

Nappy Roots, Roun The World

The whole damn world is country...

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(Skinny DeVille)

Yeah...

Aww man, the grass done got green the other side of the fence

So I hopped my ass over to see if I was convinced

Fast paced city life, but country livin's a sinch

Man Ima cop me a Caddy say to hell with the Benz

Benz, Benz, twenty inch rims

I can't leave the vertical grill back at the ringe

Got a "Phat" farm with cows and whole lotta land

Twenty acres to my name son we ain't benn there since

(B. Stille)

Meanwhile up in the D where they hollowin up dope

And thugs blow weed in the park when the club close

In Mil-waukee the beats is petro

Off in D.C., the streets is ghetto

Let's roll - to Cali where they chief the best 'dro

And drive cars so big you can't reach the pedal

Never had a glass of purple juice for breakfast

'Til I took my ass to Houston, Texas, that's country!

(Chorus)

The whole damn world is country

Been all around the globe from Monday to Sunday

Y'all the same folk we see in Kentucky (it must mean)

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The whole damn world is country

(Big V)

Copped a Jag they was sportin, Jordans and Waltons

Went in for the cajun, and winded up stayin'

In Kentucky it was meth but Miami they was basing

Rap my ass off in NYC I'll see ya at the Bassment

Hit VA, where they do nothing but cook

Carolina, Indiana, Alabama, Savannah

Boston, Denver, and all points between

Tennesse, Florida, ain't nothing but hell ya

(R. Prophit)

Now shake it, bounce, sit back and let ya hair blow

Spanish chicas waving, hasta luego

Pearl white drop, weather's bueno

They say opposites attract, I'm a moreno

(whispered: ???) so clear

(whispered: She's a fine lady. Can i make you mine?) my dear

Shy girl, all she wanna do is work her tongue

Top of the hill, take the breath from her lungs

(Country boys been overseas)

Toppin it off, London, Germany

(Chorus)

(R. Prophit)

Now shake it, bounce, sit back and let ya hair blow

Ladies make ya hands clap like bueno

Now shake it, bounce, sit back and let ya hair blow

Holla atcha boy, hasta luego...

(Scales)

I'll first say a prayer for those in combat
Might could throw somethin on the grill when you come back
Might could take a trip to the 'Ville and in fact
We can all get loose on the 'Ports, and of course
Hit Churchill Downs and throw some on a horse
Or we can hit them Saint Claire waters
You ain't seen country till you been through Georgia
God darn, they still got girls with perms (dang)
Big cars, big wheels is the biggest concern

(Ron Clutch)

My old Kentucky home, I was
born and raised on catfish and corn, collard greens and fatback
There's country in the mud, don't care where ya stay
Ya got country in ya blood if ya love and that's that
Circled the globe, met the important and paid
Now I know for a fact that...

(Chorus) 2X