

## Kentucky Mud

## Nappy Roots

Trunk funk and the Cadillac thump, really loud  
Puff skunk in the back of the junk, get really live  
Trunk funk and the Cadillac thump, really loud  
Puff skunk in the back of the junk, get really live

That's the Nappy Boys, travellin on the dirt road with Kentucky Mud  
What's to love? A Cadillac somethin like a DeVille, it may be dubbed  
Southbound, headed back to the west, and DeVille downtown  
I'm takin it to the flat, hit up the Hollow back in J-Town  
See my Cave folks got that grey pound, we hit the interstate  
Straight be blowin like a freight train, ain't tryna catch a case  
We take the back road off in Glasgow, we can travel it with no hassle  
Shoot through Roscoe, back in A-Town like a king off in his castle

(?) homes be the cribs with the fun in it  
Pound of weed, a couple of freaks, and a gun in it  
City slick if you want, but us; we be slummin it  
(?) if ya have it and put crumbs in it

Kentucky Mud! Damn right folk nuttin but love!  
Big truck roll through yeaga nuttin but slums!  
Kentucky Mud! Damn right folk nuttin but love!  
And these blocks don't hold yeaga nuttin but uhh..!  
Kentucky Mud!

Simple life back to its hardest again  
Farmer in the dell, I'll be damned it's harvest again  
Get it in, get it in, hey boy - cook it and eat it  
Hit the bar for relaxation and a BAG of cheeba  
Planes to catch, shows to do, reps to lose  
LOTS of game, nothin to lose, payin the dues  
Tryna get ours, winnin to lose  
Brought in the game, then we was applied to the rules, whoo!

Back to the field with hustlers, take anything and make work  
We catch ya slippin, we just might get up and truck and take yours  
These parts are packed with pimps and the players hate on the gangsters  
Take only what you make first, bump to wake the neighbors

Kentucky Mud throw ya hands up  
Put 'em together like this  
C'mon, c'mon, Nappy Roots in this, whoo!  
Kentucky Mud is the shhhhh...  
Yeah, so throw ya hands up high! high!  
Put 'em together like this  
Nappy Roots in this, whoo!  
Kentucky Mud is the shhhhh...

Nappy Roots, steak and 'tatas, eggs and bacon  
The rooster crowed so I know it was time for me to awaken \*rooster call\*  
Country livin, and the country cookin in a country kitchen  
Good intention and strong religion, it's a strong tradition  
Kicked to mud off my boots and dust off my pants and  
Just came from the ranch but they swear we was (?)  
B. Stille and them be chillin, spendin the time with our children  
Finna mail off my stamps and we'll be grillin  
Step offa this Kentucky Mud...

[Chorus 2 - 2X]