

## Field Mob "Da' Dirty"

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The filthy, nasty, durty, south  
I represent Albany gorillas, rock choppers and drug  
niggas  
We bust shots and slugs on hot blocks of thug niggas  
I'm done talkin', I come walkin', short stalkin'  
If it's beef I shine in the dark and I keep my gun  
sparkin'

Well, it's the durty, we young figgas plug rikkas  
Well, stunnin', front with ya, we hunt and come hit ya  
Gizuh, now grab me and still might out run this  
We gonna tell the towman and woman, tell 'em sure  
done this

They got me laughin' and jokin', crystal blastin' and  
smokin'  
Mashin' askin' for action while they gaggin' and chokin'  
Yeah, that's real boy, them field boys be thug not  
You best watch the field tonight, we step into the  
southern house

Look for field gores in tight clothes, hair weave and  
micros  
Field boys we smoke by, freak by these bow-ties  
Quick rain the flip flop, gangstank in the zip-locks  
Bitches need stitches whinin' bitches with lip gloss

We filthy boy, we nasty boy, we durty  
You beef with me, you be deceased, you heard me?  
Cottin' pickers and rottin' niggas, we takin' over  
We field boys, we soldiers, representin' Georgia

It's da durty, da durty, durty  
(Ha, what?)  
Da durty, boy it's real in the field  
It's da durty, da durty, durty  
(Ha, what? Heard me?)  
The filthy, nasty, durty, south

It's Boondox like that low-down, nasty, filthy fella from  
the field  
Dedicated to southern housin' and better make a meal

The southern way, no other way, there's no better way  
to live  
Like sugar ass hoes that squeal, white king easy but  
real

Southern crunk but your station the bunk, while the  
bass in the trunk  
While you blazin' the gun and too durty ain't no wastin'  
his bong  
Representin' the place where you from, the gritty,  
bidding player  
Suberbans on twenties player, swing at a grinning  
player

Smoltin' reds, foul heads, phase fours and glats  
The watermelon, beer can and peaches we roll with  
that  
Want a visit well, the welcomers deader than door mat  
Wanna beef well, run your way, do it in 'bout four flat

Better know that a contemplayer and show that  
Them field mob cats fill the off with toe tacks  
If you can't survive in the durty, player then go back  
Or run up a gorilla, gorillas that tow that

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(Ha, what?)  
Da durty, boy it's real in the field  
It's da durty, da durty, durty  
(Ha, what? Heard me?)  
The filthy, nasty, durty, south

Feel my foes from the field deep down in the south  
Smokin' t-shirts and jeans, watch we go here and by  
Say durty, south  
(Durty south)

Say durty, south  
(Durty south)  
To my thugs from the field deep down in the south  
Real big guns and barred paper chasin' for clock

Say durty, south  
(Durty south)  
Say durty, south  
(Durty south)

Get him off him boy, get him off him boy  
Get him off him boy, get him off him boy  
(Get him)  
Get him off him boy, get him off him boy

Get him off him boy, get him off him boy  
(Get him)  
Get him off him boy, get him off him boy  
Get him off him boy, get him off him boy  
(Get him)

Get him off him boy, get him off him boy  
Get him off him boy, get him off him boy  
(Get him)

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