

Doobie "I'm Country"

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Intro/Chorus:

Pace yourself (Pace yourself)

Don't let yo' self (Don't let yo' self)

get caught up (get caught up)

I'm brought up (I'm brought up)

in the country (in the country)

Don't touch me (Don't touch me)

I'm clutchy (I'm clutchy)

I'm fussy (I'm fussy)

Live money (Live money)

Love money (Love money)

Cos I told you (I told you)

I'm country (I'm country nigga)

Pace yourself (Pace yourself)

Don't let yo' self (Don't let yo' self)

get caught up (get caught up)

I'm brought up (I'm brought up)

in the country

In the d-d-day I put my dilli on Dayna's and Pirelli's

Gettin high so I Think I Can Fly like R.Kelly

And be all of my niggas Gz and none of my nigga's
punks

We flippin down tha Interstate, crump and matchin
blunts

I stay pissy head drunk, ya dig money?

In a Cadillac Maurice that I got from Frank Ten

I've been plus Five Percent bein rolled up

Talkin outerstate drug deals on my blow up, mo' hash
nigga

Hold up your fuckin wism, rollers in lockin

and have that ass capped, sent it from my mo', I told
ya

You need a fix, nigga what's the word on it?

Rollin in a pancake zigga with tha zerb on it

Dayna's and Vogues is how I roll when I'm smokin

And tinted windows, and let em up if you get nosey

???? and colds supposedly, I do away with them J's

In a GS300, gettin blunted, on a tollway, hey

Chorus

I'm like the Pips, I'm just Gladys Knight

19 is Dayna's with the two-inch whites, I'm served tight

Lookin like a nigga should be in Vogue, cos I'm parked

with the hella flashers sittin on Vogues in the dark

I sparks me a Dutch, plus paper drinkin my nut

And be mashin on the gas or the brake and the clutch

See young Doob like south is such, nigga what?

I pick your pocket like Deion and run it straight up the
gut

Then I cut to the sidelines swervin then drop up my pick
up

And Earvin then picked up my bourbon, for certain

It's all ta see, me, cos we's Gz

20-inches with the TV, fo' scheezy

Believe me, ya gettin murdered and touched, then we
burst

I'm like Jordan up in the clutch, bitch I don't miss when
it counts

We bring the narrows in mass amounts, is y'all wit me?

If you need to re-up or sto', then y'all hit me (get me?)

Chorus

Young Doob on the escapade in the Cadillac

Escalate with mo' ice than the Icecapades

I graze niggas like razorblades, I'm tailor made

>From bald to blade to Frankie Beverly and maize

I'm paid, I stay with real killers, and gold getters

Been raised on cornbread and collard green niggas

And Fubu and Hilfiger's, Bailey's and Vigour's

If ya want us niggas, then come get us, we killers

>From the city of the Texas Rangers and high rollers

In a Lexus Landrover that I flipped over

I'm drunk and barely sober, prayin to Jehovah

in hope that this hopelessness don't push me over

I'm just a young baller with nathin to lose

Payin my dues in Oriental tattoos

Drankin and pourin out brews for lost fools

who niggas pushed bourb, wood with the zerb

And we all bi-coastal but we claim the 3rd

Where niggas swerve, pimp serve and do the dirty
bird, ya heard?!?

Death Row South, ya check me?

From Texas

Where nothin changed but the necklace

Chorus (x2)

Death Row's finest nigga!

The South's finest nigga!

I'm gone! I've been handed the motherfuckin torch!

You bitch made niggas don't want none, you heard
me?!?

Young Doob, and my comrades, whoopin ass!!!

Uh, uh, cos I'm COUNTRY!!!

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