

# Dirty South

## Goodie Mob

One to da two da three da four  
Dem dirty Red Dogs done hit the door  
And they got everybody on they hands and knees  
And they ain't gonna leave until they find them keys  
Now if dirty Bill Clinton fronted me some  
weight  
Told me to keep two, bring him back eight  
And I only brought him five and stuck his ass for three  
Do you think that Clampett will sick his goons on me?  
See Martail Homes, that's my claim to fame  
That's where I learned my slickest trick in the dope-d-game  
Like my favorite, I call it lemon head delight  
That's when you lick off all the yellow and you sell the white  
Right, well if pimpin' be a sport I be bein' the wide receiver  
That nigga B-I-G will make ya'll niggas believers  
Sippin' on Cuervo Gold off in the club drunk as fuck  
Callin' them hoes bitches, and smokin' my weed up  
When I'm too sober, year older, now I'm almost legal  
Wanted to live the life of Cadillacs, Impalas and Regals  
Fuckin' around wit hoes, bustin' nuts in they mouths  
Kickin' that same southern slang  
Lookin' for love off in yo' jaw hoe!  
See powder gets you hyper, reefa makes you calm  
Cigarettes give you cancer, woo woo's make you numb  
What you niggas know about the Dirty South  
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See never did I thank when I got grown  
That some pee wee sacks had been done took dis town  
See life's a bitch then you figure out  
Why you really got dropped in the Dirty South  
See in the 3rd grade this is what you told  
You was bought, you was sold  
Now they sayin' Juice left some heads cracked  
I betcha Jedd Clampett want his money back  
See East Point Atlanta threw this road block  
Talkin' 'bout all this blow traffic got to stop  
So the big time players off John Freeman Way  
Had to find themselves another back street to take  
Cause back in the day we was outta control  
We didn't understand, "Naw nigga, that money aint' yours"  
That's when me and Big State took an oath and swore  
Never would we talk, never would we tell  
So when they pulled up bumpin' "Rock The Bells"  
We took what we want and left them quiet as hell  
What you niggas know about the Dirty South

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Now that Cobras got tha boys on Delowe on they  
back  
Gipp holler at Miss Ann she said they didn't get the trap  
Behind tha black, behind green, behind tha red tint  
Dealers breakin off that blow up for those woodchips  
A lot of faces ain't around, a lot of folks got shot  
Scatta Mack droppin' G's while that Cristal pop  
Been on tha grind with Cool Breeze, droppin' pounds with B.  
Eric Neat is tha coolest from my century  
Mack town keeps growing, old school like Charles  
Stankin' like dem Lincolns in Piedmont Park  
Perry Homes to Herndon Homes, to all tha Homes  
Adamsville to Pool Creek, shit just don't sleep in tha Dirty South  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>