

South Park

"Nappy Roots - Riches To Rag (Mmmkay)"

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There are times when you get suckered in
By drugs, and alcohol, and sex with women(mmmkay)
But it's when you do these things too much
That you've become an addict, and must get back in
touch...

Mmmkay [uhh] mmmkay [uhh] mmmkay [c'mon]

[Nappy]
[Yo!]

Mmmkay

Alcohol, drugs, sex, you've become an addict(too
much)
Alcohol, drugs, sex, sex(too much)
Alcohol, drugs, sex, you've become an addict
Alcohol, drugs, sex, sex(too much)

He wore the finest stuff, platinum chains with diamond
cuts
Hawaiian slush, combined with wine and coconuts.
Pushed a 'lac, gator shoes, Armani suits, shahou
Plenty hoes, plenty loot, a major nigga, a paid nigga.
Kept some rich friends, plus a big benz, plus a lex jeep
Plus the rich friends, plus he jet ski, in Texas.
Flash the big chedda, wu-leather, new cheddar, gucci
sweata
Spillin' armareda in a black Baretta
For the fools who change like blue weather.
His tailor-made Armani suits, played with Tommy boots
Pushed more hummers than army troops, word to my
men Dukes.
Look at him 'sachied down, more kids than Bobby
Brown
Had a private jet, planned the odds he bet, two keys
inside his vest.
I keep the gold chain, and a cold dame,
We drove a fast car in a slow lane,
With caviar with the white cocaine flick it all in the dope
game.
Snoort coke, push dope, down to cut, a nigga throat

Spunt half of his summer, cruisin' on a, love boat.

(Mmkay)

Mmmkay {anyway} mmm-hmm {for real?}

Is that right?, feel that, Go'n ahead balla, do ya thang

Mmmkay {anyway} mmm-hmm {really?}

Is that right? {feel that} Go ahead playa {do yo thang}

Spring break, Virginia Beach, had a pair of, gold skis

Mo' money, than Playboy (BK) Nigga Please!

He was to the lavish, trick you casual, playa status, not
the fattest

Chick the baddest, used to ball with Gladys Knight,

This was just your average night

My dude spend a G a week just to see a freak

Strip down to her bear essentials in the Presidential
Suite,

His men too weak.

New York Undercover shot his brother, in a shootout

He had to move out, and drop his mother in a new
house.

He had nothin' to go home to, defeat was on the menu.

A two time loser, [ohh man] deja vu.

Fell in debt with Johnny Mafia, and let the gun play.

He sold his Altima, leased a Hundai, pushin' out his
Mom's place!

Get caught for child support, poppin' corks was more
important.

Bitch warned, undercover informant, three years
upstate, tough break.

Droppin names, poppin veins, gettin high off his own
supply

Still movin weight, steady losin weight,

On the crime, with his life on the line.

Alcohol, drugs, sex, you've become an addict(too
much)

Alcohol, drugs, sex, sex(too much) Mmmkay?

Alcohol, drugs, sex, you've become an addict

Alcohol, drugs, sex, sex(too much) Mmmkay?

Look, him and his boys got duct taped

for hangin' out at Suge's place.

See all my niggas, they took chase,

When they heard little Daddy push weight.

It was a robbery, snatch his platinum cubic link, and his
wallabe's.

Another street casualty that was written and promised
in the prophecy.

They stole his watches and rings while they shot up his
veins

God bless, he had no vest, and he felt no pain,

For the holes in his chest.
Heart beat, weak canal, stones in his reefer now
Lugz overflowed with blood, he 'bout to drown.
Nose white, laughin, ambulance light splashin.
Soon he'll leave, but for now, give him some room to
breathe.
Doctor called the family in, enemies, and next of kin.
One foot in the grave, and his soul in the wind.
From ashes to dirt, went closed casket to limosines and
a Hertz
Photographic pictures of the bastard,
With "Rest In Peace" on (damn!) his shirt.
Cause after ways, some niggas came over, jumpin' out
of a range rover.
Put the gat to his head, and he told him "Game's
Over!".

Mmmkay anyway mmm-hmm, for real?
Is that right? feel that, Go'n ahead balla, do ya thang
Mmmkay anyway mmm-hmm, oh really?
Is that right? feel that, Go ahead playa, do ya thank?
{repeat until fade}

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