

# Country Cousins

## Talib Kweli

Yo son, what the deal, son? What's really hood, son?  
The word is bond, shit is real, shit is real  
Yo son, this block is dead  
Nigga need to go over here and pop off real quick  
Yo, I gotta get that guap by all means  
You know what I'm sayin', son?  
Growin' up in Brooklyn, shit  
I thought that everybody talked this way  
Raised on Rakim and Run-DMC  
So I thought that everybody 'Walked This Way'  
We fresh, we chill, we def, we ill  
It's just some things I was taught to say  
And every Saturday morning  
I watched cartoons with a bowl of Frosted Flakes  
The puberty came, started hittin' them cuties with game  
And the truancy came  
Started cuttin' in just class, I was comin' all fast, I was new to game  
Used to playin' on TV courtesy of video music box  
Plus knew a lot of hustlas, goin' O.T., comin' back with the new hip hop  
Like E-40 holding down the yay , N.W.A. in L.A.  
OutKast from the A-Town, way down in Houston, they play the UGK  
I walk and talk kinda fast and thought of as a New York kinda rhymer  
But must New Yorkers got family in South and North Carolina  
L.A. is little Alabama  
They walk and they talk with a country grammar  
And you think everybody else sound country  
So they started callin' 'em Bamas  
Down south where we buy them hammers  
Down south where we sell them drugs  
Down south where life is cheap  
Where they quick to fill you with them slugs  
It's nothin', I'm from New York but I got country cousins  
It's nothin', you stay connected by the slang you bustin'  
Want it simply put? You can't rip me  
When I spit for the set, everyone free  
I'ma underground king, nigga Pimp C free  
Word up to my man Bun B, what?  
It's nothin', I'm from New York but I got country cousins  
It's nothin', you stay connected by the slang you bustin'

The things you bustin', the game you hustlin', the days you're cuttin'  
The flame you cuffin' and the lames you snuffin', your name is nothin'  
Growin' up in P.A., I knew nobody out there talked like us  
Nothin' but that county slang, what up, dog? What up, cuzz?  
Late night you see us guzzlin' 40's, menthols, wine and weed  
Sittin' on the back porch, gettin' zooted, feelin' fine indeed

Listenin' to Eric Band, Rakim or EPMD  
Cool C and Steady B, plus that Public Enemy  
Not to mention N.W.A., DJ Quik and MC Eiht  
Down south we listen to it all, we didn't discriminate  
Then along came Geto Boys, Raheem and the Royal Flush  
Rap-A-Lot Records based out in Houston, represents for us  
OG style, they cars, ditch that 4 and too much trouble  
Our squad is gangsta nigga, put it down for H-Town on the double  
So I said it's time to hustle, got down with my brother C  
Put together UGK and shit, the rest is history  
We make hits by the dozen, put it down when they said we wasn't  
Trust me it's nothin', just another day in the life for country cousins  
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In Brooklyn, New York, I'm down with Large and Marl  
Back in P.A.T., man, we be sippin' the barre  
I'm down with J from Houston and I think it should be  
But when I'm out in L.A., I fuck with Ice-T  
Short Dog is my OG, we been down forever  
Taught me the game, lane to lane, and keep my pimpin' together  
Niggaz don't understand by far back in the day  
It was 'mazin' and my brother put me up on Black Star  
Start as blacks off the news, I weighed  
'Cause we isolate ourselves and give our ghetto pass away  
My niggaz passed away in an unreal way  
They mommas' depleted  
I'm just tryna make sure that their kids straight  
I'm on the Chitalin tour with my mic in my hand  
Shittin' on these jealous niggaz in the new world clan  
I wouldn't trade it for nothin', only a crazy man would

I represent for the whole south, I made it just for my hood  
The pimpin's good  
I got cousins, country cousins  
Like blood that's thicker than water, down dirty 'cross the border  
I got cousins, country cousins  
Like blood that's thicker than water, down dirty 'cross the border  
In my country cousins

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