

Nappy Roots "Be On Yo Way"

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(feat. Episode)

[Fish Scales] yeah

[R. Prophit] Awwwww

[Fish Scales] Wassup

[R. Prophit] yes'sa

[Fish Scales] You know dat

[R. Prophit] Nappy Roots and Game Point

[Fish Scales] Fish Scales and R. Prophit,
Game Point, Wassup?

[Chours - R. Prophit]

See I don't care what them people say
And I blow tress and just grind all day
See I truley know dat my hustles gone pay
So you best be on yo wayyyy

[Episode]

Most times I'm gettin serious, I don't play no games
You niggas dats curious, you gone feel da flame
Cause rhymes that I hit cha wit, It'll prolly crack ya
frame
Wether you a city black male, it's all da same

[Fish Scales]

I just hit Fern Valley Rd., I got a bag full a cookies
A white girl drivin dat keeps da stash in her pussy
Got my couision back at home, still watchin fo da block
And dis white girl too, so she ain't stoppin fo da cops

[Chours 1x]

[Fish Scales]

But once again I gots to lay down da law
(Yo) Cause niggas lookin at me like my hustle gotta fall
Bitch you ain't never seen a Sunbird on some 18's,
lookin so clean
When I was young I swear to God that was my ultimate
dream
But now I'm 25 and all I want is bubbled eyes
Come threw wit a big body wit double tires, it's gettin
hard

I know y'all don't wanna hate me, but it's too hard, I'm
good folks
it's simple, like all my niggas get drinks and get
smokes and keep dope

[Episode]

Outside, niggas with techniques and young preists
shakin fakin something, life in da beach ain't nuttin
sweet

Concerned with a navigator, illest nigga on beats
Them scales to alagator, PHD in da street
G P, Nappy, indeed we in a faith for cash
We move make, bend rules and law break
Ain't no escape, impliment ya plan, make it work
Cause I'ma stack till my old ass is in da dirt

[Chours 2x]

[R. Prophit]

I greet life, hold me tight, been lonley most my life
Walk past somethin dats dried, crumbled inside
Tried to be, find somebody believe in dis here
Most people they fear, black male rap fo real
I majored dis year, like Damon Waynes on top of his
game
Never leavin da game, it's Prophit boy on top of ya
brain
Fumblin blunts, sometimes stumblin drunk
Stumblin crunk, come threw rumblin trunks
Nappy hit pumps, and Game Point lights ya junts
No time fo stunts, my people been hungry fo months
You know me dawg, always gotta keep it raw
Speakin real life shit off dat alchol

[Chours 2X]

[Talking]

It's over now
Hey what up my nigga?
They talkin bout us man?
man fuck these hoes
Burn it down, fo real
I ain't in dat shit
Man, fuck them niggas man
Always
Underground fo life
underground forever
Lets get these niggas
Game Point
Nappy

