

# In the South (feat. Gucci Mane & Pimp C)

## Big Boi

They wanna what's going on in the South  
Now tell that bitch to keep my name up out ya mouth  
Two rollies at the same time, I'm too cool  
Gucci, is you locing? 'Cause that motherfucker Crip blue  
Suwoo Bentley and the Forgies Suwoo, too  
And I know two Jews, eat a case like it's fast food  
I bought a T-rex on these niggas 'cause life's cruel  
My jewels so cold that you might get the slight flu  
Bird's eye view, I'm looking down at the lil' dudes  
And if I had to, pussy nigga, I'll rob you  
You wanna see me locked 24 just like cop do  
You hate from the sideline, that's what yo' job to  
Gang mentality, I think like the mob do  
Police brutality, I'm strapped like a cop, fool  
My dope boy do numbers just like my shows do  
My main bitch rolling for me just like my hoes do  
These suckers say they coming for me, well, cook me soul food  
I'm out, 'Quest yo house, and I pull up with a trunk full  
They wanna what's going on in the South, in the South  
They wanna what's going on in the South, in the South  
In the South, in the South, in the, in the South, South  
Now tell that bitch to keep my name up out ya mouth  
They wanna what's going on in the South, in the South  
They wanna what's going on in the South, in the South  
In the South, in the South, in the, in the South, South  
Now tell that bitch to keep my name up out ya mouth  
Even though the radio refused to give us airplay  
Bump this shit in your Cadillac, your Cutlass or box Che-vy, hea-vy  
Timothy McVeigh, knock it down like OKC, boy  
And ain't no nigga on ya playlist fucking with a A-list nigga like B-I-G B-O-I, why?  
Effortlessly fly, I  
Tend to overthink when I ink these bars but y'all niggas don't even try  
Ball till you fall or your homies die  
Pour out a little liquor, let one in the sky  
Don't cry, let the doves do that when the guns go 'brrrp'  
Now that's what we call the pop life, true that  
(They wanna what's going on in the South, in the South)  
A nigga kick back at the house with my flipflops on  
Got an ounce on the couch, blow a bag  
Crack her jaw open, we all smoking  
And some of us even taking shots going in  
Jello, Tito's, white Hennessy, that brown liquor ain't yo' friend

My G we know...

What's going on in the South, in the South  
They wanna what's going on in the South, in the South  
In the South, in the South, in the, in the South, South  
Now tell that bitch to keep my name up out ya mouth  
They wanna what's going on in the South, in the South  
They wanna what's going on in the South, in the South  
In the South, in the South, in the, in the South, South  
Now tell that bitch to keep my name up out ya mouth  
Big Chevy's bending corners, speakers thumping  
Yeah we make a scene  
That dirty, dirty in yo' ear, crystal clear  
Yeah, we got what you need  
Big Chevy's bending corners, speakers thumping  
Yeah we make a scene  
(Know what's going on in the South, in the South)  
That dirty, dirty in yo' ear, crystal clear  
Yeah, we got what you need  
(Now tell that bitch to keep my name up out ya mouth)  
Call, call, call, call me Daddy Fat Sax  
Call, call, call, call me Daddy Fat Sax  
Call, call, call, call me Daddy Fat Sax

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