

Country Shit

Big K.R.I.T.

Let me tell you bout this super fly dirty dirty Third coast muddy water
Shawty pop that pussy if ya wanna
Let me tell you bout this Old school pourin' lean candy yams and collard greens
Pocket fulla stones ridin' clean
Let me tell you bout this country shit
Country country shit (country country shit)
Let me tell you bout this country shit
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I told 'em aw man hold up what you know about it
Candy cars, superstars, rubberbands in my pocket
A couple broads for the popping if she ridin then she bopping
Bitch I'm sellin if you shopping if you need it then I got it
If I want it then I cop it kin you don't like nigga top it
Why you worried bout mine hoe? What's off in your wallet?
I was riding my screw shit, rims chop-chopping
Top dropping throwing bread crumbs crows start flocking
Knockin pictures off the wall
We sit tall but we still crawl
If we still shoot we still score
We still win so we still ball
We still hood so fuck dem laws
I got nuts and I got loot
If you can't see the king in a nigga like me undoubtedly
Well fuck you too, yeah

Okay the Caddy still swangin'
And the trunk still bangin'
Nigga trickin' ain't pimpin' shawty
What is y'all thankin'?
Wh-wh-what is y'all sayin?
What-what is y'all sangin'?
Hit the club by the bar like
What is y'all drankin'?
Old schools, foreign cars
Shawty what is y'all crankin'?
Kush blunts Bank tellers ask me
"Why is y'all stankin? "
If it's money I chill
Shawty why is y'all playin'?
She was bound to fuck a pimp
So why is you carin'?
Save the hoe, Cape Crusader at her service aiding hoe
Damn the hoe, blame the hoe
For the same shit you pay me for
Shake it more for a pimp
With my shrimp on my plate
Countrified, country fly with a tape