't matter to me
Rest in peace to DJ Screw, from the S.U.C
It's the year 2-1, we still don't bar none
Fade 'em all when we ball, keep the game on the run
We put the lick down, multiplied the ends
Then put the split down, Southsi' for li'

[C-Note]

We from the Southside nigga, we posted at the bar
Me and Ke' the 'gar, we be shining like a star
Them deuces on the car, cold drank mixed with bar
Boys recognize who we are, cause we coming with that hard
I wonder which ride, we gon flip this year
2002 Escalade, yes we skipped the year
About to jump through the Kappa, the young pro rapper
Three or four girls in my car, a true macker
The young paper stacker, equipped with game
Nigga welcome to the section, where we hog the lane

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Keke]

So put your money, where your mouth at
Collecting chips and buying new whips, yeah I'm about that
This is hardcore, thug life
Tattoos and paying dues, and getting feddy every night
Hoes sweating me, niggaz betting me
That the laws behind my Lam', think they could catch me
I think not, I'ma mash to the spot
Turning corners hitting blocks, got the sturning wheel hot
Alright catch a flight, hot-lanta next night
Looking for some fire green, the price is right
Come on they say the South, bout to fall off
It's the fourth quarter nigga, but the game ain't called off
We ain't stopping, till the tapes is hauled off
Even if it take the glock nine, and the sawed off
For real, it ain't no telling where the South at
Quit bumping your gums, and put your money your mouth at

[Hook]

[C-Note]

I guess we blowed up, like you thought we wasn't
See the double R, rap star on buttons
Shining kinda dim, northstar like nothing
And I'm stomping on the snitches, that be hating and fronting
From the Clover to the Wood, nigga it's all good
At the dome out in Miami Florida, it's all hood
Recognize homeboy, we be South for life
And my boys'll get more, from lifting so much ice
Home of the piece and chain, diamond teeth and thangs
Home of the pinky rings, and the raw cocaine
These niggaz swanging elbows, and acting all wild
While I'm trying to win a Grammy, like I'm Destiny's Child
Smoking black and mild, and getting crunk on stage
Fuck in the after Source, nigga we front page
See me backstage, strapped with a gauge
Taking rap to a whole 'nother phaze, dog I'm any ways

[Hook - 2x]