P.O.N. (Pursuit Of Nappyness)

Nappy Roots

Classic 2000 and forever...

At first you don't succeed, try it all again I'd die 'fore I quit, so indeed I'ma win 'Til the fat lady sing the last note in the hymn Don't worry 'bout me, I'ma grind 'til then

They say fame is like cheers, where everybody knows your name Success at any level has a feel I can't explain You win some, you lose, it's on how you play the game But you gotta know the rules and these dues are insane If you make it to the top, congrats, good for you You don't have to sell drugs, you can do it through school You can make it by your damn self, it's better with yo' crew But choose your team wisely, don't pick a bunch of fools You gotta motivate, through ya hate infested lakes Maneuver through the snakes and the sharks, white and great They was with you from the start, is always what they say Watchin' every step along the way that you take Nobody's perfect, see we all gon' make mistakes Ya live and ya learn, fast life, pump the brakes Last night's not today, and right now's not tomorrow Livin' for the moment, then you're time's already borrowed

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Yo, uh, my story Fishscale bumpin, murderville jumpin Must be a wrap 'cause I'm ballin' up somethin' Packin' up my bags in the old Chevrolet And if they ask where I'm goin' tell em Bringin' it back to the A State trooper got me, beat me like Rodney Left the big city, turned a Saint like Shockey Didn't have much but what the good Lord could spot me Ask me where I'm goin, say I'm bringin' it back to the A Music stop sellin', friends start bailin' I'm failin' everything, not to mention I'm a felon My cousin doin' time and I don't know what I should tell him 'sides "Keep ya head up, cuz" I'm bringin' it back to the A Small town country boy, big city dreamer Double-wide trailer, pickup truck and a Beamer Tunnel vision driver, honk your horn if you see us If you wonder where I'm goin bruh I'm bringin' it back to the A!

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