

Nappy Roots, Po Folks

Awwwww....
Mmmmm, awww..

[Chorus]

All my life been po'
But it really don't matter no mo'
And they wonder why we act dis way
Nappy Boys gon' be okay
All my life been po'
But it really don't matter no mo'
And they wonder why we act this way
Nappy Roots gon' be okay, okay

[Big V]

We came in the game, plain ya see
Average man when the rest was ashamed to be
Nappy head and all, ain't no changin me
Ooooh-oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh...
So rough it was, downright wrong I tell ya
Nobody never gave us nothin but tough time and made us somethin
Different stretch of road, new somethin to see
Every state on the map, a different somethin to eat
Daps and handshakes, it meant nuttin for real
Everybody makin a killin man, showin no feelins
Walkin off collectin pay, it's the way of the world
Can't change it, so I guess I'm gon' pray for the world
Sometimes I ask myself, was I made for the world?
I scream this to you, and I say it to the world
Nappy then, Nappy now - Nappy for a bit
Knee-deep, head over heels in this country shit!

[Chorus]

[Skinny DeVille]

Even though I pictured better days,
I'm thankful for the chance I got to say amen
The Lord done blessed me with his grace, I wish this day would never end
We represent the slums, where we from, we filthy bum
Fallin short off on these presidents, and the hard times they go and come
Some take up off, without the chance, to make it at all
Who woulda thought Skinny'd be the one that's, makin this call
Lord, help me out, tell me where I went wrong
I'm tryna find a righteous path, although it's, narrow and long
I gotta do it for my son's sake, they tellin me, "Daddy be strong"
We gon' make it through these hard times
even though they go and they come
Ya absolutely right, but somethin happened to me on last Tuesday night
It's plain as day, man they... with this World Trade
Now brave ain't the word I'm lookin for ya
Better make it hope when nothin seems to matter
That's when, see, everything can go - any which way
They got me hoped, see the Henny with the J
Front po'ch, chillin broke, country folk, I'm Nappy in my ways yo

[Chorus]

[R. Prophit]

It's a blessin we woke up this mornin
All my colored folk stressin, come let's join hands
Got to cope with the pressures of being po' man
Papa taught me in order survive fear no man
Nappy blossom from the root, henceforth we gon' stand
Prophet grew from a juvenile to a grown man
Ya gotta take responsibility for ya own man

Zonin, two blunts a mo'nin, by sunrise sometimes
I love to hear my woman moanin, it's on again
Damn I hope you play this song again
it's soul cleansin, the melody just rev my engines
Tried a lot of things but usually just end up bending my ligaments,
Searchin fa benjamins and all my folks locked in the tenaments
And it don't make any sense (boi) children is innocent
Broadcastin from the slums, that's why I'm writin these sentences
Still low on my income, (why?) go 'head finish it