Country Boyz

Nappy Roots

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

We just some country boys, country walk, country talk
Don't bring it round here 'less ya know fa sho' it's jumpin' off
We just some country boys, country walk, country talk
Don't bring it round here 'less ya know fa sho' it's jumpin' offThis nigga no games with my Hanes tee shirt, with a pic and roll chain
Doo-rag, heavy blue 'Lac , 85 South, don't drive it too fast
My niggaz don't roll no billies, get a big box of them brown Dutches
We don't want no brand new Cartel
Brandon lemme get them keys to the Cutlass
Represent for the M I L, the A T L, the Macktown
Stay smokin' that smackdown, keep myself a little half pound
You know me, still in the cut, on the back po'ch Jig drillin' it up
Black folks just livin' it up, court next week not givin a fuck!What's up? Grown standin, only rap to them grown women
Stay high, we'll play shy, least till I can get home wit 'em
Shorty whattchu thinkin'? Whattchu drinkin'? Thinkin' it is what it ain't
I can't be trickin', so don't be trippin', thinkin' I can't when I can't, come onWe just some country boys, country walk, country talk
Don't bring it round here 'less ya know fa sho' it's jumpin' off
We just some country boys, country walk, country talk
Don't bring it round here 'less ya know fa sho' it's jumpin' offNigga hooked it up, like the waitress from the IHop
Nothin but the grits, steak, and egg with that
Waitin for the five dollar pancake, front-back side to side
Them polly country boy, Cadillac, cat sick in the multi-color
All clean twenty inches at the seam plenty chickens
Get the green spit the swishers at the Beam shit done seem
Craziest muh'fucker, what y'all niggaz do for cream
Never knock the hustle scheme, only what the cheddar bringHate, fake-niggaz, hoes, envy, greed, jealousy
Can't hate, what a nigga make, type of enemies
Smilin' in my face but they really ain't no friend to me
Can't wait, send em eight straight nine milli-mee

Aww hell naw, y'all niggaz ain't feelin' me!
Colt 45 everytime like Billy D
Ninety-five [Incomprehensible] leave through Tennessee
Quarter pound with the chron' fuckin wit my memoryWe just some country boys, country walk, country talk
Don't bring it round here 'less ya know fa sho' it's jumpin' off
We just some country boys, country walk, country talk
Don't bring it round here 'less ya know fa sho' it's jumpin' offPeanut butter, rag-tops, what's fuckin' wit that?
String beans pork chops, what's fuckin' wit that?
Dime sack with the gnac, what's fuckin' wit that?
What's fuckin' with that? What's fuckin' wit that?
Every Chevy on dubs, what's fuckin' wit that?
Jodi-Bodi, strip clubs, what's fuckin' wit that?
Nappy Roots, hey dawg, what's fuckin' wit that?
What's fuckin' wit that? What's fuckin' wit that?Go down to the country, you won't wanna go back
Vertical grills in front of the 'Lac
Guns roll so fast put one in my back
Plus a buncha country boys wit gats
You don't want none a that
Keep my nine right beside me, at all times
'Coz I be in the line, like some of these niggaz you find
Don't want you to shine, right yeaFrom the side and nine to nine
Roll around here somethin' tryna sell mine
Lord know but I got a dime early time
Got me feelin' to', now my Eggo's cold
See I'm a country boy, close the door
Clinton and Gore, y'all been warned
Guns and more, better hit the floor
Them yeggaz want ya 'coz they comin' in with them lawsFuck yo life, buck my chife and I got my ride, fool, I'm ready to ride
For my yeggaz I'ma bring it to you dead or alive
Yeah that's fo sho' ya betta know that
You a nasty hoe, ya betta show that
Got a quiet lil' spot we can go at
And if you ain't wit that, we can show you where the doe atWe just some country boys, country walk, country talk
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