

Country Folks

Bubba Sparxxx

(feat. Danny Boone & Colt Ford)

I might talk slow
But I'm feelin fine
Cause them kuntry folks sho can ryme
Ain't got no ice
Cause without it I shine
And them kuntry folks sho can rhyme

Aw Hell,
They done let me loose
And I'm doin just what they thought I'd do
With a 5th of beam
And I ate a roll
N' I'm outta control
You should've brought me two
I started you
With them heated vocals
Don't you cross them weeded locals
My niece on wall street
With a balla's creep
N' it's all sweet
But'chall weep cause
Monday through
Sunday ooh
Ya'll dummies too
Don't complain
Just know ya roll
Bad ass lil playa be going on
I sold my soul
For a "G" advance
A white, a quarter N' some peter pan
Now I'm broke again
With Duddy Ken
N' we out of gin
Gonna need a chance
Can't even dance
When I wil' at life
That time of night

Shinin' light
In the southern sky
Plus I'm high
Singing these tallboy's lullaby
I nullify your whole existance
In an instance
With no resistance
New Sparxxx? Bubba K
Don't know what to say
Cause I smoked him senseless
So defenseless, a baby goose
On the discovery channel
At 3am
Life is some ol' country bum
Betcha wanted fun
But we ain't them
Got all blazed
And I got with' Duddy
Jumped in made the water muddy
These kuntry folks sure can rhyme
It's our time
Keep snoozing buddy

[Chorus:]
I might talk slow
But I'm feelin fine
Cause them kuntry folks sho can ryme
Ain't got no ice
Cause without it I shine
And them kuntry folks sho can rhyme
I smoke homegrown and I drank cheap wine
Cause them kuntry folks sho can rhyme
You can tell me to change, but you'd be wastin your time
Cause them kuntry folks sho can rhyme

I ain't got no hoe
No blow, no dough
But got a lot of game to spit at your hoe
Fleetwood cadillac four-door
Steppin out the back with a cream Polo
The Mack tight
With a bang for the act rite
Boys on with my calls with my gat tight
Could'ntfind a phillie blunt better packed tight
Duddy Kin, blow like wind

Kuntry folks do kuntry things
Why ya'll gotta be knocking me
I'm on the thang to the fifth a'grain
Gittin foul blitzed
Inna bought caprice
With a box of Sweets
Automatic from the static
Back seat beautiful chick with fat rabbits
We mark beats like a prodigy's habit
Yo style ain't shit
My swisher ain't fattest
Wanna get crunk
I'm a crank it up with ya
Wanna rap I'll git ya
D to the U double D Y Ken
Fakin rock-steady like the Wizards
With the gift to gab
Up in the lab
Choppin up track
Fo " fo mag (forty-four mag)
Playin the Chrome
As the spot wears on
Polo down, versaci long
It's real folk
Take care and heed
Please don't make me say it twice
ATH GA baby
Ya'll lil niggas better play it rite
Now what it is
Tell me what it gonna be
How you gonna do it
Cus I'm down for dyin'
I'm a Georgia hog slash bulldog
Who might talk slow but shure can rhyme

[Chorus]

Lyrics submitted by travis williams.

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