

# Blowin' Trees

## Nappy Roots

Yes sir...

Nappy Roots...

Well.. I gotta go..

Aww.. alright..

I find myself up in the sky again, fly-in  
So sincere, my dear, when I leave I cry within  
It's lonesome here, candy painted oh so clear  
Represent the slums, Nappy through most of the year (Nappy Roots!)  
Shouts out to Aaliyah, live the life and very career  
On my wall I gotcha picture, God pray witcha  
It's all on us, Nappy Boys 'In God We Trust'  
Regardless what, this ya boy R. Prophit whassup?!

Nappy head and all, is the life for me  
Grab my yea and we blowin trees  
This is the life God chose for me, chose for me  
Nappy head and all, is the life for me  
Grab my yea and we blowin trees  
This is the life God chose for me, chose for me, chose for me

I love my applecorn home, gave my favorite brush away  
Went from baldheaded to all-dreaded, to just enough to braid  
It could be my lucky day, Nappy shirted up the shades  
Think I'm frontin, I'm cuttin somethin.. with my trucks and blades

Let that man speak, step up - grab all my meat  
Greet you with my balls and my word in every handshake  
You damn straight, you worthless queer, price this landscape  
Awake, to a plate - of a homemade pancake  
Used to picture myself at the NFL Draft  
I just couldn't remove the lens cap  
but I still kept my mouthpiece and my chinstrap

I dread it all for a pimp hat  
Big body hog, new rag-top, pitch black

Being average is ok, being different is alright  
Long as you stay in your means  
Then you know you keepin it real with yo'self  
And that's Nappy right there...

I'm in the '81 'Lac Seville, but got spend  
Limo tint, but see we ridin it like it's a Benz  
Clamp somethin like a (?) (Puff somethin like a pimp)  
I'm cuttin corners most players won't attempt

Skinny slum type, betcha bottom dollar that's fa sure  
Nappy gonna be alright, through ups and downs and back and fer'  
What the hell ya talkin bout? How much it cost to floss and ball  
We did it on a budget, rep the country till we fall

Playa we in (Nappy!) enter this biz  
My love is in the slums and the people that's near  
They love me dawg, do anything for me dawg  
Make a livin outta whattchu call ugly dawg!

With nothin left to lose, we get it in,  
but Nappy Roots done paid the dues  
Hustlin, backwards-ass nigga this one here's for you  
You in the way, get out the game  
We comin through, with shit to prove  
Ain't nan thing you can tell me 'fore observin what we bout to do

[music fades out]