

## Nappy Roots "Slums"

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We represent the slums, alright

Let's get this motherfucker crunkin' from Kentucky to  
Baghdad  
Ya pops was always gone but that didn't make him a  
bad dad  
We still managed to eat, and come to think wattrn't half  
bad  
But Doug was always on us 'bout the things that we  
never had  
Now I was born in Oakland better known as the Cold  
Town  
Done seen too many folk down, some put the soul  
down

Done heard my momma cryin' if I knew what I know now  
I'd pro'ly have to greet the party room with the fo'  
pound  
I'm tryna keep my head on straight to keep me from  
catchin'  
In case I feel my insides burnin', musta swallowed all  
twenty-eight  
I'm drinkin' Milk of Magnesia, but still I ain't feelin'  
straight  
Some mo' had murdered my granddad over real-  
estate

Represent the slums, represent the slums  
Represent the slums, aww, aww, aww, aww  
Represent the slums, represent the slums  
Represent the slums, aww, aww, aww, aww

Bummy, if I put it out, sucky, if I pull it out  
Ohh me, ya better kick it out, or ya livin' in a haunted  
house  
Ran what you tried to run, came how you tried to come  
Did what you couldn't do, difference between me and  
you  
Slum for a while now, country for a lifetime  
Cool is what I choose to be, but that ain't what I used to  
be

Muddy waters couldn't drown a nigga, bloodhounds on  
the trail for real  
Shakin' up this rap shit, givin' niggaz hell for real  
Turn a hold the dog deal, mucus and you hearin' right  
National Geographic ain't, fuckin' with this wildlife  
Hissin', I'm finna strike, rattlin', I'm finna bite  
Hell with a blue light, fuckin' with no rules tonight

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Now once again, you see me layin' down the law  
These cowards tryna catch me like my hustle got a flaw  
Bitch I'm Southern bred  
That's where you break it down to raw and then you  
flush the rest  
I said you break it down to raw and then you flush the  
rest  
And I ain't playin' witch'all haters since y'all fucked up  
my order

Got me playin' with a gram, coulda been up to a  
quarter  
Now my cousin called me up and said he finally did it  
Graduated from a handheld, to primary digits  
'Cuz in the slums we don't work we just grind and  
gamble  
Guaranteed I got that shit, niggaz dyin' to sample  
Now whattchu know about that work from the states of  
Georgia  
Cook so thick, collard, grits and water  
We in the slums

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