Country Shit (remix)

Big Krit

[Intro - Ludacris]Yeah!
I've been waiting to tell them about this country shit.
I'ma learn you
You ready?
Luda!
[Verse 1 - Ludacris]Let me tell you about these old school Chevys, Cadillac, SS Impalas
If you smoking then we got more sacks then Troy Polamalu
Your partners want some quarters, my partners want some keys
In Atlanta we get that paper, can you haters say cheese?
10,000 watt amps, six 15-inch Kickers
My truck bumping like injecting ass shots, like a stripper
No insurance on these whips, tags all outdated
I might not be shit to you, but my momma thinks I made it
We gone ball till we fall, or this Conjure get us wasted
And I never drink that white, all my women think I'm racist
On that brown with a twist, tell these hoes to reminisce
That my name is Ludacris and I'm like "Bitch!"
[Chorus - Big K.R.I.T.]Let me tell you about this super fly dirty, dirty
Third coast, muddy water
Shawty pop that pussy if you want to
Let me tell you about this old school pour and lean
Candied yams and collard greens
Pocket full of stones riding clean
Let me tell you about this country shit, country, country shit (X4)
[Verse 2 - Big K.R.I.T.]I told them "Aw man, hold up"
Country is what country does
In my crooked letter hoe, who you know do it better for?
Pull up, hop out, clean, in my old school time machine
Keep a parachute for this altitude, because when you riding this high make it hard to breath
Mayday, hollering out payday
Knocking pictures off the wall when I creep
Pros get wet as fuck when I speak

Southern drawl, it's just the way it be
Heavy like sumo, numero uno
Pouring up brown, she sipping on Nuvo
Pimping so cold never trick a hoe
Outer space with the flow like I'm living on Pluto
What you know bitch?

I'm UGK influenced
Slow it down, chop, chop and screw it for the folk in Texas
That forever wrecking, with the Styrofoam cup and that purple fluid
'Return of 4eva', I thought you knew this
Country shit, that's all I see, that's all I know, that's all I feel, that's all I am, that's all I be
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Bun B]I be candy painted, neck and wrists
Sitting on 24's, Vogues
Pull up on my scene and I mack your bitch
It ain't hard to tell, I suppose she chose
To send over the clothes and shoes
This Charlie Sheen pimping too big to lose
Roll with trues and keep girls in twos
Boy you must've heard wrong, why you be confused?
See, I'm the big brother of Sweet James
I know all about these street games
But the trick gone pay, the chick gone say
So she can't lie about what she bring
I'm certified like USDA
Representing Texas, straight up out PA
Graduated the school of hard knocks with a BA
Right under the nose of the vice and the DA
Anything we say take it as law nigga
When I'm in the booth no rubber, I'm raw nigga
Talk down, getting busted to your jaw, nigga
Like I'm your pa, go run tell your ma nigga
No fraud nigga, 100% old school
No glass house, I'm under the tent
Ask anybody here who running this shit
It's Big Bun in this bitch
[Chorus]

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