

Nappy Roots "Good God Almighty"

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Yo Alright It's that new Wooden Leather

Yo, well it's a new day, full of them grits
You cooked the Sunday meal at six
Lets get it while this gettin' good cause granny ain't
gon' live forever

Season changin', we like these dependin' on the weather

Look what we doin', summer's ruined, fall y'all pack y'all sweater

Somebody told me war was comin', y'all just stack y'all cheddar, better

Checked my mail the other day and Sam done sent a letter

I opened it and line for line it said I was a sucka

The nerve of this motherfucker, claimin' he's my uncle Good God Almighty, Lord have mercy, think that we's in trouble

Please send some help like quick, fast, do it on the double nine one one

The line been busy for days, Hell maybe weeks I've been tossin' and turnin', back and forth, ensurin' my forty winks

Yeah I feel you dude
I be watchin' the tube, toastin' the rude
Notice the news ain't nothin but scandals and murder
War and destruction, poor keep sufferin'
Lord it's troublin' the more you be bustlin' the more

Lord it's troublin', the more you be hustlin' the more you strugglin'

Well, good God Almighty look at what we have here
And it feels so good to be here
I said, "Good God Almighty, look at what we have here"
Welcome, this is wooden leather
Well, good God Almighty look at what we have here
And it feels so good to be here
I said, "Good God Almighty, look at what we have here"
This is now wooden leather

Trouble in my life got me hollerin baby
We be at 'em poor so I'm goin crazy
Anthrax on letters, little daddy just paged me
War got me worried, I been prayin' lately
How will I live? Listen here, "Life is still a bitch"
Money don't change shit, stuck in the same shit
To get it all, gotta risk it all or forget it dawg
A winner ain't a quitter and a quitter ain't a winner

I just be steppin' around the block cause I was doin my thing

My crew been kickin' off all them rocks, just let my cellular ring

We said he heard a couple of shots
Word is that they copped them a sting
I burn shit once my lyric drop, one false move and
you're stained

We're pushin' 'em ten dollars a pop and I got exact change

It's like investin' in Nasdaq had me caught in the rain I'm 'bout to pull the mask out and have 'em screamin' in vain

And I be puttin' them tracks out and it's all for the brain'

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Well we done seen everything under the sun And been done what shouldn't have been done Y'all never heard of the blacks still young Now that's one bad son of a gun

Steppin' out in the cowboy banana brim
Once you rockin' camel skin like Tim
DJ make this record spin, let my family in
Management, go get the checks so we can begin

Well, if it's good never turn it down
Wood still burn it down
And learn how to handle them
Plans you can cancel them
Cancel them

What you know no good

And what you know no good What you know no good And what you know no good

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