

Kentucky Mud

Nappy Roots

Trunk funk and the Cadillac thump really loud
Puff skunk in the back of the junk get really live
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Puff skunk in the back of the junk get really live
That's the nappy boys travellin' on the dirt road with Kentucky mud
What's to love a Cadillac somethin' like a deville it may be dubbed
Southbound headed back to the west and deville downtown
I'm takin' it to the flat hit up the hollow back in J town
See my cave folks got that grey pound, we hit the interstate
Straight be blowin' like a freight train ain't tryna catch a case
We take the back road off in Glasgow we can travel it with no hassle
Shoot through Roscoe, back in a town like a king off in his castle
Government homes be the cribs with the fun in it
Pound of weed a couple of freaks and a gun in it
City slick if you want but us we be slummin' it
Rag if ya have it and put crumbs in it
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Puff skunk in the back of the junk get really live
Kentucky mud damn right folk nuttin' but love
Big truck roll through yeaga nuttin' but shure
Kentucky mud damn right folk nuttin' but love
And these blocks don't hold yeaga nuttin' but uhh
Kentucky mud damn right folk nuttin' but love
Big truck roll through yeaga nuttin' but shure
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Simple life back to its hardest again
Farmer in the dell, I'll be damned it's harvest again
Get it in get it in hey boy cook it and eat it
Hit the bar for relaxation and a bag of cheeba
Planes to catch shows to do reps to lose
Lots of game nothin' to lose payin' the dues
Tryna get ours winnin' to lose
Was brought in the game then we was applied to the rules whoo
Back to the field with hustlers take anything and make work
We catch ya slippin' we just might get up and truck and take yours
These parts are packed with pimps

And the players hate on the gangsters
Take only what you make first bump to wake the neighbors
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Kentucky mud throw ya hands up put 'em together like this
C'mon c'mon nappy roots in thiswhoo
Kentucky mud is the yeah so throw ya hands up high high
Put 'em together like nappy roots in this whoo
Kentucky mud is the
Steak and 'tatas eggs and bacon
The rooster crowed so I know it was time for me to awaken
Country livin, and the country cookin' in a country kitchen
Good intention and strong religion, it's a country tradition
Kicked to mud off my boots and dust off my pants and
Just came from the ranch but they swear we were gangsters
B. stille and them be chillin', spendin' the time with our children
Finna mail off my stamps and we'll be grillin'
Step offa this Kentucky mud
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