

No Good

Nappy Roots

Yooooo!

I said Yooooo!

For all them industry haters that said we couldn't do it...

This for my country thug street yeagas!

You know we gon'

Smoke good, drink good, eat good, Fleetwood

Nickel bag of funk'll make a country yeaga sleep good

Yo' hood, my hood, tote heat, sho' should

Folk round here be up to no good

My yeaga lookin like one of them days

I got a Franklin in my pocket, with this lint like a slave

And 20 cent to my name, tryna make this crime pay

Money spent, Ben gone, left me with the Hamil-
ton

Window tint, same ol' song

Lincoln on a sack, with the fifty-dat

Bump my song, Get drunk, get it crunk

Country-fried, pack a blunt

Erything tight, Volume 2 off in the trunk, bump

In a slump, head-shot got me pumped like a gauge

Turn the page, flip the script

Hit the script jump, shorty with the dump

In the hatchback, ass fat

Nickel bag of funk, caught a skunk in a rat trap

Sat back, hit it once, hit it twice, pass that

Mashed-out, Fleetwood, Cadillac, headed South

Woodgrain, Pure Grain, hold it in and let it out

Bouncin' like a bunny hunny, tell the shorty set it out

Get in where we fit in, we gon' try our best to sell it out

We makes it hot for 'em, feel the flames

Who seperate the real from lames

Yeaga B Stille's his name

(Where you from?)

The Ville, LaGrange, to Mills and Fane

Look how far Louisville's done came!

Now break it down

I like my pockets fat

And my weed green

And my liquor brown

And my hens clean

With they panties down

And a beat that keep my yeagas bouncin, bouncin, bouncin, bouncin

Check, check

My mic vocals, is like choke-holds

Fetch the billfold that my cheese is in

And purchase a nickel to help me breathe again

I'm from a place where blood spills and stains

Filled with drug deals and gangs

Yeagas with gold grills and thangs

Drink up, fill ya tanks, spill ya drinks

It's Nappy, dawg, untamed

Southern slang, unchanged

We sendin' slugs through ya brain

(Fuck what you know, good)
And all my thugs, for the sane

A cool cat, with a pimp hat
Cup fulla Gin-Jack
Dreaded out, throwin up deuces
When I'm headed out
Slice it up and bet it out, 5-0-4
Throw the prices up and set it out
Real niggaz never doubt
Swerve to the calico, give me a deuce of that
Make it 2 of that, pack a tip, flush a Optimo
Keep the change, got to go
Flirt, tryna talk dirty
Georgia-bred, you can tell by my Hawk jersey
Hit me up if you get off early
Then I dap out, so clean
Yo honey actin' mo' mean
Napped-out, momma asking me "What's all that 'bout?"
Say I got big plans, look slim but mapped-out
Country boy with country game
Never spittin' nothin' lame
Get paid to rap, still a dap like ain't nothin' changed
My shit stay Nappy, split ends stay happy
Bad threads must've came from his pappy

[Hook until end]