

# Small Town

## Nappy Roots

Boy say to me, he say  
"Ay Yuk, what's yo favorite city?"  
And I say "West Virginia, that's my hometown"  
Take me back to West VA  
Take me back to Charleston  
It's them doggone busy city streets  
That I'm ridin' to get far from  
Ridin' to a small town  
Ridin' to a small town  
Take me back to Massachusetts  
Take me back to Cape Cod  
It's them doggone big ol' city buildings  
I'm ridin' to escape from  
Ridin' to a small town  
Ridin' to a small town  
Yo, I ride past beautiful cow fields  
Top down, see how the air feels  
I see trees that was here before me  
Seem like each one's telling a story  
I just wanna go hit the local bar  
Where the owner's fat and smoke cigars  
Where country girls attracted me  
Seems like everybody works in a factory  
Where they ship they goods to bigger places  
A city light just could never replace this  
Where high school sports is what we live for  
Hit the lotto, and next week you still poor  
In a small town  
Take me back to West VA  
Take me back to Charleston  
It's them doggone busy city streets  
That I'm ridin' to get far from  
Ridin' to a small town  
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Ridin' to a small town

Ridin' to a small town  
They say the whole damn world is country  
Small town livin', dad a porch monkey  
Dirt road and gravel, anywhere you travel  
Mechanic is the sheriff is the judge with the gavel  
Everybody cousin 'cause everybody kin  
Piggly Wiggly, one school, everybody friends  
From high school football to family reunions  
Movin' at the speed of life, drunk by noon and  
That's my uncle, I know everybody got one  
Freaky ass white girl, daddy got a shotgun  
Fly through the town, ya blink ya might miss it  
City slicker in the country, wish you come visit

Come on down, come on down  
Come on down, come on down  
Come on down, come on down  
Come on down, come on down  
Uh, I like that shit  
Lil' Yuk, what you think about that right there?  
Like, man, uh, I like North Carolina  
I like Kentucky, Tennessee, like  
I don't wanna, I wanna see something important  
And take a right and right there at it  
I don't like all that traffic  
Man, I like to get where I'm going  
I like people with things on they mind like  
"Let's have a good time, let's sit on the porch"  
That's what I was telling my homeboy Plump down in Duluth  
You know, in Georgia, we was gonna kick it and do it way big  
He always show us around at the office  
And like why you go to the office?  
I'm like, man, that's some real people  
Comin' from a small town  
And that's where I'm from  
And that's where reality  
That's Nappy Roots  
That's Fish Scales and that's Clutch  
An that's B. Stille and that's Skinny Deville  
That's V, that's, that's history, man  
You know when you from the country  
Everything's cool, you know  
Give us a front porch, give us a thing of Patron  
And give us, you know a few Corona, a Red Stripe  
You know, things like that

Budweiser if ya money's low  
But we gonna have a good time, man  
We comin from a small town  
Bowling Green, Kentucky, Milledgeville, Georgia  
You know thangs like that  
I like 'Catawpa, Mississippi, you know, Florida  
All them places like that, small town  
Still love for LA and Chicago  
But when I wanna kick I wanna be in a small town  
Take me back to West VA  
Take me back to Charleston  
It's them doggone busy city streets  
That I'm ridin' to get far from  
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