

**K.k.k.y.**

**CunninLynguists**

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