

# 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/>