So Be It

Rapsody

What's happenin' Rapsody?

What's up, Big KRIT? Shout out to all my country folk, from Carolina to Miss issippi and everywhere in between! 9th Wonder!

It's country livin, it's much love man, shout out to 9th, what's goin' on ma ne? Appreciate you lettin' a country boy on the record, it's love all the sa me

I'm a country girl, Carolina be where I'm from
Twang when I speak slang, whole lot of fresh air in my lungs
Ain't gon change myself, no I'll never, naw
When I was young a lil' less tall on grass and dirt I would ball
In the store, walking in my house shoes cool
Pops got a big automobile growing up he named big blue
And the car's here, we drive real young
Gotta add some sugar to my tea to sweeten my tongue
And we hang late, at the hole in the wall places
Drink moonshine, play spades, talk sports and cut them aces
Twin jokers, being loud, I'm from the country I'm proud
Our laces untied and un-tucked and hang on the ground
Mama told me show respect and bless my food 'fore it's down
Say "No, sir" or "Yes No Ma'am" when spoken to around town
And the food is mostly fried add an inch to my thighs
Bump that volume, Bun B, OutKast, UGK when I ride
It's unique down in the south where you speak from your mouth
There's random folk all in the street don't lock the doors to your house
In church three, four times in a week
And all my aunts, uncles, grandmas all live on the same street
Summer's hot here on 4 wheelers we roam
When we young, but when we grown we sit high on big chrome
Country livin and dirt road remedies
Grandma made medicine out of tea and leaves

Cause you know the score, I still represent for mine
Gotta give it all I got, I don't wanna waste no time
We all got family in the south, Don't believe me?
I'll welcome ya'll with open arms come see me
In Mississippi

Okay now mason jars is drippin', red buckets in our kitchen
Heard they was delicious, but I ain't fuckin' with them chitlins
But still grateful for what was given while they talk down on my state
Call us slow and uneducated but won't say it to my face
Most never been, most never will, they can't enjoy what I did
Backyards was hella large playin' ball with my friends
It takes a village to raise a child and I was surrounded by kin
A lot of elders who knew better and had knowledge to lend
Like never hold your head down, boy, be proud of your skin
Believe that God is in your heart and Jesus died for your sins
Sunday morning before I'm yawning we be up in them pews
Fall asleep on big momma while she payin' her dues
Sometime she cry, I dry her eyes, I know how hard times be
She said that love will cost you everything, but pain come free
Cause bein' country mean bein' strong you got to stand on your own
She taught me well I've been compelled to prove these city folk wrong
Cause ain't no dirt road where I'm nappin, no horseback cappin'

So be it if you think we whack but niggas down here still be snappin'
Took it from the Dirty South, to the top of the map and
So be it I put it down for my folk and holla "Hold up, what's happenin?"

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