

## John Parr

### "Awnaw"

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Yo, yeah, this is the Rocafella remix  
Killer-Cam, Nappy Roots, y'all ready?

Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy  
Y'all done up and done it  
Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy  
Y'all done up and done it  
Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy  
Y'all done up and done it  
Ah, y'all done up and done it  
Man y'all done up and done it

[Fish Scales]

My first song was like forty-eight bars with no hooks  
You hear me flippin thru my pages out my favorite  
notebooks  
The microphone was in the closet, no headphones, we  
lost it  
Niggas scared to get some water, roaches hangin over  
the faucets  
No AC, Tez'll break a sweat just tryin to make beats  
E-Dubz was being a hustler  
always flirtin with all his customers, and flat broke  
Nappy smokin blacks out on the back po'ch  
I'm thinkin I got everything a country boy could ask for

[Big V]

Now what we do to get here? (say that boy)  
Lay it down and bring it to ya raw (say that boy)  
Hey now we hurt some, suffered for more, takes what  
we work for  
Hated for for the cussin, but the hatred it made us cuss  
more  
Held on, but it was hard, stepped up, took charge  
Ran through what we scared of, but what was we afraid  
for?  
Look at what we made of, hard times done made us  
Being here is alright, but must believe we want more!

[Jazze Pha]

Them country boys on the rise

With them big fat wheels on the side  
Peep them vertical grills on the ride  
And awww-aw-aww-aw  
Them country boys  
With them big fat wheels  
Peep the vertical grills  
And awwwww

[Skinny DeVille]

My yegga, we hogwild, bet that from that roota to that  
toota file  
Hell naw, them country boys ain't headed south for six  
miles  
Kentucky mud, them kinfolk, twankies with them  
hundred spokes  
Skullied on that front porch, plus you know they got dro  
Seventy-nine coupe DeVille vertical Caddy grill  
Interstate 65 heading down to Cashville  
Glass filled, to the tippy top, back seat Benz  
Spent my last cent on the rent, left with pocket lint  
A damn shame, gotta grind anything and everything  
Jimmy Crack Corn, cross the county line with Mary Jane  
A long time, a gravel road, to cash and fame and sold  
my soul  
To Hell and back, and back and forth, with same jeans  
and nappy 'fro

[R. Proffit]

I might, hop off the Harley, smoke mine like Bob Marley  
Block parties with shawties, wallin like they swallowin  
Bacardi  
Them butter-skin, Proffit gutter like kin  
Understand you 'bout to lose ya life fuckin with them

[Jazze Pha]

Them country boys on the rise  
With them big fat wheels on the side  
Peep them vertical grills on the ride  
And awww-aw-aww-aw  
Them country boys  
With them big fat wheels  
Peep the vertical grills  
And awwwww

[Cam'Ron]

Killer, uh, when it come to New York  
I'm the man around town, just trust me  
Down in the buggy, I that cat down in Kentucky  
Outta Bowling Green, heard ya holding cream  
Mess with a city slicker, we could mould the team  
We'll talk in code, smoker be the sandbox

Could be the hamhots, or be the lamb chops  
We'll make wild mills, how ill  
I'll show you how that denial feel, trade in that cow grill

[Twista]

Finna head south, get up out the city  
Smokin' on a fifty, feelin' pretty good  
With a hood chick, gotta hit a little bit  
Now she call me daddy in a caddy full of wood  
Call me country, TV's on the headrest  
Even if there ain't no seats in the back of me  
I play the DVD's, for the cars on the streets  
And the people in back of me  
I'm trailin', a chevy with a grill or the black cadillac, got  
the option  
If it ain't got rims when the drop on the block with no  
locks than it's not my concoction  
Hurt 'em with the chrome, rollin' on chrome rims it's the  
twenties  
This Nappy Roots and Twista, if it ain't dope then don't  
call it country

[Jazze Pha]

Them country boys on the rise!  
With them big fat wheels on the side!  
Peep the vertical grills on the ride!  
And aw-awww-awww-awwwww!  
Them country boys  
With them big fat wheels  
Peep the vertical grills  
And awwwwwwww!

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