

# 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.omusic.in/>