

Rascalz F/ Checkmate, Kardinal Offishall, Thrust

"Po' Folks"

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Awwwwww....

Mmmmm, awww..

[Chorus]

All my life been po'

But it really don't matter no mo'

And they wonder why we act this way

Nappy Boys gon' be okay

All my life been po'

But it really don't matter no mo'

And they wonder why we act this way

Nappy Roots gon' be okay, okay

[Big V]

We came in the game, plain ya see

Average man when the rest was ashamed to be

Nappy head and all, ain't no changin me

Ooooh-oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh...

So rough it was, downright wrong I tell ya

Nobody never gave us nothin but tough time and made
us somethin

Different stretch of road, new somethin to see

Every state on the map, a different somethin to eat

Daps and handshakes, it meant nuttin for real

Everybody makin a killin man, showin no feelins

Walkin off collectin pay, it's the way of the world

Can't change it, so I guess I'm gon' pray for the world

Sometimes I ask myself, was I made for the world?

I scream this to you, and I say it to the world

Nappy then, Nappy now - Nappy for a bit

Knee-deep, head over heels in this country shit!

[Chorus]

[Skinny DeVille]

Even though I picture better days,

I'm thankful for the chance I got to say amen

The Lord done blessed me with his grace, I wish this
day would never end

We represent the slums, where we from, we feel they
bump

Polish shot off on these presidents, and hardtimes they
go and come
Some take up off, without the chance, to make it at all
Who woulda thought Skinny'd be the one that's, makin
this call
Lord, help me out, tell me where I went wrong
I'm tryna find a righteous path, although it's, never
been long
I gotta do it for my sons, they tellin me, "Daddy be
strong"
We gon' make it through these hardtimes
even though they go and they come
Ya absolutely right, for somethin happen to me on last
Tuesday night
It's plain as day, man they... with this World Trade
Naw brave any order but confoldure
Better make it home when nothin seems to matter
That's when, see, everything can go - any which way
They got me fooled, see the Henny with the J
Front po'ch, chillin broke, country folk, I'm Nappy with
my ways yo

[Chorus]

[R. Prophit]

It's a blessin we woke up this mornin
All my colored folk stressin, come let's join hands
Got to cope with the pressures of bein po' man
Poppa taught me an order, survive for no man
Nappy blossomed from the Roots, course we gon'
stand
Prophit grew from a juvenile to a grown man
Ya gotta take responsibility for ya own man
Zonin, two blunts a mo'nin, by sunrise sometimes
I love to hear my woman moanin, it's on again
Damn I hope you play this song again
The soul cleansin, the melody just rev my engine
Not a lot of things but usually just appendin, but lately
Been searchin for Benjamins, saw my folks locked in
the tenaments
And it don't make no sense (what) children and
sentencin
Broadcastin from the slums, that's why I'm writin these
sentences
Just lower my income, (what) though we ain't finish it

[Chorus]

