

## No Static

## Nappy Roots

No Static, no static, got an automatic  
No Static, no no static, no static, no static  
Too much of anything makes you an addict

Take a nigga back to tobacco road  
I'd give my old soul what it's asking fo  
I'm trying to find where them angels sing at  
Where X and King at  
So listen for the knowledge I bring back  
Cause cigarette pack and duece bottle  
Blue collar ain't too much we can do father  
Taketh me I live life so anxiously  
Tell me this is bout more than sex and buying weed  
Maybe but anyway we burn daily, sip baileys, early sex,  
Unwanted babies, scream push till I push daises  
Pops raised me through this blind crooked and crazy world  
I'm just riding along see where it takes me  
Keep buying cars and rims until it breaks me  
I'm fold like bread on a loose sandwhich, too damaged  
Still I've got to slow down and find a balance

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You spend a lot of long nights trying to make it like an open flame  
Smoking jane posted on this porch  
I got this close to fame without the leroy  
But we live forever wood and leather  
Slum is in my village like them niggas in Detroit  
What up though? It's all or none and I'm going for the gusto  
And everyday is cut throat but I don't give a fuck yo  
Gutter bread slice it different ways  
I got some shit to say, split the swisher, pack the hay,  
Roll it up and hit the bitch  
Addicted to this country living giving it my all dog  
Raw till I fall y'all here to california  
And back again trafficking like rog what's happening  
I'm traveling looking for the kill like I'm bill I'll  
My own right left without my soul tight  
Roll threw a cold night  
Swerving on a country road  
Six pack of michalobs, o with some funky dro  
Too much of anything can make a nigga lose control

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See I love my reefa, love my ganets  
And I don't fit into society I'm a menace  
Slap my balls on ya rack like tennis  
And turn the henney up and don't stop till I'm finished  
I'm pissy drunk, one shot might get me crunk  
Not to mention shawty rollin up like 50 blunts  
Got nappy in this bitch  
Sticks to the bricks  
I'm a cowboy dog it's to the face though mix

We go 90 in the slow lane with just enough to traffic  
Cross the line bout 40 times a week on an average  
Forward then backwards packaged like a sack lunch  
Ridin dirty, high as fuck, puffin on a bad blunt  
What's ya ass want? Nappy serve it all day  
Always keep it caddy hoggin dog it's all wood  
Too much of anything can make ya think it's all good  
Got an automatic skinny devil and we all should

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