

Gumbo

Adam Calhoun

I'm sayin' we ain't never gonna run, though
You playin', but you got the right one, though
You can get it hot, boy, we get it poppin'
Run up, if you want some
You gon' have a problem, yeah

I'm sayin' we ain't never gonna run, though
You playin', but you got the right one, though
You can get it hot, boy, we get it poppin'
Run up, if you want some
You gon' have a problem, yeah

You's the chickichiki pow, motherfucker die go to hell
Fry 'em like some chicken, they surprised that I'm doing well
If they was on fire, wouldn't piss on 'em, let 'em melt
They ain't gon' survive, I'm too loud, they gon' need some help

Listen, I get down when it's time, I'ma pop it off
Shit went to his head, he fucked around, so I knocked it off
You get it? Shit went to his head, so I knocked it-
Fuck it, I'ma be the man, 'til I die, kick the bucket

Every beat I'm on, I beat it up, like this the last supper
Yeah, fuck top ten, I'm the one, motherfucker
What's wrong? Lookin' like you just got smacked by a brick
County rap, on this bitch, I'm finally back in my shit, boy

I'm sayin' we ain't never gonna run, though
You playin', but you got the right one, though
You can get it hot, boy, we get it poppin'
Run up, if you want some
You gon' have a problem, yeah

Stay hungry, we was waiting for the moment
For the day, they let them country boys in
Let them country boys
This one for my fuckin' people at the bottom
Bitch, they say we would never gon' win, wouldn't ever gon'
Motherfucker, jumpin' out the gym, holy moly, can't control 'em
They ain't seen nothin' like this, country rap tune, since I was just a kid
Finally, hooked up with my brothers, an' still doin' the same shit
Bitch, hol' up, now they say they know us
John Cornish, I see the Kentucky, all the way to Monroe
Bitch, you know what we come for, we only do it Dumbo
Dividing, Louisiana, this is what we call a gumbo
Come on

I'm sayin' we ain't never gonna run, though
You playin', but you got the right one, though
You can get it hot, boy, we get it poppin'
Run up, if you want some
You gon' have a problem, yeah

Still in my pocket, but no stealer
Country boys beside me, same size as stone pillars
Got it out the mud, hard work with no tillers
Always on the go an' so real, we gorillas

One thing's for certain, motherfuckers, we don't run
Don't do the Internet shit 'cause it's no fun
Talkin' all that online gangsta, they're subliminal
Aimin' which facts are, you never name no one
When these clowns are out of tricks and their bags low
They start to act like girls, now the circus a drag show
Take off your skirts, sit down your purses, come see me, in person
Until then, I'ma get right back to work
Let's go, let's go

I'm sayin' we ain't never gonna run, though
You playin', but you got the right one, though
You can get it hot, boy, we get it poppin'
Run up, if you want some
You gon' have a problem, yeah

From behind the Georgia pines, there's nowhere to run and hide
Better stay your ass inside, keep a gun, to stay alive
Wait hol' up, who's that tryna roll up?
That's that motherfucker, talkin' shit but never show up
Yeah, I was raised to make a home, even if I was alone
Never had no pot to piss in, had to make it on my own
Now, I'm grown, put in work, get that money by the trunk
Got a house, bunch of land, and a closet full of guns
Used to ride around town, bumpin' pockets full of stones
Now I'm on tour, poppin' and I'm rocking out these shows
Still, know how to lock and load, where I'm from we never fold
If you've got a problem, come and holler at me, on the road

I'm sayin' we ain't never gonna run, though
You playin', but you got the right one, though
You can get it hot, boy, we get it poppin'
Run up, if you want some
You gon' have a problem, yeah

I'm sayin' we ain't never gonna run, though
You playin', but you got the right one, though
You can get it hot, boy, we get it poppin'
Run up, if you want some
You gon' have a problem, yeah