

Southern Hospitality

Jelly Roll

Here's some weed to roll what ya need to know imma speak my soul on every be
at I flow
Give you the shirt off my back in the freezing cold, I'm talking 3 below the
rain sleet and snow
Let me tell yall bout the good ole days walked to school uphill both ways
Some learned at a real young age how to work them scales how to deal cocaine
Money money money money money had to get it, this for every southern motherf
ucker in the trenches
This for everyone of us tryin' to make a livin', came from the bottom by you
know I'm wit it
Now you see it in my eyes how the fat man feel it ridin' around lit with a b
ad bitch with me
Me and struggle got next ask catfish billy, we gon' stand for the city like
the batman building
Me and Alexander King had a conversation about how these bitches need a conf
rontation
Better not try us not for playing right there in the cut got the monsters wa
iting
Ha! Until then

Roll up that smoke and pour yourself a drink
Cause around here you can do anything
What's mine is yours man, its our family
That's just my southern hospitality
Came from the bottom seen a lot of things
So being cool sometimes is challenging
You disrespect me bitch, I guarantee
That I will lose my southern hospitality

"You see I can be a care bear or I can be a grizzly, what you get from me is
up to you"
Good guy with a good heart from the west side not the good part
Got a bad side I don't let out less I'm in a corner need to get out
Never sit out I played the game till the last second when the buzzer rang
I was left dead on the battlefield when I called for help all the buzzards c
ame
Stayed loyal when others ain't kept it real dispose a fake
Lost money, got more to make, lost friends no more to make
All my brothers stayed that's all that matters we talk big no small chatter
My bitch ridin' my kids savage my pockets fat my wife's ass fatter
You big mad you gon' get madder climbin' fast on that big ladder
Ask for it you gonna gey answered by the sharp stab of my last laugh

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All these rappers sound the same buncha gangster shit in their convo
See em out they don't say shit whole GD different song though
Not a peep non a mumbo take me to your head honcho
Hoe hurry up, make it pronto before my lil homies pop the trunk
Roll up on em till somebody throw up give a fuck what anybody think

We celebrating coming up from nothing now either feel the shit or you can't
You either with the shits or you ain't, I'm even pourin' haters a drink
But the disrespect will not be tolerated better watch if you sayin'
My jackets long my records dirty ain't nothing about me on safety
Got a short fuse I'm full throttle and I bleed danger got no patience
It's all good till it ain't good that's how the east side raised em
If I call you family id die for you and I've showed it on many occasions

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