

# Country Boyz

## Nappy Roots

(Hook: All)

We just some country boys - country walk, country talk  
Don't bring it round here 'less ya know fa sho' it's jumpin off  
We just some country boys - country walk, country talk  
Don't bring it round here 'less ya know fa sho' it's jumpin off(B. Stille)  
Uhhh. this nigga no games (games)  
With my Hanes tee shirt, with a pic and roll chain (chain...)  
Doo-rag, heavy blue 'Lac - 65 South, don't drive it too fast (too fast)  
My niggaz don't roll no billies,  
get a big box of them brown Dutches (brown Dutches)  
We don't want no brand new Cartel  
Brandon lemme get them keys to the Cutlass (Cutlass)  
Represent for the M-I-L, the A-T-L, the Macktown (Macktown)  
Stay smokin that smackdown, keep myself a little half pound (half pound)  
You know B. Stille in the cut, on the back po'ch Jig drillin it up  
Black folks just livin it up, court next week not givin a fuck!  
What's up? Grown standin - only rap to them grown women (grown women)  
Stay high, we'll play shy, least till I can get home wittem  
Shorty whattchu thinkin? Whattchu drinkin? - thinkin it is what it ain't  
I can't be trickin, so don't be trippin, thinkin I can't when I can't  
Come on.

(Hook: All)(Skinny DeVille)

Nigga hooked it up, like the waitress from the IHOP  
Nothin but the grits, steak, and egg with that  
waitin for the five dollar pancake, front-back side to side  
Them polly country boy, Cadillac, cat sick in the multi-color  
All clean (twenty inches) at the seam (plenty chickens)  
Get the green (spit the swishers) at the Beam (shit done seem)  
Craziest muh'fucker, what y'all niggaz do for cream  
Never knock the hustle scheme, only what the cheddar bring  
Hate, fake-niggaz, hoes, envy, greed, jealousy  
Cain't hate, what a nigga make, type of enemies  
Smilin in my face but they really ain't no friend to me  
Cain't wait, send em eight straight nine milli-mee  
Aww hell naw, y'all niggaz ain't feelin me!  
Colt 45 e'rytime like Billy D  
Sixty-five (?) leave through Tennessee  
Quarter pound with the chron' fuckin wit my memory  
(Hook: All)(Hook 2: Fish Scales + (R. Proffit))  
Peanut butter (Rag-tops) - what's fuckin wit that?!  
(String beans) pork chops - what's fuckin wit that?!  
Dime sack (with the gnac') - what's fuckin wit that?!

What's fuckin with that?! What's fuckin wit that?!  
Every Chevy (on dubs) - what's fuckin wit that?!  
(Jodi-Bodi) strip clubs - what's fuckin wit that?!  
Nappy Roots (hey dawg) - what's fuckin wit that?!  
What's fuckin wit that?! What's fuckin wit that?!(Fish Scales)  
Go down to the country, you won't wanna go back  
Vertical grills in front of the 'Lac  
Guns roll so fast put one in my back  
Plus a buncha country boys wit gats, you don't want none-a that  
Keep - my nine - right beside me, at all times  
Cuz I be in the line, like somma these niggaz you find  
Don't want you to shine, right yea.(R. Prophit)  
From the side and nine-to-nine  
Roll around here somethin tryna sell mine  
Lord know but I got a dime early time  
Got me feelin to', now my Eggo's cold  
See I'm a country boy (Huh?) Close the door (Huh?)  
Clinton and Gore (Huh?) Y'all been warned (Huh?)  
Guns and more - better hit the floor  
Them yeggaz want ya cuz they comin in with them laws(Fish Scales)  
Fuck - yo life; buck - my chife  
and I got my ride, fool, I'm ready to ride  
For my yeggaz I'ma bring it to you dead or alive(R. Prophit)  
Yeah that's fa sho' ya betta know that  
You a nasty hoe, ya betta show that  
Got a quiet lil' spot we can go at  
And if you ain't wit that, we can show you where the do' at(Hook: All)(Hook 2)(music to fade)  
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