

Light & Dark

Nappy Roots

Music, music, music (the blowin of the wind)
If you ever think about it you walk in the rhythm
(The flap of a bird's wings, calms the savage beast)
Your whole life is a beat (the cries of a baby)
Soothes, the baby sleeps (the mirrors and expressions of your life)
Emotion (life is a song, a beat, a tempo)
Christ our Savior, adrenaline (adjusted by a situation)
Inspiration, that's music (and that's us)
Here we go

Yup, that's what I'm talkin about right there (gotta be)
You just can't get that, nowhere but this
Ya know what I'm sayin, this is classic shit
C'mon (Whoaaaaaaa)

Groove to the bassline, slap that snare drum
It's music to ya eardrum, snap these back
We ain't goin nowhere hun, keep on dancin
From the mud to the mansion, imagine that
Back rubs, get the body oils, pass me that
Hot tubs, sit yo' ass in that
And only music this good, could make 'em act like that
So just do it (listen to it), this is a classic track
It's like music

In the light, in the light
In the dark, in the dark
(Got to be music)
In the soul, in the soul
(Got to be music)
In ya heart, in ya heart
(Got to be music)
To the end, to the end
From the start, from the start
(Got to be music)
Good music (All I know)

Aww man, I'm in the zone again, caught up in the whirlwind
And I'm, tryin to make a decision before the whole damn world ends
When, days turn into nights man and burn for twice as long
Cause when my pen brushes the pad with an art form that microphones
And every county 'cross the nation, every house and every basement
Hustlers on street corners live by a beat that's constantly changin
The one thing stays basic, Nappy Roots ain't nothin to play with
Every move is practicin patience, perfectly pacin, how to stay blatant
My sole reason for existence is for all my folks to be a witness
To the movement of this music that this group put out for centuries
And has a life of it's own and prolly gon' take on some different identities
Now who'd a thought we make it happen with this rappin in this industry?
Yup

Shot up in my bones (shot up in my bones)
Deep in my soul (deep in my soul)
From head to toe, whoaaaaaa
Shot up in my bones (shot up in my bones)
Deep in my soul (deep in my soul)
From head to toe

Lots of songs, lots of sounds
Bookoo fan, lots of towns
Good and bad time, farewells and makin up
Even feet hurt in the rhythm that run with walkin off
Fights in the club, lullabies to a newborn
Jazz softly enhances gettin grooves on
Tears in a funeral, brought on by a sad song
After Biggie's "One More Chance" who was ugly doin?
Sade made me wanna do it in the rain
R. Kelly had me rentin cars to do it in the Range
Breathin is a beat tempo adjusted by adrenaline
Situations, thankin God for the situation

Said it got to be music
Deep in my soul
Got to be music
Said it can't be nothin, nothin, nothin, nothin, nothin, nothin else