

Tow Down, Country Rap Tune

(feat. Big Pokey, H.A.W.K., Joe Slaughter)

[H.A.W.K talking]

H-Town

Takin da game to anotha level

Rappin the country western

Texas 2 steppin

H-A-W-K

Pokey

Towdown

It's about to go down

Boy trendsetta

I need to let these people know that Towdown is a trendsetta maan!

[Verse 1: Towdown]

I'm from the land of longhorn and cattle

We ride leather and wood

Seatbelts with saddles

Chrome wagon wheel carriages with candy paint

From the tumbling weed we been blowin dank

From sun up to sun down

I lost that blood that's cold

I'm 100 for 100

6 shooters let em know

My duro stay lit

My peeps be shinin

Wanted dead red posters all ova the city I been robbin

Ain't no decidin when I'm ridin

I'm slugin the chain

Southside strangler rangler

Draw arm and stranger

The days are hot and long

The nights are restless

All my ex's live in the best little whore house in Texas

The devil's ridin dirty from Georgia to Toooasis

I'm not Garth Brooks but I got friends in low places

Howlin South is 1

Packin gats and stackin 1's

Gotta know when to walk away

And know when to run

[Chorus: Joe Slaughter]

The Dirty South is what it's about

Poin up smokin out

Keepin it hot like the middle of June

It's the Texas Tycoons makin country rap tunes

The Dirty South is what it's about

Poin up smokin it out

Keepin it hot like the middle of June

It's the Texas tycoons makin country rap tunes

[Verse 2: H.A.W.K.]

I'm Houston's best kept secret

Uncut and raw

On this country western rap

Take 10 steps then draw

1 of da coldest you ever saw

And border outlaw

Watch me shred this track like a Texas chainsaw

Use adjectives and nouns

Sippin drank blowin pundz

And all the drugs I intake courtesy of Towdown

Whoa now!

I represent the Dirty South

White cup in my hand
Philly blunt in my mouth
Bout to turn this party out
It's the H-A-W-K
Mr. ballin parlay
And smoke my life away
H-Town superstar
Sippin soda mixed with barre
Thought you never hear my lyrics over a bass guitar
My horses are cars
With a V 12 motor
And my wagon is a 4.6 Range Rover
The game is over
Settin them trends
Now this country western rap is officially in

[Chorus: Joe Slaughter]
[x1]

[Verse 3: Big Pokey]
They say Down South is what it's about
We eatin beans and rice in the pots is what we got
We got grease baby
We got chicks and dirty tricks baby
And that hydro is what we blow baby
I spits the real
Stay dress to kizzill
From head to heel
Getting my shine on
I'm like a chandelier
Parlay nigga at the park with a can of beer
Wearin tight jeans
With a mouth full of Scope
Cold as a ice berg mouth full of gold
Rap game John Wayne
We did it befo
A Texas Tycoon plus a freestlye pro
Fo sho Down South
Them hoes is thicka
The slicka the wicka
The hydro to the liquor
Still my nigga it's hotta then June
Ya love it when we spittin on the Country Rap Tune

[Chorus: Joe Slaughter]
[x2]

crbt2('Tow Down','Country Rap Tune')

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