

Roots, The "Water"

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South Philly, North Side, Oakland, Texas, Georgia
Black people, uh
Worldwide
Na what I'm sayin'?
This is for my nigga
Dumb and blind

They say a record aint nothin if it's not touchin', grippin'
draw you in close and make you wanna listen to it
and if you real ill at makin' music
the listna gonna feel like he living through it
that's how my nigga do it
I met Slacks back in like ninety-one rappin'
we went to Millersville to get away from gun clappin'
it aint last, i be in class dreaming 'bout fifty-thousand
fans up in the stands
screaming out
Encore, yo I'm heading back to philly, nigga you rollin
with me?
I'm tryna get busy
We walked dogs that was off the chain, lotta times at
the shows people hardly
came
I just, took it in stride as a part of the game but inside
people down with me started to change
It was a couple thangs, little syrup, little pills
Instead of riding out on the road you'd rather chill
I know the way the pleasure feels, I'm not judgin'
but still I'm on a mission yo I'm not buggin
I got fam that can't stop druggin', they can't sleep
they can't stick to one subject and can't eat
it's people steady comin at me out in the street
like Riq yo what up with ya peeps, it gets deep nigga

(Chorus)

Yo, you need to walk straight masta ya high
Son you missing out on what's passin' ya by
I done see these streets suck a lotta cats dry,
but not you and I my nigga,
We got to get,
c'mon over, over, the water (x2)

yo, water (x2)

We done been through many meals a couple of deals
shared clothes and wheels, killed mics and reels
we done rocked shows abroad and slept on floors
trying to figure what the fuck we gettin' slept on for
or what we walkin with the weapon for
weighted by the gravity law, you know it if you came up
poor my nigga
picture the bus up north
you know we made of errething outlaws are made of
I'm far from a hata, and I don't say I love you 'cause the
way I feel is
greater,
M-illa you a poet son, you a born creator
and this'll probably dawn on you later
it's in your nature, lyrics all up on you walls like they
made of paper
you gotta follow where the talent take ya
ya might fuck around and finally make it, and that's
real but yo

(Chorus)

I want ya all to understand I come from South Philly,
and when I walk the streets it's like a pharmacy
They got all type-a shit anybody can get
It go from H to X to loosie cigarettes
for my ghetto legend, known for little shiest runnin'
cop codine by the quarts and keep comin' and dumbin'
just embracing the dope like it's a woman
ya burning both sides of the rope and just pullin' and
tuggin'
in between islam and straight thuggin'
layin everyday around the way and doin nothin'
see em all shakin' their heads and start shruggin'
if they don't got a man like mine they gotta cousin
an yo, you better be a true friend to him, before the shit
put an end to him
or give a pen to him
and lock him in the studio with a mic
'cause on the real it might save his life
and keep tellin' him

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