

Nappy Roots, Awnaw Remix

Yo, this is the Roc-A-Fella Remix

Killah kid, nappy roots... ya'll ready?

UH... they done it... let the country meet the city boys... uh..

(Hook)

Awnaw! Hell naw! Man
Y'all done up and done it
Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy
Y'all done up and done it
Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy
Y'all done up and done it
Ah, y'all done up and done it
Man y'all done up and done it

(Fish Scales)

My first song was like forty-eight bars with no hook
You hear me flippin thru my pages out my favorite notebook
The microphone was in the closet (What?) No headphones, we lost it
Niggas scared to get some water, roaches hangin over the faucets
No AC, Tez'll break a sweat just tryin to make beats
E-Double's been the hustler,
flirtin' with all his customers, and flat broke,
Nappy smokin grass out on the back po'ch
I'm thinkin I got everything a country boy could ask for

(Big V)

Now what we do to get here? (Say dat boy!!)
Lay it down and bring it to ya raw (Say dat boy!!)
Hey now we hurt some, suffered for more, takes what we work for
Hated for for the cussin, but the hatred it made us cuss more
Held on, but it was hard - stepped up, took charge
Ran thru what we scared up, but what was we afraid for?
Look what we made of, heart that what made us
Being here is alright, but MUST believe we won't fall!

Them country boys on the ride!
With them big fat wheels on the side!
Peep the vertical grills on the ride!
And aw-awww-awww-awwwwww!

{Repeat Hook over this part}

Them country boys
With them big fat wheels
Peep the vertical grills
And awwwwwwwww!

(Saan)

My llel gon' be hogwild,
bet that from that roota to that toota-file
Hell naw, them country boys ain't headed south for six miles
Kentucky mah, them kinfolk, twankies with them hundred-spokes
Skullied on that front po'ch, 'cause you know they got 'dro
Seventy-nine coupe DeVille purdy cal patty grill
Interstate 65 headin down to Cashfield
Glass filled, to the tippy-top, back-seat Benz
Spent my last cent on the rent, left with pocket lints
A damn shame, gotta grind anythang and everythang
Jimmy Crack Corn, cross the county line with Mary Jane
A long time, a gravel road, to cash and fame and sold my soul
To Hell and back, and back and forth, with same jeans and nappy 'fro

(R Prophit)

I might, hop off the Harley, spoke mine like Bob Marley
Not parties with charties, wallin like they swallowin Bacardi
Them butter-skin, probably gutted like kin
Understand you 'bout to lose ya life f**kin with Deion

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And aw-awww-awww-awwwww!

{Repeat Hook over this part}
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With them big fat wheels
Peep the vertical grills
And awwwwwwww!

(Cam'ron)
Killah... Uh

When it come to New York, I'm the man around town just trust me
Down in the buggy, I'm that cat down in Kentucky
Outta Bowling Green, heard you're holdin cream
Mess wit a city slicker, we could mold a team
We'll talk in codes, "smoke" 'll be the sand box
Could be the hamhots, could be the lamb-chops
we'll make wild mills, how ill
I'll show you how that ? feel, trade in that cow grill

(Twista)
Finna hit the south, get up out the city
smokin on a fitty feelin pretty good
with a hood chick gotta hit it lil bit
now she call me daddy in the county full of wood
call me country, tv's on the headrest
even if there aint no seats in the back of me
i'll play the dvd's for the cars
and the streets and the people in back of me
i'm chill, in a chevy with a grill
with a black cadillac got the options
if it aint got rims with the drop
on the block with no locks than it's not mah concoction
hurt 'em with the chrome, rollin on chrome rims it's the twenties
this nappy roots and twista, if it aint dope, then don't call it country

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