

Nappy Roots "Lac Dogs & Hogs"

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Skinny talkin' 'bout that wood with that custom leather,
bangin' down I, 65

Slaw and slum but dubs are better, who you think gon'
keep it live?

It's Nappy bitch, what have to come

Pay attention, learn your lesson, yup

We them country folk with Caddy Hogs and D.T.S.'s,
Lac Dogs

What you think that Nappy gon' be broke forever? Shit
no

Hit the bank and cashin' in on old investments

What, you ain't know about them country fried
sessions?

Does that Likwit hit in '97, answer all yo' questions?

Kentucky's on the map now

Who you think done gave directions?

From the top and back down, we rep the country to
perfection

Don't it look so slum with 55 from New York down to
Texas?

Hella poor straight from the South and haters must
respect this

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(Let me tell you about it)
When I first got my baby she could barely start
A-hand-me-down from a real O G, all day she stayed in
park
Almost never did she drive, born in 1979
And she weighed about a ton, big ol' body built to run

First thing I done, hauled her over, had her hummin' G
notes
Underneath her hood, hundreds of horses powered
her ego
Her government name was Coup Deville but I called her
Miss Piggy
Top her with some [Incomprehensible]) and fit her for
some twenties
(Twenties)

Playas hate that I be trickin' like she's all that I'm love
with
So we took her to the edge and shoved it and still ball
out on a budget
Dug in her guts, laced her up with leather and wood
Together it go good, us country boys forever stay hood

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You shove that shit that go bump bump bump bump
and ya
Shake the lock off her mothe'fucker trunk, when ya
Hit the block make her mothe'fucker jump
Roll your window down, stop, look like somethin' like a
pimp

Roll that window back up, and show 'em they reflection
And their ultra fade then chop on that suck like
Wesley's blade
Escalade D.T.S., switch it up, keep them haters on they
toes
Red rolls, fleet wood hoes

Can't believe it, when they see them twenty fo's,
believe it
My ham and cheese the freshest
Now what I'm talkin' 'bout?
I give you three guesses

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You feel the wind, don't ya?
You hear the tires squallin'
Kentucky, Colorado, Boston down to New Orleans

Big bodies get it done, Dodge Ram preferably
'Cause they do run run, they do run run

Black magic, lookin' better then Wesson fryin' a pan of
fish

Gangsta leanin' like they do in Los Angeles
(That's gangsta)

Adjective, describin' what I'm rollin' in
Them country fellas ain't gon' stop it, we on the road
again

Goddamn, yes I am, the thriller with the skrilla
Got plans, Pac fan strictly for my niggaz
Stop starin', we not playin'', armor color kryptonite
Rims nice but thank God our dreams came to life

Fast roller, cash swoll up, the mind mold up, the crowd
hold us

Soldiers quick to throw they rags when I roll up
Dimes is quarters, sell liquor, my rhymes is colder
Prophet never look this fine since I grinded Cola
Roll up

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