

Bama

"Sweet Home Al"

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[Verse 1: B.A.M.A.]

Y'all know who run this here baby, Yeah, put them
A's up! Where you from boy?
Sweet home Alabama, leep chrome in the seat homie
watch yo manners
I...cook beef when I cock the hammer
Home of the wood, weed, rocks and gamblers
And uh... ain't nobody speakin' proper grammar down
here
It's deep but the sound is clear
We got freaks with the roundest rears
And the beats so sweet like a Swisher, got me clownin'
here...holla
Dear dollar come and bless my stack
Come follow where the best is at
We live hotter than the spot where ya pop got arrested
at
You will not want to mess with that...then slide
Crimson Tide, rims and ridaz
I blow limbs on the porch till I'm crimson fried
Then lied when they said BAMA boys wasn't comin'
With the heat, so you better shake somethin' break
somethin'

[Chorus]

Sweet Home Alabama
Where the skies are so blue
Sweet Home Alabama
Lord I'm comin' home to you

[Verse 2: B.A.M.A.]

My state got weight on a thousand blocks
Interstate 65, get around them cops
Not about to stop, got a house to cop
Clubs full of thick chicks with no bouse and tops
Man the south...is hot like a bowl of grits
We ain't broke, big-shot what you supposed to fix
So sick, throw rims on an old V-6
And drop big block hemis in an oldie quick...BIATCH
Sittin' in a tonka toy, slumped
Pimped out Willie Wonka, boy funk

You ain't never got crunk bfore
Until u tear the club down with the country boyz
I pump noise in the club like 2 18's
Too late, break the scene if you ain't clean
Go back and get yo ride painted
It's pride ain't it
334 to 205, so why taint it

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: B.A.M.A.]

Bama chicks stay fly from head to toe
Energized on so much jive, you'll neva know
Lean out the ride, let it go...bet it fa sho
That everything from their eyes to their necks will roll
Correct bro..so I'ma let you know
Way trained to collect dough...undetactable
Rest assured on that, keep her lip on wrap
And keep a super tight grip on ya stack (you'll be aight
though)
It's where the skies are blue...and the, wood is green
and it's fire too
Prior to what you thought we the size of you
We like a rain drop on a mountain dew
Bounce to what I spit and I'm bouncin' too
I rep "A" to the grave, cause I'm down for you...BAMA

[Chorus] - to end

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