

Nappy Roots Day

Nappy Roots

One of them is fat and loud
second one is black and proud
Third one's drunk and wild
fourth one slip and slid
one of them is just shy
last one is young and wise
homegrown battle tested you gonna love these guys
brought the hood on them guys
the best story told yet bonded against all odds
aint no tearin them apart
swore (?) till death do them in
even in reincarnation they would do it again

Who would ever thought six different strands
would lock together locked forever
rockin leathery wood told you chicken and cris go good
with some watermelon albums sellin coast to coast
across the seas gave everything we could
our tears our sweat our blood, cuz

I am because we are
we are because I am
Everbody say
We are on a holiday

Now throw your hands to the sky
turn up the music just ride
we representin right
we are on a holiday

we are because I am
I am because we are
Hey, its Nappy Roots Day!
we are on a holiday

Now throw your hands to the sky
bounce to the music we ride
we represintin right
We are on a holiday

Now we stronger than wood, playa (we tougher than leather)
Us yeaga's hustle together (uh uh not just for the cheddar)
Look here we trustin each other (Sayin "um you fuck with my brother?)
you gotta suffer the reprocutions we come from the gutter
(white kangol white glass six stripped suit with the matching)
boots came from the ostrich blowin smoke out the nostrals
(havin trouble with student loans we struggle for too long)
but now we can move on put that on my tombstone
(we are because I am aint hard to understand it)
far from a shootin star (rather play on my planet)
Power respect (demanded)
to us nothing was hand
(play it as loud as you can and say just how we played it)

Bring out your kids and just treat em
cotton candy plus freedom
raised by (?) and feed em

sweet as Shirly Temple singin
Clown on the charoselle
Spin on the ferris wheel
Its magic floatin, smokin, take up a call from Fish Scales

Man, we liven straight
real playas and real estates
weapons we put away
we reachin out with nappy days

Sparklers light up the dark fireworks in the park

Shrimp ala car red wine holly tart
Like soldiers comin home
Watchin after the war is gone
skys raining confetti
singing out the nappy meddle
get rid of felonies
wash em away with melodies
irish to ebonies
haitians to the lebonese

As I jot down in my note pad some day considered important to me
the birth of my son the day I signed my first recording agreement
it was sorta like my soul to the devil
and I was allowing him to keep it
but the true essence of this art form cant be confined to temptation and evil
lots of folks on the grind to this bullshit and my real yeagas stuck around
so this days a tribute a celebration
I am because we all stay down
Shit, I am gonna keep it Nappy 365 and 7 days a week
we fortunate to make it out that trap because the forest roots they runnin deep

[Chorus till fade]