

Big K.R.I.T. "Country Shit Remix"

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(Ludacris)

Yeah!

i've been waiting to tell them about this country shit.

ima learner

You ready?

Luda!

Let me tell you about these old-school chevies!

Cadillac SS, Impallas, if you smokeing then

We got more sacks then Troy Polamalu.

Your partners want some quarters

My partners want some keys

In Atlanta we get that paper

Can you haters say "Cheese"?

10,000 watt amps, 6 15-inch kickers

My truck bumping like injecting ass-shots, like a
stripper

No insurance on these whips, tags all outdated

i might not be shit to you but my momma thinks i made
it!

We gon' ball til we fall, Lord its time to get us wasted

and i never drink that white, all my women think im
racist

on that brown with the twist, tell these hoes to
reminisce

that my name is Ludacris* and i'm like "Bitch"!

(Chorus)

Let me tell ya bout this super fly dirty dirty , third cost ,
muddy water

shawty pop that pussy if you wanna.

Let me tell ya bout this old school pourin' lean

candied yams and collard greens, pocket full of stones
ride clean

(4x) let me tell ya bout this country shit

country country shit!

(Big K.R.I.T.)

I told em' "aw man hold up"

Country is what country does
In my crooked letter
hoe, who you know do it better for

pull up, hop out: clean.
in my old-school time machine
keep a parachute for this altitude
Cause when you riding this high make it hard to breath
Mayday, hotter then a payday
knocking pictures off the wall when i creep
Pros get wet as fuck when i speak

Southern drawl, its just the way to be
Heavy like sumo, Numero Uno
Pouring up brown, she sippin on nuvo
pimping so cold never trick a ho
outer space with the flow like im livin on pluto
what you know bitch? i'm UGK influenced

Slow it down, chop-chopp and screw it for the folk in
texas

that forever reckon with the styrofoam cup and that
purple fluid
return of 4eva, i thought you knew this
country shit, thats all i see
thats all i know, thats all i feel, thats all i am, thats all i'll
be!

(Chorus)

Let me tell ya bout this super fly dirty dirty , third cost ,
muddy water
shawty pop that pussy if you wanna.
Let me tell ya bout this old school pourin' lean
candied yams and collard greens, pocket full of stones
ride clean

(4x) let me tell ya bout this country shit
country country shit!

(Bun B)

i be candy painted, neck and wrists
sitting on 24's - vogue
pull up on my scene and i mack your bitch
it aint hard to tell, i suppose she chose
to send over the clothes and shoes
this Charlie Sheen pimping to big to lose

roll with trues and keep girls in twos
boy you must've heard wrong, why you be confused?
See, im the big brother of sweet James

i know all about these street games
But the trick gon' play, the chick gon' say
she cant lie about what she bring

im certified like USDA
Representing Texas, straight up out the PA
Graduated the school of hard knocks with a BA
right under the nose of the Vice and the DA

Anything we say take it as law nigga
when im in the booth no rubber - im raw nigga
talk about getting busted in your jaw, nigga
like im your pa, run go tell your ma nigga
no fraud nigga, 100% old-school,
no glass house, im under the tent,
ask anybody here who running this shit
its big bun in this bitch

(Chorus)

Let me tell ya bout this super fly dirty dirty , third cost ,
muddy water
shawty pop that pussy if you wanna.
Let me tell ya bout this old school pourin' lean
candied yams and collard greens, pocket full of stones
ride clean

(3x) let me tell ya bout this country shit
country country shit!

let me tell ya bout this country shit

country country shit!
country country shit!

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