

Slums

Nappy Roots

"Please baby, please don't leave"

We rappers in the slums.. alright..
Let's get this motherfucker crunkin from Kentucky to Baghdad
Ya pops was always gone but that didn't make him a bad dad
We still managed to eat, and come to think watten't half bad
But Doug was always humorous bout the things they would never have
Now I was born in Oakland better known as the Cold Town
Done seen too many folk down, some put the soul down
Done heard my momma cryin if I knew what I know now
I'd pro'ly have to greet the party room with the fo' pound
I'm tryna keep my head on straight to keep me from catchin
in case I feel my insides burnin, musta swallowed all twenty-eight
I'm drinkin milk with magnesium, but still I ain't feelin straight
Some mo' had murdered my granddad over real-estate

Rappers in the slums... rappers in the slums...
Rappers in the slums... aww, aww, aww, aww...
Rappers in the slums... rappers in the slums...
Rappers in the slums... aww, aww, aww, aww...

Puffy, if I put it out - sucky, if I pull it out
Ohh me, ya better kick it out, or ya livin in a haunted house
Ran how you tried to run, came how you tried to come
Did what you couldn't do, difference between me and you
Slum for a while now, country for a lifetime
Cool is what I choose to be, but that ain't what I used to be
Muddy waters couldn't drown a nigga, bloodhounds on the trail for real
Shakin up this rap shit, givin niggaz hell for real
Turn a hold the dog deal, mucus and you hearin right
National Geographic ain't, fuckin with this wildlife
Hissin; I'm finna strike, rattlin; I'm finna bite
Hell with a blue light, fuckin with no rooms tonight!

Now once again, you see me layin down the law
These cowards tryna catch me like my hustle gotta fall
Bitch I'm Southern bred
That's where you break it down to raw and then you flush the rest
I said you break it down to raw and then you flush the rest
And I ain't playin witch'all haters since y'all fucked up my order
Got me playin with a gram, coulda been up to a quarter
Now my cousin, called me up and said he finally did it
Graduated from a handheld, to primary digits
Cuz in the slums we don't work we just grind and gamble
Guarunteed I got that shit, niggaz dyin to sample
Now whattchu know about that work from the states of Georgia
Cook so thick, collard, grits and water (we in the slums!)

[Hook]