

# Candy Paint & Gold Teeth (feat. Ludacris & Bun B)

## Waka Flocka Flame

I'm from the south Southern Hospitality  
Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners  
I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind they business  
Tricked cars is our culture we sum' heavy spendersCa-Candy Paint and Gold TeethI'm in  
Riverdale on 85, at Annlers's eatin' sum' Soul Food  
County attitude let me know if you down to  
Party all night wit' my people  
And if yo' ass go hungry man them hobo's they go feed you  
I bring Drama like Sammy Sam I'm so point five Twista, Bun  
Do or Die car clean no suit and tie  
Ghetto boy like Willie G, Cuttier wood grains like I'm Bill see, I hold the  
Flame like Bun B  
I ain't from the South that's Ludacris that's country shit fish grease  
Yall full of bits, wet paint, big reels, you can't help, but done notice it  
When the beat is in dark shit, so coolin' it wit' my van  
Sickest shit that I have  
Country hell a little Mayonaise, yall' in Riverdale where we atI'm from the south Southern  
Hospitality  
Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners  
I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind they business  
Tricked cars is our culture we sum' heavy spenders  
Ca-Candy Paint and Gold TeethAnd I'm sittin' low in my old school, and my loces on, and I'm  
so cool  
And my top it drops, and there's no roof  
When I'm shinin' on it's my gold tooth  
I'm trill as hell, and I'm heavy set  
Pray to the Lord, but don't get it bent  
I'm from the Hood, and I represent, and I turn it up like the deficit  
I'm from Texas (Texas), Cadillac no Lexus (no Lexus)  
What we ride on four suicide doors, and park no places  
So you best not test us (test us) cuz' we'll get reckless  
Catch you on yo' block wit' that big black glock take part of yo' necklace  
(Necklace)  
Tell me who gon' check (check) we outside down for the hood we gon' ride  
My gladiator's, yeah they go live wit' them dayton's and them 4  
So watch yo' step, and know yo' place, you ain't trill don't show yo' face  
Cause I'll pull that --, and I'll catch a case, and I'll leave the scene  
Wit' no trace  
I'm from the south Southern Hospitality  
Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners

I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind they business  
Tricked cars is our culture we sum' heavy spendersCa-Candy Paint and Gold TeethLuda!  
Fresh out the shop and the candy coated Cadillac stacked on amazin' wheels  
Seats look like I hollered at the Reeces peanut butter cup, and then made a  
Deal

Trucks shakin' like jellied honey's ready to check the spread  
Cuz' I get that cheese, and I sandwich myself between the bread  
So keep yo' mind on yo' riches, and get yo' hoes right  
Cuz' in these streets you not safe unless yo' codes right  
Your southern living is like something you ain't never seen  
Ask any hustler his favorite color is money green  
Blacked out tint white wall spinnin'  
Lookin' for the neckbone, hamhock, collard green, cornbread eatin' women  
We sum country certified gangsta's in the south  
When you speak about who's hottest watch yo' (watch yo') mouthI'm from the south Southern  
Hospitality

Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners  
I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind they business  
Tricked cars is our culture we sum' heavy spendersCa-Candy Paint and Gold Teeth  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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