

## **Nappy Roots** **"War / Peace"**

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War, peace, c'mon Nappy  
Love, lust, now say it, roots  
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I got a telegram from a pelican  
Said in the clouds last night  
She got higher then she's ever been  
Seen shuttles and huddles, hard rocks and war bombs  
In real life, our words in distorted sound  
Coke and Hen' mix, guitar Jimi Hendrix  
Smokes and blunts but, this is my experience  
The world's corrupt, how can I defend it?  
Need more love, that's why I have to send it

Know what it is when you really tryin' to be somethin'  
But in your minds you really can't find nothin'  
But am I wrong, if a preacher can't reach me?  
Or am I dumb 'cause a teacher can't teach me?  
I'm too black, for this world here to bleach me  
I'm too much hell, for this heaven here to keep me  
But you can beat me, slander me, cancel me  
But see I'm real so you still gotta answer me

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The thought of all destruction, man ain't nothin' gonna  
last  
I feel the pain and sufferin', the system done collapsed  
Wood is burnin', big construction's burnin', holdin' on a  
pass

Shattered glass the aftermath, tragic death is on the trail  
Empty shells, the ghetto's extinct, there's heaven and there's hell  
Burnin' souls, the opposite of peace for seven million years  
Started livin' well, self-esteem, been lovin' with myself  
It's time for revolution, get yo' gauge and bullets off the shelf  
Because it's war

'Cause the end is almost here, but I done been here before  
So I haven't any fear for I trust in the Lord  
When I die nobody cry, nobody shed not a tear  
In the middle of the floor pour out your liquor and your beer  
I'm still witcha, you can hear me loud and clearly  
When I'm howlin' at the moon  
Mama heard me freestylin' in the womb  
Heard me battlin' the beat of her heart when it boom  
I'm born again, I'm free, I'm Nappy to my roots

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Do it, c'mon, c'mon, yea  
Do it, c'mon, c'mon, yea  
Do it, c'mon, c'mon, yea  
Do it, do it, do it, do it

Rich man purchased a poor one  
This land versus a fore run  
Either you with us or for 'em  
Pistols and missiles got 'em just to wage war on  
It ain't safe even in Oregon  
Each mourn, then there's more gone  
Bloodshed filthy as the money it pours on  
The guilty hand washes the sore one  
King James boxin' a Qu'ran  
The officials are morons, can't trust no one

But if the winos don't know it, the streets won't repeat it  
If it ain't adverse, then the reverend won't preach it  
Represent the slums, the misfits and have nots

Buddy we had not, born in a bad spot

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