

Southside Da Realist

Big Tuck

Southside da realist, drug dealers killas
Sharks and gorillas, hope that you hear this
Who said that we ain't dope dealing wizards?
Car changing colors like chameleon lizards
Southside is da realist, I'mma make you feel it
Microphone blizzards
Out on the grind, gotta get mine
From the state far down to x to the pine
Home of the killas, home of the G's
Boys round here calling dubs deuce D's
It's anotha place, Southside's an island
Off in the jungle the gorillas be wilding
Deep in the game, my domain
You can get it by the pack or by the train
Ain't no fakers, got dikers and razors
Roll down the exit now it looks like Vegas
Small time bangers, that's what that is
If u ain't scheming you are making drug deals
Blood killa green got them hoes on the pill
Get it how you live cause you gotta eat a meal
I can't starve, I drive fast cars
Cut up my bang, I done sup the stars
Bang from the gauge, make them behave
I got the crown like the king of the cage
King of the castle, hustling master
Me and Kidd took bigs up to Nebraska
Peep what I say, don't come round my way
I got enough niggas to take up valet
6 niggas deep, bringing full heat
We was moving 'bout a half a big every week
My nigga J had the jag looking right
Passing out the motor so we holding on tight
Getting kinda dark so we flipped on the light
12 hours later had a full grown pipe
Exit Daytona gotta lotta marijuana
Lawn school is over but they didn't find the ganja
Complete task count up my stash
Back in Dallas Texas blending in with the smash
Brokers in the past call me candy paint and glass
I done fucked them up with the wood in the dash
Back on the scene jump fresh, jump clean
I was moving dimes on the mean Eugene
Me and Ceasar chip, 8Ball, and J.R

Check my background fiends know who we are
I were kept stutter, yet a straight drop
Hemmed by the cops had to swallow my rocks
Endo is sherman, endo be burning
SS Impala Street wheels steady turning
Stay down in end Dontae cut throat
Who them whinny boys, I'll slam both
I done took a toast make haters get ghost
AR-15, I ain't got to approach
Hit you from a block, haters wanna plot
Put it on they top with the infra beam dot
Snitches get stitches, not in the britches
I'mma fuck around have you swimming with the fishes
Swimming in the gulf, times getting rough
Only thing good is a doja puff
Niggas talking stuff, critics ain't tough
I throw bows like a souped up bus
It's going down in the dirty dirty tre
Boys don't play bout the yay or the K
Holla after jets just got gallons of the wet
Nigga Lil' Larry's have shooters on the vet
Boys in the (?) got the surf and the guns
K'd off birdtwan they ride foreign
Holla at the Luke and the 44 Boyz
Niggas up in Lincoln ride candy red cars
Nixon ride blue, that's what it do
Bontae, Dontae, Shaw K, too
Boys in the east gotta get a little piece
Chunking rally stripes on a box shell caprice
Boys on the road ain't wax lil' scone
Coming through this ho, gold status on the door

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

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