

Southern Bell

Kousy

Southern Bell, fine as hell,

What she finna say?

“Fuck a cop, fuck a pig,

Shoot ‘em inna face!”

She tell it like it is shawty, real quick n fast,

Knock ya out ya socks like a shotgun blast

Now she at work, mad a-fuckin-gain,

She betta not react to what the manager said

“You old ass nigga! Uncle Tom nigga!

If it hit you in the head you’d never fuckin get it!”

You said she at the judge house? What she doin there?

She boutta got arrested — got these people scared

“Check ya fuckin pockets, it’s the devil in there!

Before you get me you gonna take a trip to hell!”

Baby, it is “Bell” not “Belle,” please pay attention,
cause when her shit tolls it get real fuckin wretched

“Do you like your landlord? Do you think he cool?
If you really like him turn your kitchen to a pool!”

Now she not wrong, but it def’nately get ugly,
Y’on wanna mess with that typea woman

Southern Bell, fine as hell,
What she finna say?

“I’m tired. I’m so fucking tired and
I’m losing patience, hope, belief, creativity,
The whole fucking deal. There’s a better world
we can make but I feel so fucking alone and helpless,
and something has to be done. Something has to be done
and I haven’t the slightest clue what it is. I’m running out of
patience for this shit to come together, and if I gotta do it myself
its gon get real fuckin ugly. So lord Jesus please let us come together
and come to be. Lord Jesus please.”