

Country N Gutta

Romeo

[Chorus: x2]Country n gutta mouth full of gold ice length chain chevorlet super spokes thats how im living and i
love it

(thats how im living and i love it) everyday look i be thuggin (cause im thuggin) [x2]

[Verse 1:]Country and throwed off get ya average lil star then swith to a star but we aint scared to go to war
(g's side)

south side hustlers gold grillz and new whips and i keep green on me like my name lil flip god's gift
dont play gotta hit below the waist dont need a bank account a couple mil in the safe (ay)
let me chill for a min hope you keep a py-py cause you gone need spinach got the whips alligator on the seats
gator boys thuggin couple dimes in the jeep h-o-o-b-s-t-r cookie monster in my blood just call me j-r
oooh give me a ball and imma put it through the hoop you shoot im gone shoot cross me i cross you raised on
kool aid

and grits cornbread and cabbage im a beast on the streets and i get it from my daddy

[Chorus x2][Verse 2: Lil Boosie]I take a walk outside bandanna on my pocket (bad azz) he be wilding got them
bad chicks hollin

shine up my grillz cock back my field big money and big stuntin boy
im bout that for real had 50 on my wrist way before i made a hit orange charger so retarded

but the yellow so sick i got ghetto love from ghetto thugs and ghetto guls yea we act a donky though ask my
dawg romeo

from batton rouge where its country as hell everybody touchin known to cause hell in the hot summer
fresh clothes fresh bowls brush my teeth 2 times a day so i got them fresh golds im smiling wildin at the clubs
im the truth on them beats the penitentiary they behind it cause im keepin it street im from the gutta
when we find one meal we feed each other so you cant knock my hustle (look)

[Chorus x2][Verse 3:]Crank up my chevy (chevy) high its just a ticket (oh boy) big block motor cant control it
when im tippin

you can wear your platnium (platnium) and your gold grillz homie same clothes 3 days and them guls still on
me (yea)

i roll wit romeo so they treat me like a king (king) respect it world wide batton rouge
do ya thing hit my round player tonight it going down (down) he say he got that good me
imma bring the brown down south is where im found (yea) we call it up town except them calls from my dawg
i cant wait til he touch down (down) gangsta thats my round (round) disrespect it we gone clown
got sum in the car thats gone chop a hundred round (round) boy you know im real i show love to all my people
a hundred round my neck try to touch it they gone beat ya (beat ya) country and im gutta they thought i
wouldn't make it no matter

what they say boy we kept jiggalatin

[Chorus x2]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>