

Nappy Roots "Aw Naw"

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Yo, ha ha Nappy Roots
Awnaw

Awnaw, hell naw, boy
Man, y'all done up and done it
Awnaw, hell naw, boy
Y'all done up and done it

Awnaw, hell naw, boy
Man, y'all done up and done it
Ah, y'all done up and done it
Man, y'all done up and done it

My first song was like forty-eight bars with no hook
You hear me flippin' through 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, hey man
Always flirtin' with all his customers and flat broke
Nappy smokin' blacks out on the back porch
I'm thinkin' I got everything a country boy could ask for

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 the cussin' but the hatred, it made us cuss
more

Held on but it was hard, stepped up, took charge
Ran through what we scared of but what was we afraid
for?
Look at what we made of, hard times done made us
Being here is alright but must believe we want more

Them country boys on the rise
With them big fat wheels on the side

Peep them vertical grills on the ride
And aww

Them country boys
(Awnaw, hell naw, man, y'all done up and done it)
With them big fat wheels
(Awnaw, hell naw, boy, y'all done up and done it)

Peep the vertical grills
(Awnaw, hell naw, boy, man, y'all done up and done it)
And aww
(Y'all done up and done it, man, y'all done up and done it)

My yegga, we hogwild, bet that from that buddha 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 headed down that 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

I might, hop off the Harley, smoke mine like Bob Marley
Block parties with shawties, wallin' like they swallowin'
Bacardi
Them butter skin, Proffit gutter like kin
Understand you 'bout to lose ya life fuckin' with them

Them country boys on the rise
With them big fat wheels on the side
Peep the vertical grills on the ride
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