

Lac Dogs & Hogs

Nappy Roots

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Skinny talkin' 'bout that wood with that custom leather, bangin' down I, 65
Slaw and slum but dubs are better, who you think gon' keep it live?

It's Nappy bitch, what have to come

Pay attention, learn your lesson, yup

We them country folk with Caddy Hogs and D.T.S.'s, Lac Dogs

What you think that Nappy gon' be broke forever? Shit no

Hit the bank and cashin' in on old investments

What, you ain't know about them country fried sessions?

Does that Likwit hit in '97, answer all yo' questions?

Kentucky's on the map now

Who you think done gave directions?

From the top and back down, we rep the country to perfection

Don't it look so slum with 55 from New York down to Texas?

Hella poor straight from the South and haters must respect this

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(Let me tell you about it)

When I first got my baby she could barely start

A-hand-me-down from a real O G, all day she stayed in park

Almost never did she drive, born in 1979

And she weighed about a ton, big ol' body built to run

First thing I done, hauled her over, had her hummin' G notes

Underneath her hood, hundreds of horses powered her ego

Her government name was Coup Deville but I called her Miss Piggy

Top her with some [Incomprehensible] and fit her for some twenties

(Twenties)

Playas hate that I be trickin' like she's all that I'm love with

So we took her to the edge and shoved it and still ball out on a budget

Dug in her guts, laced her up with leather and wood

Together it go good, us country boys forever stay hood

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You shove that shit that go bump bump bump bump and ya

Shake the lock off her mothe'fucker trunk, when ya

Hit the block make her mothe'fucker jump

Roll your window down, stop, look like somethin' like a pimp

Roll that window back up, and show 'em they reflection

And their ultra fade then chop on that suck like Wesley's blade

Escalade D.T.S., switch it up, keep them haters on they toes

Red rolls, fleet wood hoes

Can't believe it, when they see them twenty fo's, believe it
My ham and cheese the freshest
Now what I'm talkin' 'bout?
I give you three guesses
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You feel the wind, don't ya?
You hear the tires squallin'
Kentucky, Colorado, Boston down to New Orleans
Big bodies get it done, Dodge Ram preferably
'Cause they do run run, they do run run
Black magic, lookin' better then Wesson fryin' a pan of fish
Gangsta leanin' like they do in Los Angeles
(That's gangsta)
Adjective, describin' what I'm rollin' in
Them country fellas ain't gon' stop it, we on the road again
Goddamn, yes I am, the thriller with the skrilla
Got plans, Pac fan strictly for my niggaz
Stop starin', we not playin', armor color kryptonite
Rims nice but thank God our dreams came to life
Fast roller, cash swoll up, the mind mold up, the crowd hold us
Soldiers quick to throw they rags when I roll up
Dimes is quarters, sell liquor, my rhymes is colder
Prophet never look this fine since I grinded Cola
Roll up

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