

XTC**"Doo Rags"**

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Uhh

[Nas]

Pushin drop-tops, Stacy Lattisaw tapes, the 80's had us
all apes

Youngest gorillas up to bat at home plate

That was a uncanny era, guns in my pants

Yeah X-Clan hair, with dreads at the top of my fade

Homicide and feds on the blocks where I played, b-ball

That's when I wondered was I here for the cause, or be-
cause

Cause Ray Charles could see the ghetto

Was told to stay strong and I could beat the Devil

Cause yo, I used to play Apollo balcony seats

Watchin niggaz swing razors in the front row, then out
in the streets

The car show, 560's, chemical afros

Acuras pumpin Super Lover Cee and Casanova

Live chicks be, asses bustin out of they clothes

Wearin lip gloss, big door knockers pealin they
earlobes

So where them years go? Where the old gold beers
and cheers go?

But now them shorties here doe, so

[Chorus]

The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels and furs
Riker's Island busses still packed, what's the word?

The drinkers stay drinkin, or puffin they herb

And I'm, still enjoyin life's ride; one mo' time

The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels and furs

Riker's Island busses still packed, what's the word?

The drinkers still drinkin, or puffin they herb

And I'm, still enjoyin life's ride; right?

[Nas]

Political thugs in shark suits persuade us to pull
triggers

in army boots, yellin "Join the armed forces!"

We lost the Vietnam War, intoxicated poisons

Needles in arms of veterans instead of bigger fortunes

There's still a lot of naked crawlin in the corporate
offices
War in the ghetto, we crabs in a barrel, they torture us
They won't be servin the beast too long
The murderers wearin police uniforms, confederate
flags I burn
Beat Street breakers were dancin to the music I chose
And Peachtree Atlantic crackheads was tootin they
nose
in frozen corners of Chicago, loaded up Llama's
children
with fo'-fo's, and double-revolvers
We devil incarnates, headed for jail
Where Shell gas company in South Africa be havin us
killed
Your paper money was the death of Christ
And all these shorties comin up just resurrect your life
It's like a cycle

[Chorus]

[Nas]

Niggaz used to wear rags on they hair when it was
fried up
That's when we were lied to, buyin hair products
Back before my generation, when our blackness
started disintegratin
'til awareness started penetratin
The styles come from prison, they used potatoes makin
liquor
just to prove we some creative niggaz
Turnin nothin into somethin, is God work
And you get nothin without struggle and hard work
War is necessary to my niggaz in chains
From Greene to Sing-Sing, I'm wantin y'all to know one
thing
The hardest thing is to forgive, but God does
Even if you murdered or robbed, yeah it's wrong, but
God loves
Take one step toward him, he takes two toward you
Even when all else fail, God support you
I done it, got God sun on my stomach
My heart and my lungs was affected from Henny's and
gettin blunted
Do your body right and it loves you back
You only get one life, and yo because of that
I'm still blazin, goin out for the cause
Still rockin stockin caps, not for the waves, obeyin no
laws
And it's like that

[Chorus]

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