

The Roots

"Water"

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South Philly, North Side, Oakland, Texas, Georgia
Black people, uh
Worldwide
Na what I'm sayin'?
This is for my nigga
Dumb and blind

They say a record ain't nothin' if it's not touchin',
grippin'
Draw you in close and make you wanna listen to it
And if you real ill at makin' music
The listna gonna feel like he living through it
That's how my nigga do it

I met slacks back in like ninety-one rappin'
We went to Millersville to get away from gun clappin'
It ain't last, I be in class dreaming 'bout
Fifty-thousand fans up in the stands
Screaming out

Encore, yo I'm heading back to Philly
Nigga you rollin' with me?
I'm tryna get busy
We walked dogs that was off the chain
Lotta times at the shows people hardly came

I just, took it in stride as a part of the game but inside
People down with me started to change
It was a couple thangs, little syrup, little pills
Instead of riding out on the road you'd rather chill

I know the way the pleasure feels, I'm not judgin'
But still I'm on a mission yo, I'm not buggin'
I got fam that can't stop druggin', they can't sleep
They can't stick to one subject they can't eat
It's people steady comin' at me out in the street
Like Riq yo what up with ya peeps, it gets deep, nigga

Yo, you need to walk straight masta ya high
Son, you missing out on what's passin' ya by
I done see these streets suck a lotta cats dry
But not you and I my nigga

We got to get
C'mon over, over, the water
C'mon over, over, the water
Yo, water
Yo, water

We done been through many meals a couple of deals
Shared clothes and wheels, killed mics and reels
We done rocked shows abroad and slept on floors
Trying to figure what the fuck we gettin' slept on for

Or what we walkin' with the weapon for
Weighted by the gravity law
You know it if you came up poor my nigga
Picture the bus up north

You know we made of everything outlaws are made of
I'm far from a hata
And I don't say I love you
'Cause the way I feel is greater
M-illa you a poet son, you a born creator

And this'll probably dawn on you later
It's in your nature
Lyrics all up on you walls like they made of paper
You gotta follow where the talent take ya
Ya might fuck around and finally make it and that's real
but yo

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Yo, I want ya all to understand I come from South Philly
And when I walk the streets it's like a pharmacy
They got all type-a shit anybody can get
It go from H to X to Loosie cigarettes

For my ghetto legend, known for little shiest runnin'
Cop Codine by the Quarts and keep comin', dumbin'
Just embracing the dope like it's a woman
Ya burning both sides of the rope and just pullin',
tuggin'

In between Islam and straight thuggin'

Layin' everyday around the way and doin' nothin'
See 'em all shakin' their heads and start shruggin'
If they don't got a man like mine they gotta cousin
An yo, you better be a true friend to him

Before the shit put an end to him
Or give a pen to him
And lock him in the studio with a mic
'Cause on the real it might save his life
And keep tellin' him

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