

# Lip Gloss

## that dog.

The filthy, nasty, dirty, south!  
I represent Albany gorillas, rock choppers, and drug niggas  
We bust shots and slugs on hot blocks of thug niggas  
I'm done talkin', I come walkin', short stalkin'  
If it's beef I shine in the dark and I keep my gun sparkin'  
Well it's the dirty, we young figgas plug rikkas  
Well stunnin', front with ya, we hunt and come hit ya  
Gizuh, now grab me and still might out run this  
We gonna tell the towman and woman, tell 'em sure done this  
They got me laughin' and jokin', crystal blastin' and smokin'  
Mashin' askin' for action while they gaggin' and chokin'  
Yeah that's real boy, them field boys be thug not  
You best watch the field tonight, we step into the southern house  
Look for field gores in tight clothes, hair weave and micros  
Field boys we smoke by, freak by these bow-ties  
Quick rain the flip flop, gangstank in the zip-locks  
Bitches need stitches whinin' bitches with lip gloss  
We filthy boy, we nasty boy, we dirty  
You beef with me, you be deceased, you heard me?  
cottin' pickers, and rottin' niggas, we takin' over  
we field boys, we soldiers, representin' Georgia  
(Hook x2)  
It's da dirty (ha), da dirty (what), dirty  
Da dirty, boy it's real in the field  
It's da dirty (ha), da dirty (what), dirty (heard me?)  
The filthy, nasty, dirty, south! It's Boondox like that low-down, nasty, filthy fella from the field  
Dedicated to southern housin' and better make a meal  
The southern way, no other way, there's no better way to live  
Like sugar ass hoes that squeal, white king easy but real  
Southern crunk but your station the bunk, while the bass in the trunk,  
while you blazin' the gun, and too dirty ain't no wastin' his bong  
Representin' the place where you from, the gritty, bidding player  
Suberbans on twenties player, swing at a grinning player  
Smoltin' reds, foul heads, phase fours and glats  
The watermelon, beer can and peaches we roll with that  
Want a visit well, the welcomers deader than door mat  
Wanna beef well, run your way, do it in 'bout four flat  
Better know that a contemplayer and show that  
Them field mob cats fill the off with toe tacks

If you can't survive in the dirty, player then go back  
Or run up a gorilla, gorillas that tow that(Hook x2)  
It's da dirty (ha), da dirty (what), dirty  
Da dirty, boy it's real in the field  
It's da dirty (ha), da dirty (what), dirty (heard me?)  
The filthy, nasty, dirty, south! Feel my foes from the field deep down in the south  
Smokin' t-shirts and jeans, watch we go here and by  
Say dirty, south! (dirty south!)  
Say dirty, south! (dirty south!)  
To my thugs from the field deep down in the south  
Real big guns and barred paper chasin' for clock  
Say dirty, south! (dirty south!)  
Say dirty, south! (dirty south!)  
Get him off him boy, get him off him boy  
Get him off him boy, get him (get him) off him boy  
Get him off him boy, get him off him boy  
Get him off him boy, get him (get him) off him boy  
Get him off him boy, get him off him boy  
Get him off him boy, get him (get him) off him boy  
Get him off him boy, get him off him boy  
Get him off him boy, get him (get him) off him boy(Hook x3 to fade)  
It's da dirty (ha), da dirty (what), dirty  
Da dirty, boy it's real in the field  
It's da dirty (ha), da dirty (what), dirty (heard me?)  
The filthy, nasty, dirty, south!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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