

# Country Rap Tunes

## Big Krit

[Hook] This for all my country folk  
Slamming them Caddy doors  
Sitting out on the porch  
Fresh from head to toe  
This for all my Southern kin  
Be proud of who you is  
No matter where and when  
Let 'em know the game you're in  
This for all my country folk

[Verse 1] Back on my grind again, wasting no time again  
Putting it on the line, been losing I'm tryna win  
Whenever, right now is the better  
Hoping all those stars and planets align together  
Tryna weather the storm, go beyond and gone  
Find all of life's treasures, bringing 'em to my home  
Like, like we made it Sippi-land, country and all of that  
Tell all them haters congratulate us or fall back  
Cause I'm in my old school, traveling to the A  
Don't worry, little baby brother, I'll be back like any day  
Spread the word, I flip verbs like birds  
Get flipped by dope boys that park rims on the curb  
Got my CD in they deck, bop they heads, break they neck

Whispering that I got next to execs  
That never heard of Mississippi lyricists  
Not even visionaries envision this

[Hook][Verse 2] Leave it behind, the, the, the crime  
Fighting for every yard across the poverty line  
Any given Sunday could be my last  
Pay my tithes with the gas money or let the plate pass  
Cause God can understand the lows  
The feeling of being stranded on the side of the road  
Watching all the fancy cars come and go  
Like it couldn't get no worse, but it storms some more  
Cause whenever it rains, little buddy, it pours  
When you need the sunshine like the most  
But even a magnolia fights to grow  
Under certain circumstances similar to yours  
I just wanna be heavenly, I suppose

Cause success never ever save your soul  
I came from the bottom of the map to show  
The world that it's more to us country folk  
[Hook]

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