

Lip Gloss

that dog.

The filthy, nasty, dirty, south!
I represent Albany gorillas, rock choppers, and drug niggas
We bust shots and slugs on hot blocks of thug niggas
I'm done talkin', I come walkin', short stalkin'
If it's beef I shine in the dark and I keep my gun sparkin'
Well it's the dirty, we young figgas plug rikkas
Well stunnin', front with ya, we hunt and come hit ya
Gizuh, now grab me and still might out run this
We gonna tell the towman and woman, tell 'em sure done this
They got me laughin' and jokin', crystal blastin' and smokin'
Mashin' askin' for action while they gaggin' and chokin'
Yeah that's real boy, them field boys be thug not
You best watch the field tonight, we step into the southern house
Look for field gores in tight clothes, hair weave and micros
Field boys we smoke by, freak by these bow-ties
Quick rain the flip flop, gangstank in the zip-locks
Bitches need stitches whinin' bitches with lip gloss
We filthy boy, we nasty boy, we dirty
You beef with me, you be deceased, you heard me?
Cottin' pickers, and rottin' niggas, we takin' over
We field boys, we soldiers, representin' Georgia

It's da dirty (ha), da dirty (what), dirty
Da dirty, boy it's real in the field
It's da dirty (ha), da dirty (what), dirty (heard me?)
The filthy, nasty, dirty, south!

It's Boondox like that low-down, nasty, filthy fella from the field
Dedicated to southern housin' and better make a meal
The southern way, no other way, there's no better way to live
Like sugar ass hoes that squeal, white king easy but real
Southern crunk but your station the bunk, while the bass in the trunk,
While you blazin' the gun, and too dirty ain't no wastin' his bong
Representin' the place where you from, the gritty, bidding player
Suberbans on twenties player, swing at a grinning player
Smoltin' reds, foul heads, phase fours and glats
The watermelon, beer can and peaches we roll with that
Want a visit well, the welcomers deader than door mat
Wanna beef well, run your way, do it in 'bout four flat
Better know that a contemplayer and show that
Them field mob cats fill the off with toe tacks
If you can't survive in the dirty, player then go back
Or run up a gorilla, gorillas that tow that

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Feel my foes from the field deep down in the south
Smokin' t-shirts and jeans, watch we go here and by
Say dirty, south! (dirty south!)
Say dirty, south! (dirty south!)
To my thugs from the field deep down in the south
Real big guns and barred paper chasin' for clock
Say dirty, south! (dirty south!)
Say dirty, south! (dirty south!)

Get him off him boy, get him off him boy
Get him off him boy, get him (get him) off him boy
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