

## Nappy Roots "No Good"

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Yooooo

I said yooooo

For all them industry haters that said we couldn't do it

This for my country thug street yeagas

You know we gon'

Smoke good, drink good, eat good, Fleetwood

Nickel bag of funk'll make a country yeaga sleep good

Come on, yo' hood, my hood, tote heat, sho' should

Folk round here be up to no good

My yeaga lookin' like one of them days

I got a Franklin in my pocket, with this lint like a slave

And 20 cent to my name, tryna make this crime pay

Money spent, Ben gone, left me with the Hamil-ton

Window tint, same ol' song

Lincoln on a sack, with the fifty-dat

Bump my song, get drunk, get it crunk

Country-fried, pack a blunt

Evr'ything tight, volume 2 off in the trunk, bump

In a slump, head-shot got me pumped like a gauge

Turn the page, flip the script

Hit the script jump, shorty with the dump

In the hatchback, ass fat

Nickel bag of funk, caught a skunk in a rat trap

Sat back, hit it once, hit it twice, pass that

Mashed-out, Fleetwood, Cadillac, headed south

Woodgrain, pure grain, hold it in and let it out

Bouncin' like a bunny hunny, tell the shorty set it out

Get in where we fit in, we gon' try our best to sell it out

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We makes it hot for 'em, feel the flames  
Who separate the real from lames  
Yeaga B Stile's his name  
(Where you from?)  
The Ville, Lagrange, to mills and fane  
Look how far Louisville's done came  
Now break it down

I like my pockets fat  
And my weed green  
And my liquor brown  
And my hens clean  
With they panties down  
And a beat that keep  
My yeagas bouncin', bouncin', bouncin', bouncin'

Check, check  
My mic vocals, is like choke-holds  
Fetch the billfold that my cheese is in  
And purchase a nickel to help me breathe again  
I'm from a place where blood spills and stains  
Filled with drug deals and gangs  
Yeagas with gold grills and thangs  
Drink up, fill ya tanks, spill ya drinks  
It's Nappy, dawg, untamed  
Southern slang, unchanged  
We sendin' slugs through ya brain  
(Fuck what you know, good)  
And all my thugs, for the sane

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A cool cat, with a pimp hat  
Cup fulla gin-jack  
Dreaded out, throwin' up deuces  
When I'm headed out  
Slice it up and bet it out, 5-0-4  
Throw the prices up and set it out  
Real niggaz never doubt  
Swerve to the calico, give me a deuce of that  
Make it 2 of that, pack a tip, flush a optimo  
Keep the change, got to go

Flirt, tryna talk dirty  
Georgia-bred, you can tell by my Hawk jersey  
Hit me up if you get off early  
Then I dap out, so clean  
Yo honey actin' mo' mean  
Napped-out, momma asking me "What's all that 'bout?  
I say I got big plans, look slim but mapped-out  
Country boy with country game  
Never spittin' nothin' lame  
Get paid to rap, still a dap like ain't nothin' changed  
My shit stay Nappy, split ends stay happy  
Bad threads must've came from his pappy

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