

Candy Paint & Gold Teeth (feat. Ludacris & Bun B)

Waka Flocka Flame

I'm from the south Southern Hospitality
Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners
I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind they business
Tricked cars is our culture we sum' heavy spendersCa-Candy Paint and Gold TeethI'm in
Riverdale on 85, at Annlers's eatin' sum' Soul Food
County attitude let me know if you down to
Party all night wit' my people
And if yo' ass go hungry man them hobo's they go feed you
I bring Drama like Sammy Sam I'm so point five Twista, Bun
Do or Die car clean no suit and tie
Ghetto boy like Willie G, Cuttier wood grains like I'm Bill see, I hold the
Flame like Bun B
I ain't from the South that's Ludacris that's country shit fish grease
Yall full of bits, wet paint, big reels, you can't help, but done notice it
When the beat is in dark shit, so coolin' it wit' my van
Sickest shit that I have
Country hell a little Mayonaise, yall' in Riverdale where we atI'm from the south Southern
Hospitality
Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners
I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind they business
Tricked cars is our culture we sum' heavy spenders
Ca-Candy Paint and Gold TeethAnd I'm sittin' low in my old school, and my loces on, and I'm
so cool
And my top it drops, and there's no roof
When I'm shinin' on it's my gold tooth
I'm trill as hell, and I'm heavy set
Pray to the Lord, but don't get it bent
I'm from the Hood, and I represent, and I turn it up like the deficit
I'm from Texas (Texas), Cadillac no Lexus (no Lexus)
What we ride on four suicide doors, and park no places
So you best not test us (test us) cuz' we'll get reckless
Catch you on yo' block wit' that big black glock take part of yo' necklace
(Necklace)
Tell me who gon' check (check) we outside down for the hood we gon' ride
My gladiator's, yeah they go live wit' them dayton's and them 4
So watch yo' step, and know yo' place, you ain't trill don't show yo' face
Cause I'll pull that --, and I'll catch a case, and I'll leave the scene
Wit' no trace
I'm from the south Southern Hospitality
Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners

I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind they business
Tricked cars is our culture we sum' heavy spendersCa-Candy Paint and Gold TeethLuda!
Fresh out the shop and the candy coated Cadillac stacked on amazin' wheels
Seats look like I hollered at the Reeces peanut butter cup, and then made a
Deal
Trucks shakin' like jellied honey's ready to check the spread
Cuz' I get that cheese, and I sandwich myself between the bread
So keep yo' mind on yo' riches, and get yo' hoes right
Cuz' in these streets you not safe unless yo' codes right
Your southern living is like something you ain't never seen
Ask any hustler his favorite color is money green
Blacked out tint white wall spinnin'
Lookin' for the neckbone, hamhock, collard green, cornbread eatin' women
We sum country certified gangsta's in the south
When you speak about who's hottest watch yo' (watch yo') mouthI'm from the south Southern
Hospitality
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I'm from the south where the old folks' they don't mind they business
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>