

No Good

Nappy Roots

[B Stille]

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'[Hook]

Smoke good, drink good, eat good, Fleetwood

Nickel bag of funk'll make a country yeaga sleep good

Yo' hood, my hood, tote heat, sho' should

Folk round here be up to no good[Verse 1]

[Skinny Deville]

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

Everything 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[Hook 2x][Verse 2]

[B Stille]

We makes it hot for 'em, feel the flames

Who separate the real from lames

Yeaga be Stille's his name

(Where you from?)

The Ville, LaGrange, to Mills and Fane

Look how far Louisville's done came!

Now break it downI 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 [Hook 2x] [Verse 2]
 [Fish Scales]
 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?"
 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 [Hook until end]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>