

# 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 Shirley 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]