No Good

Nappy Roots

Yooooo
I said yooooo
For all them industry haters that said we couldn't do it
This for my country thug street yeagas
You know we gon'
Smoke good, drink good, eat good, Fleetwood
Nickel bag of funk'll make a country yeaga sleep good
Come on, yo' hood, my hood, tote heat, sho' should
Folk round here be up to no good
My yeaga lookin' like one of them days
I got a Franklin in my pocket, with this lint like a slave
And 20 cent to my name, tryna make this crime pay
Money spent, Ben gone, left me with the Hamil-ton
Window tint, same ol' song
Lincoln on a sack, with the fifty-dat
Bump my song, get drunk, get it crunk
Country-fried, pack a blunt
Evr'ything tight, volume 2 off in the trunk, bump
In a slump, head-shot got me pumped like a gauge
Turn the page, flip the script
Hit the script jump, shorty with the dump
In the hatchback, ass fat
Nickel bag of funk, caught a skunk in a rat trap
Sat back, hit it once, hit it twice, pass that
Mashed-out, Fleetwood, Cadillac, headed south
Woodgrain, pure grain, hold it in and let it out
Bouncin' like a bunny hunny, tell the shorty set it out
Get in where we fit in, we gon' try our best to sell it out
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We makes it hot for 'em, feel the flames
Who separate the real from lames
Yeaga B Stile's his name

(Where you from?)
The Ville, Lagrange, to mills and fane
Look how far Louisville's done came
Now break it down
I like my pockets fat
And my weed green
And my liquor brown
And my hens clean
With they panties down
And a beat that keep
My yeagas bouncin', bouncin', bouncin', bouncin'
Check, check
My mic vocals, is like choke-holds
Fetch the billfold that my cheese is in
And purchase a nickel to help me breathe again
I'm from a place where blood spills and stains
Filled with drug deals and gangs
Yeagas with gold grills and thangs
Drink up, fill ya tanks, spill ya drinks
It's Nappy, dawg, untamed
Southern slang, unchanged
We sendin' slugs through ya brain
(Fuck what you know, good)
And all my thugs, for the sane
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A cool cat, with a pimp hat
Cup fulla gin-jack
Dreaded out, throwin' up deuces
When I'm headed out
Slice it up and bet it out, 5-0-4
Throw the prices up and set it out
Real niggaz never doubt
Swerve to the calico, give me a deuce of that
Make it 2 of that, pack a tip, flush a optimo
Keep the change, got to go
Flirt, tryna talk dirty
Georgia-bred, you can tell by my Hawk jersey
Hit me up if you get off early

Then I dap out, so clean
Yo honey actin' mo' mean
Napped-out, momma asking me "What's all that 'bout?
I say I got big plans, look slim but mapped-out
Country boy with country game
Never spittin' nothin' lame
Get paid to rap, still a dap like ain't nothin' changed
My shit stay Nappy, split ends stay happy
Bad threads must've came from his pappy
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