

# Redneck Rap (Britches and Hoes)

[Lex Zaleta](#)

Pull on your boots, button your bib,  
While we spin some tales from the crib.  
We freestyle and we ad lib,  
Sippin' on rum and Mr. Pibb. Yeah, we spit - because we chew.  
Most of the females around here "Moo"!  
Hip hop's what those bunny rabbits do.  
Gangsta's Al Capone and his crew. 'Round here only the river flows.  
Bling's how our Chinese cell phone goes.  
You'll find us out back in the corn rows,  
Gettin' down low with our britches and hoes. Just in case you're wonderin',  
We're not in the hood -- we're under it.  
Keepin' that old pickup a-runnin',  
So we can load a couple ton in. We got drive thrus, not drive bys.  
The grill is where we get our fries.  
Junk in the trunk is no surprise --  
Takin' it to those scrap-metal guys. 'Round here only the river flows.  
Bling's how our Chinese cell phone goes.  
You'll find us out back in the corn rows,  
Gettin' down low with our britches and hoes. Keep our pants up to hide our briefs.  
Keep our "dew" rags up our sleeves.  
They're our morning handkerchiefs --  
No gang colors or motifs. You got ridin' beats; we got red beets.  
No SWAT teams at our swap meets.  
Oatmeal is what's in our bowl;  
Tootsie is just how we roll. 'Round here only the river flows.  
Bling's how our Chinese cell phone goes.  
You'll find us out back in the corn rows,  
Gettin' down low with our britches and hoes. Six Pack is our local poet;  
A bud wiser and he knows it.  
Field of rhyme -- he mows it.  
For better or verse -- he throws it. "Weed" is always plural down here;  
That's we all love our old John Deere.  
Forty's how many acres we clear.  
Long neck's how we like our beer. 'Round here only the river flows.  
Bling's how our Chinese cell phone goes.  
You'll find us out back in the corn rows,  
Gettin' down low with our britches and hoes. Pull on your boots, button your bib,  
While we spin some tales from the crib.  
We freestyle and we ad lib,

Sippin' on rum and Mr. Pibb. Blunt is just the way we talk.  
You'll always know what we're sayin'.  
Ours is the straight and narrow walk --  
All truth with none of that playin'. 'Round here only the river flows.  
Bling's how our Chinese cell phone goes.  
You'll find us out back in the corn rows,  
Gettin' down low with our britches and hoes. Copyright 2012 Lex Zaleta

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