

Don't worry about this dirty south til it's mud floods ya front stoop
Aces and acres of haters growing out the same root
That hit you quicker than poverty in two major arteries
Havin you movin and softshoe-in like who made you property

Black face and sambos, tied for last place
Let facts state, we like Wildcats in a rat race
At that rate, the state stay ahead of tomorrow
Standing out like mount Kilimanjaro

So through this Bluegrass follow sorrow
Blacker then the ghetto you fear
You disappear like the future of the ghetto you near
Where index fingers bring the heavy metal you hear
Block stars loading guns as fiends battle for crumbs

Come travel through slums, try politickin with pushas
Made block decisions, while mothaf**kas overlooked us
Under the radar like helicopters on the sly
Crept in with hoods on, KKKY

KKKY, more then what you thank it is
Ain't just tobacco, some bourbon and where horse racin live
This is for my Mark Makers, I keep my flask tipped
Live where the grass crip, steppin in my blood

Don't try to play Mike Vick and stick a dog in this fight
Ya art of loud bark don't veto your mosquitoish bite
The mc's too dark, the producer to white
Fam the lyrics too loose, the beats is to tight

We parry blows, we bury foes through stereos
Keep an aerial view over scenarios
Some niggaz, that move spirts like a liquor store
AA, after 12 steps you back to get some more

Makers of Woodford Reserve that curve ya nerves
We country, coming with fists while you armed with words
Field nigga brand hands that'll slap you to sleep
From the land of hard liquor and tobacco that's cheap

We rose like Lazarus, a miraculous feat
Put soul in it gave what's left back to the streets

But we all artist regardless of the art is in speech
Close Kyn, make notes bent tryna find a release from this