

## Nappy Roots

### "Aaw Naw"

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Yeah, haha Nappy Roots  
Awwnaw!

[Hook]  
Awnaw! Hell naw! Man  
Y'all done up and done it  
Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy  
Y'all done up and done it  
Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy  
Y'all done up and done it  
Ah, y'all done up and done it  
Man y'all done up and done it

[Fish Scales]  
My first song was like forty-eight bars with no hook  
You hear me flippin thru my pages out my favorite  
notebook  
The microphone was in the closet (What?) No  
headphones, we lost it  
Niggas scared to get some water, roaches hangin over  
the faucets  
No AC, Tez'll break a sweat just tryin to make beats  
E-Dubz was being a hustler, (Heeeyy man!)  
all play flirtin all his customers, and flat broke  
Nappy smokin blacks out on the back po'ch  
I'm thinkin I got everything a country boy could ask for

[Big V]  
Now what we do to get here? (Say dat boy!!)  
Lay it down and bring it to ya raw (Say dat boy!!)  
Hey now we hurt some, suffered for more, takes what  
we work for  
Hated for for the cussin, but the hatred it made us cuss  
more  
Held on, but it was hard - stepped up, took charge  
Ran thru what we scared up, but what was we afraid  
for?  
Look what we made of, heart that what made us  
Being here is alright, but MUST believe we won't fall!

Them country boys on the rise!

With them big fat wheels on the side!  
Peep them vertical grills on the ride!  
And aw-awww-awww-awwwwww!

[Repeat Hook over this part]

Them country boys  
With them big fat wheels  
Peep the vertical grills  
And awwwwwwwww!

[Saan/Skinny DeVille]

My yegga, we hogwild, bet that from that roota to that  
toota-file  
Hell naw, them country boys ain't headed south for six  
miles  
Kentucky mud, them kinfolk, twankies with them  
hundred-spokes  
Skullied on that front po'ch, plus you know they got 'dro  
Seventy-nine coupe DeVille vertical Caddy grill  
Interstate 65 headin down to Cashville  
Glass filled, to the tippy-top, back-seat Benz  
Spent my last cent on the rent, left with pocket lints  
A damn shame, gotta grind anythang and everythang  
Jimmy Crack Corn, cross the county line with Mary Jane  
A long time, a gravel road, to cash and fame and sold  
my soul  
To Hell and back, and back and forth, with same jeans  
and nappy 'fro

[R Proffit]

I might, hop off the Harley, spoke mine like Bob Marley  
Not parties with charties, wallin like they swallowin  
Bacardi  
Them butter-skin, Proffit gotta like them  
Understand you 'bout to lose ya life fuckin with  
THEEEMM!

Them country boys on the rise!  
With them big fat wheels on the side!  
Peep the vertical grills on the ride!  
And aw-awww-awww-awwwwww!

[Repeat Hook over this part]

Them country boys  
With them big fat wheels  
Peep the vertical grills  
And awwwwwwwww!

Them country boys  
With them big fat wheels  
Peep the vertical grills

And awwwwwwww!  
[Repeat]

Them country boys on the ride!  
With them big fat wheels on the side!  
Peep the vertical grills on the ride!  
And aw-awww-awww-awwwww!  
Them country boys  
With them big fat wheels  
Peep the vertical grills  
And awwwwwwww!

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