

# Twang

## Nappy Roots

NAPPY ROOTS "Twang" (Intro)

What is it you tryna hide off.

Them jeans so tight you know ain't nothin'.

The way workin' 'em be hurtin' 'em.

You better watch it girl, you know I got you girl (Verse One - B. Stille)

No, I am not your average country boy

I'm a savage don't ask if I want some more

Let you have it, there you go

Girl, I will grab it, slap it, flip you, rub it down

(Verse Two - Big V)

See you make me want it in ways I ain't supposed to say

Wanna kiss you in places I shouldn't put my face

See you got my attention for real in a major way

Ain't no need to stop it girl go on keep boppin' girl (Hook - Nappy Roots)

What is it that you tryin' to hide off in them pockets girl?

Them jeans so tight you know ain't nothin' in them pockets girl

The way you workin' 'em be hurtin' 'em just stop it girl

You better watch it girl, you know I got you girl Move it (Keep bouncin' shorty) Move (Now shake it girl)

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Move it (Keep bouncin' shorty) Move (Now shake it girl)

(Verse Three - Skinny DeVille)

Yo, caught up in the song bitch what you call drunk?

Damn this mothafucker here done got crunk

Strip them down what you call skunk

It's all up in the atmosphere pass that blunt

All y'all trippin' off what the country boy say

Let me get another shot of Grand Marnier

And a double shot of Jack the fact

Where the hell is buffalo at with half the sack

Look at all these broads with asses phat

Knowin' goddamn well what she dressin' at

And when they play the right track where them yeegas at

Shorty don't get mad at me when ya ass is smacked

That's all I can say when you backin' that

Big, fine, chunky, donkey back inside my lap

Do the damn thing you gon' mack the mack

But don't get mad at me 'cause I trap the rat (Hook - Nappy Roots)

What is it that you tryin' to hide off in them pockets girl?

Them jeans so tight you know ain't nothin' in them pockets girl

The way you workin' 'em be hurtin' 'em just stop it girl

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Move it (Keep bouncin' shorty) Move (Now shake it girl)(Verse Four - R.Prophet)  
It's like ThunderCat, but I'm a jack  
Baby c'mon let me see your belly roll  
Here kitty, kitty, kitty, got me giddy lookin' sweeter than a jelly roll  
(?) It's so nice yeah I asked ya twice (?)  
What ya need is (?)  
Aw naw, me pay for no poonanny not just like me  
I got a girl back at the crib and all the time she ride me  
And when I pull this hot tamale out my pants just bite me  
I got more rhythm than the Wings why don't you come and ride me?(Hook - Nappy Roots)  
What is it that you tryin' to hide off in them pockets girl?  
Them jeans so tight you konw ain't nothin' in them pockets girl  
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