

## R.O.O.T.S.

Flo Rida

I'm talking' bout roots  
I can't hate where I'm from  
Cause where I'm from made me (Cause where I'm from made me)  
I came from the bottom of the slums  
But now I got me... me  
That's because of my roots (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeeeeeaaahh)  
I'm talking' bout roots (Yeah, Yeah, Yeeeeeaaahh)  
I'm talking bout roots

Hey I can't be mad at what ya'll meet ahead  
I don't regret my ghetto struggle due to my success  
It ain't that beautiful to write on overcoming stress  
Top Ramen noodles thank pappy for the fact I was fed  
Look at me now but all before hey Mr. Skid Row  
The dirty south ain't just a name the way I've been poor  
The projects burnin' white, I call it gizmo  
Went from a gun to them cars in a Jigga video  
Can't find a meal to a mil, only God know it  
No record deal to a deal, I work hard for it  
Can I live to I'm livin' like my Momma told it  
Before you rip it, gotta sew it  
Yeah

I'm talking' bout roots  
I can't hate where I'm from  
Cause where I'm from made me (Cause where I'm from made me)  
I came from the bottom of the slums  
But now I got me... me  
That's because of my roots (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeeeeeaaahh)  
I'm talking' bout roots (Yeah, Yeah, Yeeeeeaaahh)  
I'm talking bout roots

Hey, still on my coupe but can't take  
Somebody had to be just to get away  
My sister had to leave, I respect her stayin safe  
Oh yea I had to grieve but I'm stronger to this day  
Pain, I can't ignore it, you might say I'm ignorant  
I'm mistakin' for courage, which victory so gorgeous  
Make it through two Bush, I can make it through any forest  
Hunger gave me the wish, but the bottom is so important  
37 ave and 187 street, Miami (Karat city), now I'm part of a legacy  
I'm thankful for the hood, what is love without jealousy  
There's only five letters really help me

I'm talking' bout roots  
I can't hate where I'm from  
Cause where I'm from made me (Cause where I'm from made me)  
I came from the bottom of the slums  
But now I got me... me  
That's because of my roots (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeeeeeaaahh)  
I'm talking' bout roots (Yeah, Yeah, Yeeeeeaaahh)  
I'm talking bout roots

Hey I know the seeds been planted  
It's damaging my soul but my dreams been granted  
That triple life towards, much deeper than nurse planet  
What could I want more than redoing I never planned it

Gets no lower than a grabbin' on your feet  
A man will stand for nothin' if he fall off with the feet  
A baller and a hitter all in the street  
If you look beneath the sand then we all need a crease  
Roots before the branches, roots before mansions  
Roots before your paper crazier than Marilyn Manson  
Roots with your grandparents, roots under your canvas  
Roots whether you black, white, or Spanish

I'm talking' bout roots  
I can't hate where I'm from  
Cause where I'm from made me (Cause where I'm from made me)  
I came from the bottom of the slums  
But now I got me... me  
That's because of my roots (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeeeeaaahh)  
I'm talking' bout roots (Yeah, Yeah, Yeeeeaaahh)  
I'm talking bout roots