

This Down Here

Lil Wyte

If we don't believe you then we ain't seen you
Going around these old back streets
Never had a mason jar, her mama sweet T
Let me make this clear

If you ain't rode down an old back road
With an open beer and an eighth of dro
Then you don't know a fucking thing
About this down here

Hey country roads getting blowed
I don't know which way to go
I ain't got nowhere to be, I'm following my radio
I'm still living on the edge, get my money out of bound
Swerving in and out of town
And I'm still bumpin, got me now
Back to the simple man, life I'm in the basics
The weed that we've been growing was growing in my cousin's basement
If money to be made man I'm speeding to get it
Everybody that I know is selling weed for a living
On that Tennessee shit so I'm doing this for ya'll
I speak with a southern drow, say no man me no
I'm travelling the country, sometimes feel like I ain't wanted
Never thought that I was country til I went to California

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Well I'm a sweet P drinkin, cigarillo rollin badass
Muddin down a back road, puffin on some hash wax
You ain't never met anybody quite like Lil Wyte
I spend my winters on the road and my summers in the country
Only hang around with good people that love me
And that's the only thing that keeps my brain alright
Bound to pop another pill, bumpin dealin no deal
Me and Jelly Roll drunk on a grassy hill
And everything that we want we gonna do tonight
Tell em Jesse Whitley

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