

## Ballin' On A Budget

Nappy Roots

I'm just a, big bang baller on a budget  
Dank weed, smokin like "fuck it"  
City slicker, country nigga, reppin straight from Kentucky  
Horseshoes and rabbit paws flossin, chicken closs for the lucky  
40 flowers, Range Rovers, so they know the tailpipe's rusted

Country cookin, dog fightin, big-body ridin  
Chillin like a mug in Western Kentuck', showin love  
Summertime a funner time, smoke and gunner time  
Sippin Sprite and somethin dark, every fuckin time

Uhh, okay watch how the po' folk ball  
Stomp through to mall in my overalls, the black Girbaud  
No pager, no cellphone, no access at all  
Just a pack of Dutch Masters and a pint of alcohol

My hooptie, with a down crew like Boots said  
You don't +Perm+, +Fuck a+ fade  
let my hair swang back and forth like a germ  
Ill nigga with sick shit, pull out this and stick it in this thick chick  
Baby mama drama, child support court and ain't worth the biscuit

Whattcha know about them backwood country folk?  
Whattcha know about the 'Lac bone hundred spoke?  
Jimmy Crack Corn; no fade, no comb  
Whattcha know about ballin on a budget bro?  
I'm just ballin on a budget yeaga (yeaga)  
I'm just ballin on a budget yeaga (yeaga)  
I'm just ballin on a budget yeaga (yeaga)  
It's the N the A the P-P-Y

Pull up, dead horns on the hood of my truck  
Kentucky Mud on my shoes and my socks  
Hungry Jack, pheffer tryna stuff some food in my gut  
Country cat in the cowboy hat  
I'm front to back put the house on that

Candied yams, chitlins, greens, and smoked country ham  
Chicken wings, cornbread, gran in the kitchen throwin down  
Eat good, tryna smoke somethin, run up on a pound  
Roll somethin, gut a vega tryna stuff it with a ounce

Hummin, mama cookin that mean it's Sunday mo'nin  
Half a pint of bootleg gin, it keep my goin  
Fat knot, (?) , bad daylight  
Cigars and happy bags, man we stay right

Aww man, we go back, like sweet pickle book clubs  
Nigga that was good love, summertime bathin in a foot tub  
Damn that shit hurt, and my jams in that shirt  
Atari 26, one stick, never worked

Comin up in the woods, all I did was run barefoot  
Ne'er could comb my hair good  
My hairline grew like ten pound vines  
'Tween my rib and my underware  
It's still a thin brown line, shit

Chores did, and ma work out on the clothin line  
Cool as shit, country boys out on the grind  
River views, picknic, big ticks covered the place  
Folks visit, and make it apparent to come back again

Look here, see I smoke like a fire and a drink like a fish  
That's it, ecstasy just ain't on my list  
No comb, no brush, no fade, no pick  
No shit, no hair and you get no dick

Now we love them gals that love themselves, them southern belles  
Them Clydesdale Kentucky gals, with muddy tails  
We cut them gals, no veils, no wedding bells  
Trick on cheap hotels, KY gels and nothin else

[Chorus: Skinny]