

# K.A.N. (Kuntry Ass Niggahs) [Explicit]

## Field Mob

Field Mob, I'm Shawn J and him, that's Bulldog I represent the south and that's the way I'm a keep it  
If you got game then peep it, it's the southern way  
I wouldn't have it no other way, so muthafuck  
What the others say, love it or leave Yes, it's hard but it's fair, gotta hustle to get it  
Keep grindin' and grindin' and soon you will get it  
The struggle is in me, that's how I had to live  
That's why I'm actin' like a nigga that ain't never had shit Mashin' the flo master to the floor, petal to the metal  
Hear the dual pipes roar, wanna be a balla shot caller  
Twenty inch blades, skinny Benny tryin' to get paid We them country ass niggas from the bottom of the map  
Ridin' heavy big bodies and vogues  
We drink cheap liquor smoke sticky sweet swisher  
And boy we love fucking them hoes We them country ass niggas from the bottom of the map  
Ridin' heavy big bodies and vogues  
We drink cheap liquor smoke sticky sweet swisher  
And boy we love fucking them hoes Damn real I'm a country ass nigga, Shawn show no shame  
Bare foot on your block selling rock cocaine  
Georgia boy from the south spit when I talk  
Smack when I eat from the field pimp when I walk Whoa, 'lil daddy he ain't even not ready  
Field Mob come ridin' a stretch box Chevy  
Follow me now, I'm a take you  
Where the good dope at call it butter  
Where the hood folks at in the gutter Stay low, keep movin' nah you can't stop  
Them boys infrared dot your Durag and tank top  
That guerrilla coke grown, suburban word  
With more grams than a old folks home Now this the way I slang dick every which a way  
Best get your bitch and pray she don't wanna get with J  
But if I do mack your bitch  
You just shit outta luck like leprechaun laxative We them country ass niggas from the bottom of the map  
Ridin' heavy big bodies and vogues  
We drink cheap liquor smoke sticky sweet swisher  
And boy we love fucking them hoes We them country ass niggas from the bottom of the map  
Ridin' heavy big bodies and vogues  
We drink cheap liquor smoke sticky sweet swisher  
And boy we love fucking them hoes I get sick if I ain't home in the south you can hear it in my voice  
Watch I get on the track and ride like a Rolls Royce  
And lean in it, spit sixteen, supreme splendid  
Tipsy from tangueray with tangerines in it They say the south slow, folk what's the speed limit?  
Nah, fuck the speed limit these bustas need gimmick  
The game like a skinny girl pussy, deep

So deep, you could park a limousine in it  
All in my green tinted, D's in it Chevy caprice in it  
On mean 20's paint shinin' like oil sheens in it  
Leanin' on white blunts, so fresh so clean in it  
It ain't sprite or water then don't you drink in it  
6:15 in beatin' up your spleen in it  
Tricks dream to be in it, just to be seen in it  
Flex, mug mean in it, when I can't clean it  
Man, just like can't clean it  
We them country ass niggas from the bottom of the map  
Ridin' heavy big bodies and vogues  
We drink cheap liquor smoke sticky sweet swisher  
And boy we love fucking them hoes  
We them country ass niggas from the bottom of the map  
Ridin' heavy big bodies and vogues  
We drink cheap liquor smoke sticky sweet swisher  
And boy we love fucking them hoes

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