

Muddin'

Nappy Roots

Big beating
Juiced like a nigga cheating
Good eating
Got it if you really really seeking
Bunch of weed gettin rolled
Bunch of lies getting told
Cadillac on heels
Vertical grills sittin' so bold
Dirt roads git rode
Cooler beer gettin' cold
Life feeling like glitch
Ballin' out of control
Whoa whoa
You a fool for this Sol
From the sticks to the glitz
Greatest story ever told
Dis southern right here
Dats my cousin right there
It's flooding my nigga
We muddin' round here
No clubbin' out here
Mean muggin'
We ain't beefing round here
Just hustling out here

If only I gave a fuck, but I don't so the thang gone buck...
Got grown on my own, by my lonely, not much where I'm from so I'm hungry...
We nothing, not homies, ain't cousins, you don know me...
I seen it all back in '03, same nicca, now I'm an O.G...
Still low key, barely smoking, I'm a wolf, chillin' in sheep's clothing...
No looking back and I gotta keep it mow-ving, I mean moving, no coasting...
Jacking season is fast approaching, I'm laughing, but mostly...
Waiting on you niccas to try and provoke me...
I'm sipping beer but it's not no O.E...
That's Old English, and I'm so schemish...
Look you dead in you eyes and I won't mean it...
No lie like Ripley, you won't believe it...
It's no secret and I won't keep
I'm that dude, that's my crew
Not Regular shit and the Yuushe
Paid our dues, made all the moves
My middle finger up and I'm talking to you...

In this game most people don't play fair
That's just human nature
One day you're gonna get the picture there's no filter wit the Mayfair
Just black n white and grey area sometime ain't no sunshine
In this cold land ain't no grown man finna hold ya hand like daycare
Just get to where u need to be den hurry up n wait there
Don't let nobody hold u back you down out all the naysayers
We might be on opposing teams but we all breathe the same air
Either u livin' ya dreams or been Sleep walkin' thru a daymare
Way to young to feel this way here
Seen too many murders' nother stress another hurdle 'nother wrinkle nother g
rey hair
Cuz life is like da state fair, set u up for failure
Don't intend for u to win it be a sin if we ain't tell yer!

Pour my glass til it's spilling
Raise it high to the ceiling
Here's a toast to all the hero's
Slash-lou-a-villains
Out herre to taking liberties
Never asking for permission
Say the pathway to the hell
Is paved with good intentions
If that's the case then hell wit it
Let the devil deal wit
On the highway to heaven
Hemi with the air suspension
Hear me revving up my engine
We deep off in the trenches
You know it's nappy for life
It's gone be a nappy ending