

K.A.N. (Kuntry Ass Niggahs)

Field Mob

field mob, i'm shawn J and him, thats boondoc
i represent the south, and thats the way i'm a keep it
if u got game then peep it, its the southern way
i wouldn't have it no other way, so mutha fuck what the others say,
love it or leave.
yes its hard but its fair, gotta hustle to get it
keep grindin and grindin, and soon u will get it, the struggle is in me, thats
how i had to live, thats 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 paidchorus
we them country ass niggas from the bottom of the map, ridin heavy big bodies
and vogues
we drink cheap liquor smoke sticky sweet swishers and boy we love fucking them
hoes(repeat)
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 du-rag and tanktop
that guerilla 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 laxativechorus
i get sick if i ain't home in the south u 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 whats the speed limit?
nah, fuck the speed limit these bustas need gimmics
the game like a skinny girl pussy, deep
so deep, you could park a limosine 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 u 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
whe

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>