

# Southside

## Lil Baby

[Intro]

Southside on the track, yeah

Southside

Southside

Yeah

Strapped[Chorus]

I just got some stupid dome from this hoe from the Southside

Long live Troop, my OG man, that nigga from the Southside

Shout out Deezy and them Lo's who cripin' on the Southside

I get bags in for the low and send them to the Southside

Yeah, I'm sellin' coke for real

I put the d in dope, for real

Saint Laurent on my coat, for real

That Draco, that Draco

I'm with the reds in Clayco

Shoutout to (?) that nigga a real one

We had them bands in the neighborhood

[Verse 1]

Temp fade, new jays

All day, catch plays

White tee, dope boy

Move that dope, boy

Trappin' out a bando

Servin' out a window

Tryna run our mills up

That's what we pay the rent fo'

Fuck it up in the Gucci sto', them M's in

Bad bitch lookin' like Bernice, I call her Slim Jim

I just want push start on my car

Shoutout the hood, they know I'm a god

They know we bang wherever we are

I just took these cuts on stage

Look at these VVS' in my chain

I'm doing better, I can't even complain

Bought it plain, then I blew out the brain

Birkin Bad, make the bitch go insane

With the gang, I ain't switchin' the name

Paper tag, got me switchin' these lanes

Do anything to get me some chains

These niggas be fuckin' for fame

[Chorus]

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We had them bands in the neighborhood[Verse 2]

I'm doin' shit that they wishin' they could

I'm the frontrunner, break right through the hood

They hated on me, but it's still all good

Draco on me, and it's still all wood

I'm on probation, they let off a fool

They on my drip, tryna see what I do

They takin' notes, tryna study my moves

They tryna do what I do

All-Star weekend, I was gettin' the pack in

Heard you got your shit took

Nigga you lackin'

Big body Benz beep, beep when it back in

Real street niggas buyin' bags with the backends

These niggas ain't authentic, they actin'

And I ain't get to the money, they cappin'

What happened?

I thought you was a real one?

Solitary stones in my ear, these the clear ones

These diamonds dancin' too loud in my ear, so I don't hear them

My homie got the stick, I got the glizzy

We don't fear them

These niggas don't wanna play with us

I swear that we gon' kill them[Chrous]

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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