

Field Mob "Da Durty"

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The filthy, nasty, dirty South

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

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

They got me laughin' an' jokin', crystal blastin' an'
smokin'
Mashin', askin' for action while they gaggin' an' chokin'
Yeah, it'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 an'
micros
Field boys, we smoke by, freak by these bow ties
Quick rain the flip flop, gang stank in the zip locks
Bitches need stitches, whinin' bitches with lip gloss

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

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It's Boondox like that low-down, nasty, filthy fella from
the Field
Dedicated to southern housin' an' 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 an' too dirty, ain't no wastin'
his bong
Representin' the place where you from, the gritty,
biddin' player
Suburbans on twenties player, swing at a grinnin'
player

Smoltin' reds, foul heads, phase fours an' glats
The watermelon, beer can an' 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 them contempt player an' show that
Them Field Mob cats fill the off with toe tacks
If you can't survive in Da' Durty, player, then go back
Or run up a gorilla, gorillas that tow that

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Feel my foes from the Field, deep down in the South
Smokin' t-shirts an' jeans, watch we go here an' by
Say dirty South, dirty South
Say dirty South, dirty South

To my thugs from the Field, deep down in the South
Real big guns an' barred paper, chasin' for clock
Say dirty South, dirty South
Say dirty South, dirty South

Get him off him, boy, get him off him, boy
Get him off him, boy, get him, get him off him, boy

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