

Country Life

Bobby Whitlock

(esg)

Just 'cause we live in the country

Doesn't mean that we slow

Chorus (esg):

Country life

Southern strife

What gives you the damn right?

To come pointin' fingers down at me?

My life is so slow

First verse (esg):

I live that c-o

The u-n

The t to the r to the y

The e to the s to the g be screamin' southside til' I die

See I ride, with carlos, or should I say the s-p-m?

A six three, high, two d's, I almost cracked my damned rims

I swang and bang, I do my thang

Mary jane be in my brain

Codeine in the cup, got twenty's in the truck

Hol up! country life, we got horses and chickens

But our chickens transform into ounces in the kitchen

I ain't snitchin', I'm spittin' on what we do in southern life

Candy cars, ghetto stars, be sippin' ball all night

Two dice, swangin' and bangin' and doin' my thang all night

I paid the price, to have my teeth filled with ice

Look twice you might get blinded by the way my diamonds glisten

E-s-g's who I be, boy I'm country like chitlins

And cornbread, I'm gone fed, kenny red ain't no joke

A last resort like papa roach

Pass the sweet and let's smoke

'cause uh...

Chorus (2x)

Second verse (esg):

Got to keep on truckin' baby to the end, 'cause we got to make it through

You see I know these k-k-k's, they on my trail, they searched my room

Country life ain't all what it seems

And, some of y'all think it's a muthafuckin' dream

But I got many problems on my mind

My weed tolerance is down and I can't get high

Besides that, it's hot as hell outside

The temperature keeps on risin'

And I ain't got a/c in my ride

I don't abide

I ain't the one, I ain't the dumb,

Country man that you really think I am

Country life

Chorus (2x)

Third verse (spm):

I'm the country bumpkin, comin' out the south-uh

Rascal like spanky and beesh is alfalfa

Pull it up out'cha, ki's in my couch-uh

Eight in my fam, I don't give a damn about'cha

Yowza, yowza I sleep with the cows-uh

Rattlesnakes and crickets in my overall trowsers

Got my own stable, own record label

Sittin' on the table, eatin' steak and potatoes

Sippin' on syrup, pickin' your girl up

Take her to my trailer and she make my toes curl up

Silence them boys when they see my toys

My dooley, on twenty-two inch chrome alloys

Got a bourbon that I stretched to fit twenty-four people

Call me chico with security that look like deebo

I used to hang in clubs sellin' tapes in the restrooms

Now I float in the boat with six bedrooms

Chorus (2x)

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