

## **Nappy Roots**

### **"Po Folks By Nappy Roots"**

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All my life been po'  
But it really don't matter no mo'  
And they wonder, why we act this way  
Nappy Boys gon' be okay

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Came in the game, plain ya see  
Average man, when the rest was ashamed to be  
Nappy head and all, ain't no changin' me

So, rough it was, downright wrong I tell ya  
Nobody never gave us nothin' but tough time and  
made us somethin'  
Different stretch of road, new somethin' to see  
Every state on the map, a different somethin' to eat

Daps and handshakes, it meant nuttin' for real  
Everybody makin' a killin' man, showin' no feelin's  
Walkin' off collectin' pay, it's the way of the world  
Can't change it, so I guess I'm gon' pray for the world

Sometimes, I ask myself, was I made for the world?  
I scream this to you and I say it to the world  
Nappy then, Nappy now, Nappy for a bit  
Knee-deep, head over heels in this country

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Even though I picture better days  
I'm thankful for the chance I got to say,

Ã¢â€šÂœAmenÃ¢â€šÂ¿

The Lord, done blessed me with his grace, I wish this  
day would never end  
We represent the slums, where we from, we feel they  
bump  
Polish shot off on these presidents and hard times they  
go and come

Some take up off without the chance to make it at all  
Who woulda thought Skinny'd be the one that's makin'  
this call  
Lord, help me out, tell me where I went wrong  
I'm tryna find a righteous path although it's never been  
long

I gotta do it for my sons, they tellin' me, "Daddy, be  
strong"  
We gonna make it through these hard times  
Even though they go and they come  
Ya, absolutely right, for somethin' happen to me on last  
Tuesday night  
It's plain as day, man, they

With this World Trade, now, brave any order  
[Incomprehensible]  
Better make it home when nothin' seems to matter  
That's when, see, everything can go, any which way  
They got me fooled, see the Henny with the J  
Front po'ch, chillin' broke, country folk, I'm Nappy with  
my ways, yo

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It's a blessin', we woke up this mornin'  
All my colored folk stressin', come let's join hands  
Got to cope with the pressures of bein' po' man  
Poppa taught me an order, survive for no man

Nappy blossomed from the roots, henceforth we gon'  
stand  
Prophet grew from a juvenile to a grown man  
Ya gotta take responsibility for ya own man  
Zonin', two blunts a mo'nin', by sunrise sometimes

I love to hear my woman moanin', it's on again  
Damn, I hope you play this song again  
The soul cleansin', the melody just read my end  
Not a lot of things but usually just appenin'

[Incomprehensible] searchin' for Benjamins  
Saw my folks locked in the tenements  
And it don't make any sense, what? Children and  
sentencin'  
Broadcastin' from the slums, that's why I'm writin'  
these sentences  
Just lower my income, what? Though we ain't finish it

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