Country Life

Tk-J

(esg)
Just 'cause we live in the country
Doesn't mean that we slow
Chorus (esg):
Country life
Southern strife
What gives you the damn right?
To come pointin' fingers down at me?
My life is so slow
First verse (esg):
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
'cause uh...
Chorus (2x)

Second verse (esg):
Got to keep on truckin' baby to the end, 'cause 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
Chorus (2x)
Third verse (spm):
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
Chorus (2x)

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