

# Doo Rags

Nas

Pushin drop-tops, Stacy Lattisaw tapes, the 80's had us all apes  
Youngest gorillas up to bat at home plate  
That was a uncanny era, guns in my pants  
Yeah X-Clan hair, with dreads at the top of my fade  
Homicide and feds on the blocks where I played, b-ball  
That's when I wondered was I here for the cause, or be-cause  
Cause Ray Charles could see the ghetto  
Was told to stay strong and I could beat the Devil  
Cause yo, I used to play Apollo balcony seats  
Watchin niggaz swing razors in the front row, then out in the streets  
The car show, 560's, chemical afros  
Acuras pumpin Super Lover Cee and Casanova  
Live chicks be, asses bustin out of they clothes  
Wearin lip gloss, big door knockers pealin they earlobes  
So where them years go? Where the old gold beers and cheers go?  
But now them shorties here doe, so

The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels and furs  
Riker's Island bustin, still packed, what's the word?  
The drinkers stay drinkin, or puffin they herb  
And I'm, still enjoyin life's ride; one mo' time  
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Political thugs in shark suits persuade us to pull triggers  
in army boots, yellin "Join the armed forces!"  
We lost the Vietnam War, intoxicated poisons  
Needles in arms of veterans instead of bigger fortunes  
There's still a lot of nigger callin in the corporate offices  
War in the ghetto, we crabs in a barrel, they torture us  
They won't be servin the beast too long  
The murderers wearin police uniforms, confederate flags I burn  
Beat Street breakers were dancin to the music I chose  
And Peachtree Atlantic crackheads was tootin they nose  
in frozen corners of Chicago, loaded up Llama's children  
with fo'-fo's, and double-revolvers  
We devil incarnates, headed for jail  
Where Shell gas company in South Africa be havin us killed  
Your paper money was the death of Christ  
And all these shorties comin up just resurrect your life  
It's like a cycle

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Niggaz used to wear rags on they hair when it was fried up  
That's when we were lied to, buyin hair products  
Back before my generation, when our blackness started disintegratin  
'til awareness started penetratin

The styles come from prison, they used potatoes makin liquor  
just to prove we some creative niggaz  
Turnin nothin into somethin, is God work  
And you get nothin without struggle and hard work  
War is necessary to my niggaz in chains  
From Greene to Sing-Sing, I'm wantin y'all to know one thing  
The hardest thing is to forgive, but God does  
Even if you murdered or robbed, yeah it's wrong, but God loves  
Take one step toward him, he takes two toward you  
Even when all else fail, God support you  
I done it, got God Son on my stomach  
My heart and my lungs was affected from Henny's and gettin blunted  
Do your body right and it loves you back  
You only get one life, and yo because of that  
I'm still blazin, goin out for the cause  
Still rockin stockin caps, not for the waves, obeyin no laws  
And it's like that