

Baddazis

"Alma Mata"

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Fuck it, I bet chu' wont sang
That shit on there

Alma Mata(Alma Mata),(unh, unh) nigga' this the Alma
Mata nigga'
(This the Alma Mata) Everybody raise up, raise up
(Watch out for dat' South Carolina shit)
Yeah put your hands in the air,(put your hands in the
air)
(Like dis')Like dis' here, check it out

I'm country as fuck, I'm proud of it
I'm livin' down south, shit nigga' I love it
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300 plus shawty and I love to fuck(love to fuck)
Love to smoke weed, love to get my dick suck
It's an everyday ritual, cash before em' all
Others niggas see it different but that's my call
See I ain't greedy for green, but I'mma get what I earn
And if you thinkin' any other that that then you got
something to learn
I ain't cho' cotton-pickin' fool, I ain't cho' ignorant ass
nigga
Smoke dope all day but rarely fuck wit' cho' liquor
See I'm far from the nigga, that sit on my ass and just
complain
Mastermind offense and defense Phatz ain't neva' out
tha game
Reserve the sidelines for the rookies
Ol' sissy ass wussies, ol' sissy ass pussies
Ol' triflin' ass pussies

I keep my thoughts to myself, unless' its written on
paper
That should go and letta' nigga' know how much I hate
cha'

I been livin' down south my nigga' all of my life
No matter how much I swing I'm always loosin' a fight
Some folks pack up and leave, but I be damn if I be(go)
go
I'm tryin' to get rich quick be damn if I'mma go broke
These stereotype-ass people say fucked up shit bout'
my state
When they ain't never lived in it
ain't never brought they fuck-ass my way
See in your eyes all you see is cow pastures,
and collard greens eatin' ass niggas'
Probably thank niggas' still washin' clothes
and fetchin' water out of dirty-ass creeks and rivers
Ain't no such thang man you can't judge a book by its
cover
Until you seen it for yourself then you can't judge
brother

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See I'm country as fuck
I'm down on my luck
When the pressures on nigga', shit who can you trust
So I pour my own poison to relieve my stress
I can't make it on my own, Lord I need to be bless
It's 90 degrees in the shade, but I still feel cold
I gots this feeling, I'mma feel this way til' I'm dead and
I'm gon'
But I ain't gon' let shit take me, I'mma stand up and
fight
This time I got my skills together and my swing trunk-
tight
So if you speakin' bout' my itty, bitty city negatively
I be guaranteed to make my shit connect so you can
feel me
The south's my fuckin' home, and if you come here
talkin' shit
I be damned if I leave this hoe alone, feel me bitch
I'mma buck on your ass til' your bitch ass fall
And if you come wit' mo' niggas', I'm takin' out all of
y'all
Man I'm country as a mug, and proud as fuck
See once I was down, but now I'm up on my luck

They came cross plenty muthafuckas, bit off a lil'
change
Don't know who in the fuck they dealin' with
Insultin' my game
I'm one of the hardest hittin' niggas' thats out on the
field
Never hear me hollerin' bout' keepin' it real
What the fuck is keepin' it real?!!
"Be yourself" Daddy said,
Pist on what dem' other niggas' doin'
It's they on fuck up if they lives they ruin
Always been bad as fuck ain't no skinny-yimmy
All that animosity you pump, fuck it don't even offend
me
Ambush, thats how we came
Suckas thought they was the big mountains, became
the small grains
Damn right we CAROLINIANS
Got any questions?
Couldn't be a better time, I'm right here ready for
discussion
Yeah I'm country as fuck, I'm proud of it
And I'm livin' down south, shit nigga' I love it
You feel the breeze smell shell smoke

the trees got the guts that hit the box
Handle it, push the hard rock, the hard rock

I'm country as fuck, I'm proud of it
I'm livin' down south shit nigga' I love it
(Repeats to end)

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