

Area Code 229 (Slowed-N-Chopped)

Field Mob

[Intro - Shawn Jay]

Dougherty County mannnnnnn[Hook - Shawn Jay]

What's yo area code (mine 229)

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If I don't be in yo business nigga stay outta mine

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First muh'fucker run up I'm layin him down[Shawn Jay]

I'm talkin bout these fuck niggaz thought we just was gone!

(Naw) Fell off the motherfuckin map naw pussy nigga (we back!)

Everybody wanna be country now... Don't get it fucked up nigga

FBI Field Boys Incorporated we started this shit... Fleetwoood![Verse 1 - Shawn Jay]

I'm well known from the mackin to the rappin to the packages of weight

Still stackin from the trappin cause I'm platinum wit the yay

Field Boys be on the corner wit them hundred gram boulders

It's a war against poverty I'm a damn soldier

Pumpin sand gun in hand Shawn the man told ya

I stay on (point) like that (Uncle Sam poster)

I'm a younger (Sam Sosa) got (hits galore) more to come

I (run the underground) like I'm a damn (gopher)

Stay in the studio I play wit the groupie hoes

Face on my jewelry froze Jacob in Cuban gold

Daytons on hoopties roll draped in the newest clothes

Gucci to Louis my crew be basically (movin O's)

Bump ya gums bout the M-O-be

You get cha choice "I'll see you" or "R.I.P."

I don't care whatcha thank I don't care whatcha say

Leader of the New South (e-e-err) Shawn Jay[Hook - Shawn Jay]

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First muh'fucker run up I'm layin him down[Chevy P aka Smoke]

Chevy P nigga... DTP nigga... (FBI nigga) FBI nigga...

(Chevy P nigga) DTP nigga...
Yea! Yea! Yea! Yea!
Yea! Yea![Verse 2 - Chevy P aka Smoke]
I'm on the block servin nicks and dimes
Movin more trees and lumberjacks around Christmastime
I got kryp I got light I got that underwater grown dro
Shit mixin pine quarter halves and O's for the low
I bought the coupe supplyin chicks I am the mason layin bricks
Holla at me I got the (keys) Chevy P (call me the locksmith)
I set the Chevrolet Impellie on Latrell Sprees and Pirellis
Drop the belly chopped the ceiling block 450 cops can't catch me
I... got my eyes on the black Range wit the fat frame
Cause its everythang my classic ain't threw up my 'Lac cane
Some trendsetter... before we got popular
I was rockin rose gold when y'all thought that it was copper
I'm the king (what) the general (who) the Dean (okay) the boss (aight)
We the underlords over the whole gotdamn South
And I don't care who you is or what you claim to be
Leader of the New South (era-errr) Chevy P[Hook - Shawn Jay (Chevy P aka Smoke)]
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First muh'fucker run up I'm layin him down[scratches of "Dougherty County" and "my small city called
Albany"] [music to fade]

Songwriters

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