

Awnaw

Nappy Roots

Yo, yeah, this is the Rocafella remix
Killer-Cam, Nappy Roots, y'all ready?

Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy
Y'all done up and done it
Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy
Y'all done up and done it
Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy
Y'all done up and done it
Ah, y'all done up and done it
Man y'all done up and done it

My first song was like forty-eight bars with no hooks
You hear me flippin thru my pages out my favorite notebooks
The microphone was in the closet, no headphones, we lost it
Niggas scared to get some water, roaches hangin over the faucets
No AC, Tez'll break a sweat just tryin to make beats
E-Dubz was being a hustler
always flirtin with all his customers, and flat broke
Nappy smokin blacks out on the back po'ch
I'm thinkin I got everything a country boy could ask for

Now what we do to get here? (say that boy)
Lay it down and bring it to ya raw (say that boy)
Hey now we hurt some, suffered for more, takes what we work for
Hated for for the cussin, but the hatred it made us cuss more
Held on, but it was hard, stepped up, took charge
Ran through what we scared of, but what was we afraid for?
Look at what we made of, hard times done made us
Being here is alright, but must believe we want more!

Them country boys on the rise
With them big fat wheels on the side
Peep them vertical grills on the ride
And awww-aw-aww-aw
Them country boys
With them big fat wheels
Peep the vertical grills
And awwwww

My yegga, we hogwild, bet that from that roota to that toota file
Hell naw, them country boys ain't headed south for six miles
Kentucky mud, them kinfolk, twankies with them hundred spokes
Skullied on that front porch, plus you know they got dro
Seventy-nine coupe DeVille vertical Caddy grill
Interstate 65 heading down to Cashville
Glass filled, to the tippy top, back seat Benz
Spent my last cent on the rent, left with pocket lints
A damn shame, gotta grind anything and everything
Jimmy Crack Corn, cross the county line with Mary Jane
A long time, a gravel road, to cash and fame and sold my soul
To Hell and back, and back and forth, with same jeans and nappy 'fro

I might, hop off the Harley, smoke mine like Bob Marley
Block parties with shawties, wallin like they swallowin Bacardi
Them butter-skin, Proffit gutter like kin
Understand you 'bout to lose ya life fuckin with them

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And awwwww

Killer, uh, when it come to New York
I'm the man around town, just trust me
Down in the buggy, I that cat down in Kentucky
Outta Bowling Green, heard ya holding cream
Mess with a city slicker, we could mould the team
We'll talk in code, smoker be the sandbox
Could be the hamhots, or be the lamb chops
We'll make wild mills, how ill
I'll show you how that denial feel, trade in that cow grill

Finna head south, get up out the city
Smokin' on a fifty, feelin' pretty good
With a hood chick, gotta hit a little bit
Now she call me daddy in a caddy full of wood
Call me country, TV's on the headrest
Even if there ain't no seats in the back of me
I play the DVD's, for the cars on the streets
And the people in back of me
I'm trailin', a chevy with a grill or the black cadillac, got the option
If it ain't got rims when the drop on the block with no locks than it's not
my concoction
Hurt 'em with the chrome, rollin' on chrome rims it's the twenties
This Nappy Roots and Twista, if it ain't dope then don't call it country

Them country boys on the rise!
With them big fat wheels on the side!
Peep the vertical grills on the ride!
And aw-awww-awww-awwwww!
Them country boys
With them big fat wheels
Peep the vertical grills
And awwwwwww!