

# This Is Racket County

The Lacs

Y'all cut off all that damn racket  
Ha ha ha  
Okay

First off we try to tell 'em not to hit the club  
Broke as hell between us only had a hundred bucks  
But it was poppin' happy hour so we stopped and had some one dollar drafts  
It didn't seem much like a problem  
Then the ladies started boppin' to a Ying Yang song  
I hit the bar took a shot of two or three I'm gone  
Saw by buddy dancin' all up on a little hippie chick  
Took a solid hit a something said we won't remember shit  
Later heard it from some people we was actin' a donkey  
All them girls that y'all was with hope you know they was raunchy  
I don't wanna hear about it man [?]  
People labeled us some dumb drunk honkies

Ra-ra-ra-rack ra-ra ask the player who is boss  
Ra-ra-ra-rack ra-ra-ra-rack Racket County  
Ra-ra-ra-rack ra-ra it's a big hood hoss  
Ra-ra-ra-Racket ra-ra-ra-Racket it's the County

I came in like I did because I knew y'all want it  
I got a Chevy so high I call her Snoop Dog cousin  
And while y'all follow suit I just kept on truckin'  
I been cold blooded I'm raw I ain't stepped on nothin'  
Another pissed off redneck shittin' on your bed set  
I'll get your skull cracked it's time to get your head checked  
Come get your neck snap back and I meant that  
Back road assholes you can GPS that  
Say we southern and know nothin' of class  
You can kiss my poor broke country ass  
I'm drinkin' straight out the bottle and I'm pissin' in my yard  
Yellin' Racket County ask about me

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It feels good to be a redneck backwoods boss  
Understood in these woods, yeah I'm that good hoss  
Now the tops off never should've popped off  
I did this album baby boy to get my rocks off  
See you searchin' like an addict yeah you need you a hit  
You tried to make some racket but I'm pleadin' the fifth  
And all that riff-raff chit chat stop that shit  
You better get back kid you over cookin' my grits  
You got eleven teen hundred and forty-five sold  
You went backwoods copper and trailer park gold  
I'm just gonna give you my plaque 'cause I ain't done yet  
And Racket be the hottest county up under the sun set bet

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So welcome to the troublesome noise the country's runnin' from  
Like Hank Jr. never sniffed some up off of stripper's buns  
I blame y'all for this maddenin' direction  
What'd you expect when the sticks got satellite reception  
Skull crusher like Stone Cold's partner  
Nobody touchin' my rhymes this a no hold's bar  
Put that hatchet to your middle 'til your sternum splinters  
They think you play for the Lakers out of Doc's Staples Center  
Backwoods beast like Sasquatch when the track beats  
And ain't nobody messin' with me this ain't Jack Links  
So while y'all bicker 'bout what to call this sound  
I'll be on the tour bus rippin' through y'all town, what

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