

## Nappy Roots "One Forty"

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No more wine for me, no more dimes of weed  
'Cuz I'm tryin' to see, if my mind can reach  
The level of the game that we die to see  
I'm talkin' bout naturally where ya mind is free  
See I'm a dying breed, a country-fried emcee  
I used to rhyme for free, but now I rhyme for cheese  
See it was bound to be, when there's mouths to feed  
And there's bills to pay, somethin' gotta give way

The way I feel today, I could care less  
'Cuz my mind is made, yeah my hair's a mess  
I don't bother to shave, I walk around bare chest  
like a candy face, like I'm wearin' a vest  
I dare ya to test, I push a hundred-five reps  
Showin' off my pecs, triceps and biceps  
I'm all for the cause, ready to die next  
I'm all for the cause, ready to die next

We don't even talk about it we live it, we live it  
(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)  
(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life)  
And if you think you can take it from us, come get it,  
come get it  
(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)  
(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life)

This life? It's mine  
It's yours? It's mine  
That's right it's mine  
That's yours this mine  
This life? It's mine  
It's yours? It's mine  
That's right it's mine  
That's yours this mine

Now ah, when I was a, young man  
There was a couple of things poppa put in my head  
Never sit down when ya need to stand  
Never drink down all ya dreams and plans  
Poppa, what's that inside ya glass?  
Don't do as I do boy, do as I ask  
See do it right if ya gon' do it that fast

And don't do it if ya gon' do it half-assed

Well, since then I been an over-achiever  
Smoker and drinker, only I would opened my blinkers  
And I'm broke, so I guess I gotta choke on my finger  
'Cuz I need to come up, ah I'm just a dreamer  
A hustle schemer, these cops be corrupt like Rupp  
Arena  
Try an bust my weiner, with these court subpoenas  
petty misdemeanors  
"Boy you ain't worth" like student like teacher

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Same jeans in the spring that I strut in the fall  
No comb, no fade, no nothin' at all  
I'll give a finger for the haters and one for the law  
Sounds fine, Nappy Roots a little somethin' for y'all  
Get a dutch, jump the gultch, then stuff it with straw  
Get higher than a motherfucker, deep in the call  
Hit the liquor sto', makin' mo', fifth and I pause  
Get love tryna cut, got ya dick and balls  
Hell naw then broads at the wall

Big pimpin' on a budget, tryna make it the mall  
Thank the Lord, for just livin', makin' the most  
'Scuse me, anybody got change I can borrow?  
Dime? Caught a penny tryna get to the mall  
Wanna buy me some ice too, slip it and fall  
Ops silly me, big nuts and they gone  
Didn't see that shit comin' like a truck in the fall

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Lemme hear ya say  
Nappy Roots see ya dawg, all my magazine  
It's that life B, gotta make that choice  
It's all on you  
Lemme hear ya say  
Lemme hear ya say  
Lemme hear ya say

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