

Don't Cry

Nappy Roots

Don't cry ya hear me
Don't cry ya hear me
Don't cry ya hear me
Don't cry ya hear me now...

Always do your best
Looking in the mirror, while I'm talking to myself
When you speak, bring it from your chest
Life is tough, everyday is filled with the stress
It's a test, sometimes you have to guess
The choices are multiple, pick which one is less
Problematic, automatic
Listen to The Humdinger start with No Static
Stay away from things that can turn to bad habits
When it happens, the shit will feel like magic
Abracadabra, but no hats with the rabbit
I'm talking bout love where a glove before you grab it
Be cautious of the trips that come with extra baggage
Aim for the stars, never settle for the average
Shit always adds up, so learn ya mathematics
Played this song when I'm gone
And always eat your cabbage

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Tell 'em that chicken and them grits was bullshit
But that watermelon that's that good shit
Get your bag think far from hood rich
Ball try to keep ur bills small like Bushwick
Be conscience of ur sixth sense
Pick a side stand on it don't be on the fence
These folk gone try to sleep on you like a chick flick
Gotta keep one eye open like u Slick Rick (Ruler)
Express ur individuality
Set goals turn your dreams into reality
Forget them hoes find a queen who can balance u
And if u not attracting what u want change ya attitude
Shit real purify ur spirit like it's distilled
Never bite off more than u can chew that's a kid's meal
Be sure you put one in the air when u hear Stille... (Stilley!)
And oh yea God is real

Don't cry ya hear me mmmmmmm
Don't cry ya hear me now
Don't cry ya hear me mmmmmmm
Don't cry ya hear me now...

So many tears have fell over the years
It's hard being an older rapper losing ya peers
I think about the people we lost and get chills
We started out as kids just praying to get a deals
We go back to the hood cause they tell us to keep it real
End up in some drama that easily get you killed
Seems like every week another mother is crying

Hip hop ain't dead but rappers surely are dying
Hop out the frying pan right into the fire
You end up with a drug habit before you retire
I remember KRS saying stop the violence
Now 30 years later still hearing the sirens
Another black rapper lay dead in the street
Another call from my mama making sure it ain't me
I refuse to just believe that this is how it's gon' be
Wipe the tears from your eyes and just try believe