

Infield

Nappy Roots

Heyyyy

I-N-F-I-E-L-D

Everybody in the infield walk as I beat
I see off the dribble we goin to have a good day
Bourbon is what we drinking, keep em coming my way
Don't worry, be nappy
That's what I say
Do it real real big
That's the way that we play
Churchill Downs every first of May
What you put in my cup I can't feel my face

I rep the K to the Y
Alright All night I ride
Just left the nasty Natti
Heading south on 75
Stop in Lex for a sec
Got some sweet potato pie
Got my bourbon filled with bourbon
And I'm headed for the sky
I'm FLYYY like the first Saturday in May
All work no play, no way Jose
Can you take my product your way
I'm a TRYYY to do exactly what I say
The captain of the ship therefore the master of my fate
That's RIIIGHT

[Chorus:]

Skip work
Load the cooler up
Gas up the truck
We headed to the infield
Drink bourbon
Never mind the cup
Just turn the bottle up
Party like the infield

Party like the infield [x4]

Went from school boy to ooo boy you drink to much
Everytime we run into you, you got urself a red cup
Ya'll bananas brown, bag is white, keep me something mean
Just holla'd at my white boys they drop me off some green
I need some purple haze, have me feelin like Kurt Cobain
Don't you know the goose is grey, that movie don't work today
Taking of the rest of the week, won't let'em work me like a slave
Instead I'm in the infield crowd surfin on a wave

Ok

I got a sercret that I'm only tellin you (what's that?)
I'm really stupid drunk I'm just tryna play it cool
I'm glad that you woke me up sleepin on the stool
Why am I the only playa smokin in this room?
Well, who you came with... hmm I don't have a clue
You party like a
I took a hit of bourbon

I add a couple of ticks you can see me actin cool

[Chorus:]
Skip work
Load the cooler up
Gas up the truck
We headed to the infield
Drink bourbon
Never buy a cup
Just turn the volume up
Party like the infield

Party like the infield [x4]

This year I went all out
Bought me a tux
Rented me a tailor and
Spent a few bucks
Put some big fat wheels on the truck
Compliments keep me blusin... aww shucks
Talkin real tough, threw up in my cup
There's a party in the Ville, throw them L's up
Party like the infield, we can get drunk

[Chorus:]
Skip work
Load the cooler up
Gas up the truck
We headed to the infield
Drink bourbon
Never buy a cup
Just turn the volume up
Party like the infield

Party like the infield [x4]