

# Straight out the Crops

## Boondox

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Straight out the crops  
Straight out the crops  
Straight out the crops  
Straight out the stix  
Straight out the stix  
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Straight out the crops  
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Straight out the stix

Who it be? The docs comin straight from the crops  
Im hittin switches for these bitches they as dirtay as Woodstock  
And when I chop, the shock goes straight up your vertabrate  
They pickin at yo bones, and at your eyes just like a bird of prey

A sick son of a bitch call me the scarecrow  
my face-painted up the Blair-witch with a four four  
And I stay on the prow, with nose like a blood hound  
Straight stalking muther fuckers yo an this how it goes down  
This sight of blood it gets me higher than an astronaut  
A backwoods monster shot gun an a master plot  
To burn yo cities and murder all yo committees  
door to dorr slangin lead never showin no pity  
I bring the pain to ya brain so they callin me trama  
Choking at ya neck, with a chain I think ya dead mama  
It aint da same since the sane went insane mama  
Time to show these haters how to play da fucking game mama

[Chorus x2]

Straight out the crops I wont stop ima POP! POP! POP!, until they all drop

Straight out the stix I wont quit, I know you feeling this shit, you must be feelin this shit. YEAH!

I comin straight out da stix, and all da shit dat I spit

It be as dirty as a gathering of 2006

And yea I grip like a tick right on the words of these pricks

Who all hatein throwin a waight because they say im a hick

But I aint apologizing, hell no I say fuck em

im still runnin with a hatchet then these hoes aint doin nuthin

So just quit of all yall frontin and then get down on yo knees

Pray to God dat I dont find you and then dislocate yo spleen

Cause you never wanna see me bitch jumping out of trees an shit

Wrap my hands around yo throat and send you up to Jesus bitch

Quick to see ya to ya maker, quicker than the undertaker

Put you through a shredder and then spread you on a hundred acres

Keep my name up out yo mouth, keep yo ass up out da south

Ya mamiy aint raise ya right, ima bout to show her how

Please dont make me fetch da steel, make this cap an extra pill

Pop you like a cherry mutha fucka never test my will

[Chorus x2 until song ends]

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