

Re-AKshon

Killer Mike

Aye, aye Bun who did this man?

So me and you got, T.I.P., Killer Mike, Lil Jon, and Bun B
So that's the King of the South.. the Underground King..
the King of Crunk.. and King Kong all on the same song
Heheh.. aye Jon, they ain't ready
We taking it on back to the trap my nigga!

I got them 'bows on my 'lac - swervin on these niggaz!
I got the hoe up in the back - bumpin niggaz figgaz!
I got the weed in my sack - smokin on that killa!
In the hood where I'm at - trappin with my niggaz!
I got the NEW NEW... (Killa K-K-K-Killa Killa...)
NEW NEW... (K-K-K-Killa Killa..)
NEW NEW... (K-K-K-Killa Killa..)
NEW NEW... (Niggaz don't wanna touch the Killa..)

Man we been throwin raps for too long
Aye whatchu wanna do homes?
I'm finna pull this heat and have you fetal like a new-born
T.I.P., Mike, and Bun B - scared whatchu better be
We was just the kings, now we heads of a legacy
Leaders of the new south, fake niggaz move out
He talkin loud and proud, but he scared with a tool out
I'm the nigga they be askin what we gon' do bout?
Mike told me "fuck them niggaz, bring that New New out"
Tank the Chevy, buy the Caddie, bring the 22's out
Put the city back on top, just seperate the fools now
We had lots of misrepresentation but hey we cool now
Can't keep playin both sides of the fence, you got to choose now
The realest of the real or the fakest of the fake
If ya got it on ya chest, shawty say it to my face
When ya hold ya nuts in hatred, ya only rushin til ya wait
And we gon' show them people what it really is in the A

Straight from Atlanta, the hog hand-ler
Grown folk trap, scramb-ler
Knee deep, means to get them G's to my manager
My mack-10 made for action, body-baggin and throat braggin
I'll drag 'em threw the river like a bad yellow nigga
I'm mashin with pops fashion, bustin first no questions askin
You gon' off that waterboat and thinkin you can hold me
I'm, King Kong on every track, no cap-sule can hold me
I'll THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP, when I BUMP BUMP BUMP BUMP!
It's woofers, tweeters, speakers, geekers, ALL IN YO' TRUNK!
My dad ain't raise no fag, my mom ain't had no punk
We don't hesitate or negotiate, we pop Chevy trunks
From the home of Coca-Cola, I'm not referrin to soda
I'ma grind til I shine, or die going for mine
Sick Sawyer buy my side, swervin and blowin pine
Don't be a victim to a Killer, be a father to ya son
This Re-Akshon, Killa Kill, T.I.P., and Bun

Bitch I'm coming live from the trunk and I thrive on the funk
Cuz I'd rather die like a man than survive like a punk
I'm no coward, I'm 'dro-powered, you gettin Twin-Towered
devoured - it's a shit-storm and you bout to get showered
From Broward county to Harris, Pasadena to Paris

I embarrass niggaz on chrome wheels as big as the ferris
Cuz there is, now way now how - I stay low-key, low-brow
In that black on black on black in the 'lac cuz I'm so wild
I get, drunk off that, I'll be high off this
I might pop one of those, it don't matter my nigga - I don't miss
They put me hot on list, where players are posted
But them players we posted up on corners, when they say and get roasted
And the prayer get toasted, cuz I keep the flame on
The face for the game on - leave a stain on anything I puts my name on
Disrespect and the tech'll peck a player like Woody
Cuz cain't nuttin keep a trill nigga down, ask Khujo Goodie

All I gotta say is sucker emcees better run
The debate is now, who's the greatest emcee?
T.I.P., Killer Mike, or Bun?
We are not doing this for fun - this is a bloodsport
Emcees are dying, mothers are crying
and wack-ass niggaz will go out trying
It is officially a new day, I am officially the new mouth
AND THESE ARE THE EMCEES OF THE NEW SOUTH!!