

Huey Lewis And News

"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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