

You're Everything

Bun B

Man f'real I love bein' from this Dirty South mayne
It made me the G I am today, made me the hustler I am today
The grinder, the baller; the gangsta I am today mayne
Lot of people got opinions & issues & problems with
What they see comin' from the South & who doin' what in the South mayne
But I'm a tell you like this, fuck you dawg . This the South nigga
We gon' be here, we been here & ain't goin' no muthafuckin' where
Take it how you like it, hate it or love it hoe! It's that candy paint, 84's, belts & buckles, chrome
& grill
Leather seats, stitch & tuck, TV screens & wooden wheels
Suede roof, neon lights, whole tire swang & bang
Tops drop, blades chop, 5th wheel just hangin' mayne
White T's, fitted hats, Jordan's or the Dicky's (Dicky's)
That Swisher sweet, cigarillos filled up with the sticky (sticky)
The 15's bam'n & the bass kick kickin'
Cadillac door's slammin' on them po' po's tippin'
We ain't trippin' just flippin' these haters dip when they see us (dip when they see us)
'Cause they could never beat us best us or be us
I'm a G that's a genius, best to just respect my thuggin' mayne
It's the South, ain't nothin' above it & that's why I love it mayne!
For real.
You're Everything I knew. Ohh yeah.
Do what you want me to. I will do anything.
Get on my knees for you. Ohh baby.
What else is there to do? I don't know, I don't know, but I'll cry. Yeah, keepin' it Trilla baby;
Texas, P.A. to H-Town
3-oh-5 to Mi-Yayo... you know what it is. Pray at night when you sellin' white, got 1 ki' tryin' to
sell it twice
Yellow stones all in my shit, yellow bones all on my dick
Honeycomb I call my crib, money long that's on my kids
R.I.P. to my Uncle Chad, UGK you can't fuck wit that
Niggas fake, they hate candy paint & all the paper that your partner make
Shakin' dice like a face of life, champagne just ain't tastin' right
Haterade they Gatorade, look at these seats they gator made
Friend or foe niggas never know (know) never know when you fin' to blow.
Dude scrapin' the curb, dippin' sippin' some syrup
Fingers blistered twisted Swishers, Pimp died & it hurt
But I handle my issue, I got several pistols
That won't whistle, missiles knockin' gristle from fatty tissue
Mississippi's my home 'til I'm die & I'm gone
I know I put it on my back, held that bitch up alone
With no label b-backin' pride split into fractions

I hit the ocean on Peggy bustin' back at the crackin'
And y'all scared. (y'all scared) You're Everything I knew. Ohh yeah.
Do what you want me to. I will do anything.
Get on my knees for you. Ohh baby.
What else is there to do? I don't know, I don't know, but I'll cry. Let's talk about Pimp C, Bun B,
8Ball, MJG
Big Boi, Dre 3000, Scarface, Willie D.
T.I.P. Young Jeezy, Birdman, Lil' Weezy
Trick Daddy, Young Buck, SoSoDef, Jermaine Depri
J. Prince, Rap-A-Lot, Juicy J, DJ Paul
Slim Thug, Lil' Keke, Chamillionare, Paul Wall
We all different but we all rep the same thing
God first, family then money in the South mayne. They call me PIMP TYTE! MJG
The Dirty South is everything I want
Everything I need everything I'm longin' for
When I'm outta town gotta get home, just for
Everything that I been raised to love, the wisdom my grandmama gave to us
Racial profilin' police harassment regular days to us
You say door, we say do'; you say 4, we say fo'
You say whore, we say hoe; you want more, but we want mo'.
What else is there left for me to do?
This the dedication from me to you
The South, I know you gonna see, me through
So until I die I wanna be, wit you
You're Everything. You're Everything I knew. Ohh yeah.
Do what you want me to. I will do anything.
Get on my knees for you. Ohh baby.
What else is there to do? I don't know, I don't know, but I'll cry.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>