

Concrete Pavement

Nappy Roots

Stash that in my SnapBack, Grass hat, pass that
We beatin' up the concrete pavement
I said we beatin' up the concrete pavement
I said we beatin' up the concrete pavement
Stash that in my SnapBack, Grass hat, pass that
We beatin' up the concrete pavement
They said we beatin' up the concrete pavement
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I keep trees in my grass roots, humble like my tattoo, I fumbled on a past few, I'm back with my bad boo
Situations changed it regardless bad news, universal grand fight through it 'cos I have to
Life is full of leather rights I'm wondering if cash rules, my tank is half empty as I simply drive past fools
Nappy headed while my rooster cap's backwards and think about you bastards middle finger towards you assholes, time to whip that lasso, long ranger in the Rover blowing dossier while I pasco, potato on a sofa, never stop until it's over, pop the whop like a soda, drinking vodka by the leader, I'm a leader plus a mogul
On a mission like I'm frodo, bagging all you bitches
I'm relentless on these vocals plus I'm heartless did I mention act a nigga on these instrumentals handling my business like I a preacher in the pulpit can I get a witness ain't no snitchin' that's a no no
Even if the popo has you up the creek and is shitty with the robo fast forward or in slo-mo, I'm chillin' like a hobo cos even when I'm rich ima pretend to be so broke, getting warmer if it's global and the world is so cold, the game is so but this ones for free nigga bow go
This Cadillac pimpin over here no benz or bobo?
Pull the grass from my secret stash and blow it in the oh oh

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I'm on the corner of Edgewood and boulevard what you see in these streets is like school of hards
I guess I look the part camo's and cashmere some kinda craft beer new scarf from last year
I'm old school went from Garciè to optimo's they hit and dab so stage at Colorado shows
Blunts in the south vape for my westerners
Hippie gangster come boy black tesla's
We should grow something special up
Good smoke in my lawns 808 in the djoms on the regular couple bad chicks on the sectional
Life's a trip and I know one day I'll pack it up
This ain't musk this is white amber we in the building you more of a camper burn it down till I'm wrapped up validated check my stamps bruh
This sweet water got me amped up
Met this bubbled up saucy lip bitch think it's ragu
Ass when she passed had a brother like that's who's? Couldn't shake her even

thought I move with the mad juice she wanted my paper I kinda knew the hoe
was bad news, got up went to the bathroom when I came back she had shadoosed
stole my cowboy hat well I guess I brought the grass roots
Cheek to my stache look ass and some wax too I fired up a moon rock, laughed
and got high to Nappy Roots

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