

Tyra, Country Boy

(Talking)

Let's make 'em whistle y'all....

Yea, this one right here

Is to all my country boys, yea

Awwwww

See I love everybody

Mid-west, east coast, west coast

But its something special

About these country boys

Down here in the dirty south, ya know!?!?!?

(Verse 1)

I met a lil cuttie

He was round my way

Accent was a little funny

Are you from VA

He said no I'm not

Im from ATL

Well u doin the damn thing

And u doin it well

Well I had my share of men

Black whites and indians

But I never had a dude like you

Im trynna tell you now

That im feelin ur style

Can I chill one night with you

(Chorus)

You aint seen nothing

If you aint had lovin

From one of them country boys

You aint got a clue

If you don't know what to do

When you see one of them country boys

(Verse 2)

He's got Henni in his cup

24's on his truck

Butterflies in my gut

'cause he said "wussup!"

He's got fronts in his mouth

'cause he's from down south

Come and holla at me

'cause u drive me crazy

Boy, go 'head with yo bad ***

What you need from me just ask

See, 'cause a guy like you

And a girl like me

Not usually into rushin,

But u drive me crazy

He's crunk like Jon

With a body like Usher

Up in the club

Never scared like Bone Crusher

I'll take you home

We can tag team wrestle

And if you like it slow,

Give you that red light special

(Chorus 2x's)

(Verse 3)

From VA to GA
Miami to the Lou
All these country boys
Yall im feelin you
The Carolinas to my boys in Alabama
Even down in Mississippi yall I don't think yall hear me
Go 'head with yo bad ***
What you need from me just ask
Take my number
And baby please call
Any time I don't mind at all

(Chorus)