

Country Cousins

Talib Kweli

Down cousins.. across the border
I got cousins.. country cousins
I got cousins.. country cousins
WHOO!

Yo son, what the deal son? What's really hood son? (what's really hood?)
Word is bond, shit is real, shit is real
Yo son, this block is def
Nigga need to go over here and pop off real quick
I gotta get that guap by all means, you know what I'm sayin son

Growing up in Brooklyn, shit I thought that everybody talked this way
Raised on Rakim and Run-
D.M.C., so we thought that everybody (walked this way)
"We fresh, we chill, we def, we ill," it's just some things that was taught
to say
And every Saturday morning, I watched cartoons with a bowl of Frosted Flakes
And.. the puberty came, started hitting them cuties with game and the truancy
came (uh!)
Started cutting in acting class, I was comin all fast, I was new to the game
(uh!)

Used to playin on T.V., courtesy of video music box
Plus! Knew a lot of hustlas, goin O.T., comin back with the new hip-hop
Like! E-40 holding down the yay (that yay), N.W.A. in L.A.
OutKast from the A-Town, way down in Houston they play the UGK
I walk and talk kinda fast and thought of as a New York kinda rhymer (word is
bond)
But must New Yorkers got family in South and North Carolina (come on!)
L.A. is little Alabama, they walk and they talk with a country grammar
And you think everybody else sound country, so they get started, started callin
'em "Bama
Down south where we buy them hammers, down south where we sell them drugs
Down south where life is cheap, where they quick to fill you up with slugs

It's nothin, I'm from New York but I got country cousins
It's nothin, you stay connected by the slang you bustin
Want it simply put? You can't rip me when I spit for the Section One free
I'ma underground king, nigga Pimp C free
Word up to my man Bun B what?
It's nothin, I'm from New York but I got country cousins
It's nothin, you stay connected by the slang you bustin
The thing you bustin, the game you hustlin, the days your cuttin
The flame you cuffin and the lames you snuffin, your name is nothin!

Growing up in P.A., I knew nobody out there talked like us
Nothin but that county slang, "What up dog? What up cuzz?"
Late night you see us guzzling 40's, menthols, wine, and weed
Sitting on the back porch, getting zooted, feeling fine in deed
Listening to Eric B. and Rakim or EPMD
Cool C and Steady B, plus that Public Enemy
Not to mention N.W.A., DJ Quik, and MC Eiht
Down south we listen to it all, we didn't discriminate
Better off them Geto Boys, Raheem, and the Royal Flush
Rap-A-Lot Records based out in Houston, represents for us
O.G. style, they cars, fix them vogues with human trouble
Our squad is gangsta nigga, put it down for H-Town on the double
So I said, "It's time to hustle," got down with my brother C

Put together UGK and shit the rest is history
We make hits by the dozen, put it down when they said we wasn't
Trust me it's nothin, just another day in the life for country cousins

In Brooklyn, New York I'm down with Large and Marl
Back in P.A.T., man we be sippin the barre
I'm down with J. from Houston and I think it should be
But when I'm mobbin L.A. I fuck with Ice-T
Short Dog is my O.G., we been down forever
Taught me the game, lane to lane, and keep my pimpin together
Niggaz don't understand by far back in the day
It was amazing and my brother put me up on Black Star
Starving blacks on the news, I weighed
Cause we isolate ourselves and give our ghetto pass away
My niggaz passed away in an unreal way
They mommas depleted, I'm just tryna make sure that their kids straight
I'm on the chitalin tour with my mic in my hand
Shittin on these jealous niggaz in the new world clan
I wouldn't trade it for nothin, only a crazy man would
I represent for the whole South, I made it just for my hood
The pimpin's good...

I got cousins (I got cousins), country cousins (country cousins)
Like blood that's thicker than water (it's nothin), down dirty 'cross the bo
rder
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Like blood that's thicker than water (it's nothin), down dirty 'cross the bo
rder
In my country cousins!