

Nappy Roots **"Blowin' Trees"**

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Yes sir
Nappy roots
Well I gotta go
Aww alright

I find myself up in the sky again, fly-in
So sincere, my dear, when I leave I cry within
It's lonesome here, candy painted oh so clear
Represent the slums, nappy through most of the year
(Nappy roots!)

Shouts out to aliyah, live the life and very career
On my wall I gotcha picture, God pray witcha
It's all on us, nappy boys in God we trust
Regardless what, this ya boy R. prophit whassup?

Nappy head and all, is the life for me
Grab my yea and we blowin' trees
This is the life God chose for me, chose for me
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Grab my yea and we blowin' trees
This is the life God chose for me, chose for me, chose
for me

I love my apple corn home, gave my favorite brush
away
Went from bald headed to all-dreaded, to just enough
to braid
It could be my lucky day, nappy shirted up the shades
Think I'm frontin', I'm cuttin' somethin' with my trucks
and blades

Let that man speak, step up grab all my meat
Greet you with my balls and my word in every
handshake
You damn straight, you worthless queer, price this
landscape
Awake, to a plate of a homemade pancake
Used to picture myself at the NFL draft
I just couldn't remove the lens cap
But I still kept my mouthpiece and my chinstrap
I dread it all for a pimp hat
Big body hog, new rag-top, pitch black

Being average is okay, being different is alright
Long as you stay in your means
Then you know you keepin' it real with yo'self
And that's nappy right there

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I'm in the '81 'lac Seville, but got spend
Limo tint, but see we ridin' it like it's a Benz
Clamp somethin' like a pimp
(Puff somethin' like a pimp)
I'm cuttin' corners most players won't attempt
Skinny slum type, betcha bottom dollar that's fa sure
Nappy gonna be alright, through ups and downs and
back and fer'
What the hell ya talkin' 'bout? How much it cost to floss
and ball
We did it on a budget, rep the country till we fall

Playa we in enter this biz
(Nappy!)
My love is in the slums and the people that's near
They love me dang, do anything for me dang
Make a livin' outta whattchu call ugly dang
With nothin' left to lose, we get it in
But nappy roots done paid the dues
Hustlin', backwards-ass nigga this one here's for you
You in the way, get out the game
We comin' through, with shit to prove
Ain't nan thing you can tell me 'fore observin' what we
'bout to do

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