Let me tell you bout this super fly dirty dirty Third coast muddy water Shawty pop that pussy if ya wanna Let me tell you bout this Old school pourin' lean candy yams and collard gre Pocket fulla stones ridin' clean Let me tell you bout this country shit Country country shit (country country shit) Let me tell you bout this country shit Country country shit Let me tell you bout this country shit Country country shit Let me tell you bout this country shit Country country shit Country country shit I told 'em aw man hold up what you know about it Candy cars, superstars, rubberbands in my pocket A couple broads for the popping if she ridin then she bopping Bitch I'm sellin if you shopping if you need it then I got it If I want it then I cop it kin you don't like nigga top it Why you worried bout mine hoe? What's off in your wallet? I was riding my screw shit, rims chop-chopping Top dropping throwing bread crumbs crows start flocking Knockin pictures off the wall We sit tall but we still crawl If we still shoot we still score We still win so we still ball We still hood so fuck dem laws I got nuts and I got loot If you can't see the king in a nigga like me undoubtedly Well fuck you too, yeah Okay the Caddy still swangin' And the trunk still bangin' Nigga trickin' ain't pimpin' shawty What is y'all thankin'? Wh-wh-what is y'all sayin? What-what is y'all sangin'? Hit the club by the bar like What is y'all drankin'? Old schools, foreign cars Shawty what is y'all crankin'? Kush blunts Bank tellers ask me "Why is y'all stankin? " If it's money I chill Shawty why is y'all playin'? She was bound to fuck a pimp So why is you carin'? Save the hoe, Cape Crusader at her service aiding hoe Damn the hoe, blame the hoe For the same shit you pay me for Shake it more for a pimp With my shrimp on my plate Countrified, country fly with a tape