Kentucky Mud

Nappy Roots

[Chorus: Skinny]
Trunk funk and the Cadillac thump, really loud
Puff skunk in the back of the junk, get really live
Trunk funk and the Cadillac thump, really loud
Puff skunk in the back of the junk, get really live[Skinny Deville]
That's the Nappy Boys, traveling on the dirt road with Kentucky Mud
What's to love? A Cadillac something like a Deville, it may be dubbed
Southbound, headed back to the west, and Deville downtown
I'm taking it to the flat, hit up the Hollow back in J-Town
See my Cave folks got that gray pound, we hit the interstate
Straight be blowing like a freight train, ain't trying to 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[Big V]
? 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 slumming it
? if ya have it and put crumbs in it[Chorus][Chorus 2: x2]
Kentucky Mud! Damn right folk nothing but love!
Big truck roll through yea nothing but slums!
Kentucky Mud! Damn right folk nothing but love!
And these blocks don't hold yea nothing but uhh!
Kentucky Mud![Big V]
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, nothing to lose, paying the dues
Tryna get ours, winning to lose
Brought in the game, then we was applied to the rules, whoo![Skinny DeVille]
Back to the field with hustlers, take anything and make work
We catch ya slipping, 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[Chorus][Chorus 2: x2][Scales talking]
Kentucky Mud throw ya hands up
Put 'em together like this
see man, see man, Nappy Roots in this, whoo!
Kentucky Mud is the shh,
Yeah, so throw ya hands up high! high!

Put 'em together like this
Nappy Roots in this, whoo!
Kentucky Mud is the shh,[B. Stille]
Nappy Roots, steak and 'tatas, eggs and bacon
The rooster crowed so I know it was time for me to awaken
Country living, and the country cooking in a country kitchen
Good intention and strong religion, it's a strong tradition
Kicked to mud off my boots and dust off my pants and
Just came from the ranch but they swear we was ?
B. Stille and them be chilling, spending the time with our children
Finna mail off my stamps and we'll be grilling
Step off of this Kentucky Mud[Chorus][Chorus 2: x2]

Songwriters
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