

War / Peace

Nappy Roots

Welcome

(4x)

War/Peace, c'mon Nappy

Love/Lust, now say it, Roots

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

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 7 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

Because 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 (whooooooo)
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!

Do it, c'mon, c'mon, yeah!
Do it, c'mon, c'mon, yeah!
Do it, c'mon, c'mon, yeah!
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 whinos 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

[Chorus]