

# Country Life

## South Park Mexican

Just cuz we live in the country  
Doesn't mean that we slow

Country life  
Southern strife  
What gives you the damn right?  
To come pointin' fingers down at me?  
My life is so slow

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  
Cuz uh...

Got to keep on truckin' baby to the end, cuz 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

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

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Lyrics submitted by isaac.

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