

Kinfolk

D Smoke

Ayy, Nephew Ric, tell 'em what's good, seven
This shit for my kinfolk
Ayy, lil' Ric, talk to 'em for a second, homie, do that
This shit for my kinfolk (Yeah), many foes
Alright, nephew

This shit for my kinfolk, mini 'fros and these perms
All the soul in these words gon' have lows, don't be stirred
This shit for my kinfolk (This shit, this shit, this shit)
This shit for my kinfolk
Pick in they afros smell like Murray's tyin' durags down ('Rags down)
Don't be sad to say what's happenin', you know you love the sound (Okay)
Don't brush against them waves (Okay), keep head caps on them braids (Okay)
My relatives and cuzzos pull up, hop out, wave that thang
This shit for my kinfolk (My kinfolk, my kinfolk)
This shit for my kinfolk (My kinfolk)

In fifth grade, I had a S-curl
I was convinced the light skinned niggas could get the best girls
But I was somewhere between milk chocolate and Maca root powder
My parents dark, they far from Terrance Howard
My fam' in Watts, grew up not far from Towers
The pans and pots were drums and socks were ours, we all shared
No box spring, it looked like we was playin' Tetris with the mattress but they our beds
.45 dreams with no Visine, we all had visions at the time, it was all in our heads
Most people want a beach tan out on ivory sands
We could all make it out if only one of us niggas grow to be Kenan Ivory Wayans
This shit is for my kinfolk (Go on lil' Ric, talk to 'em)

This shit for my kinfolk (If it's kids around, you responsible for 'em, ya know?)
This shit for my kinfolk, many foes (You they first teacher, you feel me?)
This shit for my kinfolk, mini 'fros and these perms
All the soul in these words gon' have lows, don't be stirred
This shit for my kinfolk (Lil' Ric, tell 'em one more time, nephew, cuzzo)
This shit for my kinfolk
Pick in they afros smell like Murray's tyin' durags down
Don't be sad to say what's happenin', you know you love the sound
Don't brush against them waves, keep head caps on them braids
My relatives and cuzzos pull up, hop out, wave that thang
This shit for my kinfolk (My kinfolk, my kinfolk)
This shit for my kinfolk (My kinfolk, my kinfolk)

In ninth grade, I had the cornrows
OG Bobby Johnson, Inglewood High, Chuck Taylors with the Polos
Even though the Rus beef with the Treces we was cool, you might catch me with the cholos
Wasn't ridin' thick, but we had the clique, Chiz, Pimp, Jah, wasn't tryna ride solo
When we left the house, we was tryna come back like a yo-yo, uh
My hood demeanor made niggas think I'm they enemy
Ain't cop that nina 'til graduated with my degree
But since a lil' tyke I was fascinated by the streets
But still ain't never been no dummy for the life of me

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, Peter carried the sword, what do you keep in the holster?

Pray to your Lord, that door can easily open and Peewee hop out of the passenger side with eager motion

How you niggas like in L.A. and ain't seen the ocean?

You can catch a wave like thirty brush strokes while the grease in the durag

Let it grow, start a new fad, if you don't like how it grew from your roots, baby, too sad

You can't love nobody if you don't love yourself

This shit for my kinfolk (Niggas be out here chasin' money, forget they health)

This shit for my kinfolk, many foes (Haters gon' hate anyway)

This shit for my kinfolk (My kinfolk, my kinfolk)

This shit for

In 2014, I got locked up

No handcuffs, just a mini 'fro and some beeswax with a rat tail propped up

Ready to apply a technique that took my wet kinks and turned it to somethin' proper

Sittin' on pillows on the floor, ran through a couple movies, couple shows

When she was done, I was fresh to death like new clothes

How the fuck I'm s'posed to sleep, though?

Shit be flat on one side, Ms. Badu, sure you right

Then I grew 'til my shit got loose, now I twist my roots with much pride

God made us strong like my kinky, nappy, greasy, happy, weavy, sappy

We gladly linkin' like my locks, you better dread me and my kinfolk