

## Po' Folks

## Nappy Roots

Awwww....

Mmmmm, awww..

All my life been po'  
But it really don't matter no mo'  
And they wonder why we act this way  
Nappy Boys gon' be okay  
All my life been po'  
But it really don't matter no mo'  
And they wonder why we act this way  
Nappy Roots gon' be okay, okay

We came in the game, plain ya see  
Average man when the rest was ashamed to be  
Nappy head and all, ain't no changin me  
Ooooh-oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh...  
So rough it was, downright wrong I tell ya  
Nobody never gave us nothin but tough time and made us somethin  
Different stretch of road, new somethin to see  
Every state on the map, a different somethin to eat  
Daps and handshakes, it meant nuttin for real  
Everybody makin a killin man, showin no feelins  
Walkin off collectin pay, it's the way of the world  
Can't change it, so I guess I'm gon' pray for the world  
Sometimes I ask myself, was I made for the world?  
I scream this to you, and I say it to the world  
Nappy then, Nappy now - Nappy for a bit  
Knee-deep, head over heels in this country shit!

Even though I picture better days,  
I'm thankful for the chance I got to say amen  
The Lord done blessed me with his grace, I wish this day would never end  
We represent the slums, where we from, we feel they bump  
Polish shot off on these presidents, and hardtimes they go and come  
Some take up off, without the chance, to make it at all  
Who woulda thought Skinny'd be the one that's, makin this call  
Lord, help me out, tell me where I went wrong  
I'm tryna find a righteous path, although it's, never been long  
I gotta do it for my sons, they tellin me, "Daddy be strong"  
We gon' make it through these hardtimes  
even though they go and they come  
Ya absolutely right, for somethin happen to me on last Tuesday night  
It's plain as day, man they... with this World Trade  
Naw brave any order but confoldure  
Better make it home when nothin seems to matter  
That's when, see, everything can go - any which way  
They got me fooled, see the Henny with the J  
Front po'ch, chillin broke, country folk, I'm Nappy with my ways yo

It's a blessin we woke up this mornin  
All my colored folk stressin, come let's join hands  
Got the folk with depresses of being po' man  
Poppa taught me an order, survive for no man  
Nappy got some (?) for we gon' stand  
Prophit grew from a juvenile to a grown man  
Ya gotta take responsibility for ya own man  
Zonin, two blunts a mo'nin, by sunrise sometimes

I love to hear my woman moanin, it's on again  
Damn I hope you play this song again  
The soul cleansin, the melody just read my end  
Not a lot of things but usually just appendin my lady  
Been searchin bendin and saw my folks locked in the tennants  
And it don't make any sense (why) children and sentencin  
Broadcastin from the slums, that's why I'm writin these sentences  
Just lower my income, (what) though we ain't finish it

[Chorus]