

Roots

Aminé

You say you heard a lot about me, nigga, fuck what you heard
It's all fun and games till it happens like a Based God curse
Yeah, cell keep tickin' on me like I'm 6-1-7, yeah
My cousin Steez Stizz like he's 6-1-7, okay
Devil on my shoulder, marijuana from Boulder
You know my niggas in this muthafuckin' bitch
If bein' ugly was pretty I'd be the shit
Never been nowhere, but these niggas they love to trip
Eritrea, Ethiopia, Habesha utopia
Bitches gettin' cold, then niggas grab your Patagonias
So I toby acquired her, I had to get a baby who could make me get wired up
You know I'm about that action, my nigga Marc could get it crackin'
Open up your soul and take your body like, "What's hannin'?"
I'm not a succulent or sucker, baby girl
These roots made me, I bring my flowers to the world, yeah

It's on me, wear my flaws like ice keep my soul in sight
The sun is on me, and my stems don't bite if the light shines bright
It's rainin' on me, my guilt weigh heavy, it cost me a life
I got my own seeds, they rip my petals to my 6, 'cause my roots won't die

(Check this out)

Like humans and animals, plants need both water and nutrients to survive, fo
od
Most all plants use water to carry moisture
Nutrients back and forth between the roots and leaves, bitch

Searchin' for my shelter through the storm
I find peace, my safe haven, keepin' me far away from harm
Nevertheless the greener grass is proof the roots are strong
But now we standin' here divided, choose the side where you belong
Mama keep the lights on
All I see is red so we awake the dead
She likes my third eye, she loves my third leg
This my third time around the worldwide, winds
Give me the Versay, Versace, Benz, put work in
Made my words work with pens
Scribblin' sins, I drop gems
I don't got tick tock time for them, seeds or stems
Evil men plottin', we see you 'cause we watchin'
We see you, believe me you, we see you (Mr. Root!)
Get your ass up out that grass and stretch your limbs
Photosynthesis, I see the future picture, take a glimpse
Everything you tryna have is in your grab, so get a grip (Mr. Root!)
It's for the kids, (Mr. Root!) yo what it is? (Uh)

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(What The fuck!)

Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy (Let me grow)
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Let me grow (Let me grow)