

K.a.n.

Field Mob

Field Mob, I'm Shawn J and him, that's Bulldog
I represent the south and that's the way I'm a keep it
If you got game then peep it, it's the southern way
I wouldn't have it no other way, so muthaf**k
What the others say, love it or leave
Yes, it's hard but it's fair, gotta hustle to get it
Keep grindin' and grindin' and soon you will get it
The struggle is in me, that's how I had to live
That's why I'm actin' like a nigga that ain't never had shit
Mashin' the flo master to the floor, petal to the metal
Hear the dual pipes roar, wanna be a balla shot caller
Twenty inch blades, skinny Benny tryin' to get paid
We them country ass niggas from the bottom of the map
Ridin' heavy big bodies and vogues
We drink cheap liquor smoke sticky sweet swisher
And boy we love f**king them hoes
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Damn real I'm a country ass nigga, Shawn show no shame
Bare foot on your block selling rock cocaine
Georgia boy from the south spit when I talk
Smack when I eat from the field pimp when I walk
Whoa, 'lil daddy he ain't even not ready
Field Mob come ridin' a stretch box Chevy
Follow me now, I'm a take you
Where the good dope at call it butter
Where the hood folks at in the gutter
Stay low, keep movin' nah you can't stop
Them boys infrared dot your Durag and tank top
That guerrilla coke grown, suburban word
With more grams than a old folks home
Now this the way I slang dick every which a way
Best get your bitch and pray she don't wanna get with J
But if I do mack your bitch
You just shit outta luck like leprechaun laxative
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I get sick if I ain't home in the south you can hear it in my voice
Watch I get on the track and ride like a Rolls Royce
And lean in it, spit sixteen, supreme splendid
Tipsy from tangueray with tangerines in it
They say the south slow, folk what's the speed limit?
Nah, f**k the speed limit these bustas need gimmick
The game like a skinny girl pussy, deep
So deep, you could park a limousine in it
All in my green tinted, D's in it Chevy caprice in it
On mean 20's paint shinin' like oil sheens in it
Leanin' on white blunts, so fresh so clean in it
It ain't sprite or water then don't you drink in it

6:15 in beatin' up your spleen in it
Tricks dream to be in it, just to be seen in it
Flex, mug mean in it, when I can't clean it
Man, just like can't clean it
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Correct these lyrics

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