

The Intersection

Nappy Roots

Life can hit you from all angles
Found myself in a lil tangle
Life'll break if you fragile
Switch the game like Ted lasso
I just wanna see the future
Tell the past to the new
When I was young ain't have a clue
I just wanted to be the shooter
All state on the court
All day out on the porch
20 niggas all broke ass fuck
We have much but we rejoiced
See a couple of em every now and then
Who'd thought this is how it ends
Singing hymns from the past
Freestyling over trash
Almost died over cash
30 bucks to be exact
Swear to god I want it back
Told my partners to relax
Lay it all on the track
Life is good if you living
Wish I could share this feelin'
Just giving thanks to what's given

Pray, seen things down when I opened my eyes God knows I pray
Fightin' these demons I'm searching for a brand new day (Pray)
I stay outside even in cold nights no I won't change (Pray)
No I won't change...

Drinking 'til I'm shitty
Til the Devil comes and gets me
Fat lady singing at the ending
Positive vibes is all I'm sending
I apologize if I am offending
It's my life I'm just living
If I die here's my kidney's
I decided a long time ago
That I was gonna blow just like Whitney
Just left Houston on a layover
So glad that my days over
Had a dream in a Range Rover
Woke up mad in the same sofa
Loc'd out like my names Sosa
Creeping up on Montana
The world in mine, in the living room
Killin' niggas like it on camera
West Atlanta, South Side, Camp Creek, U-Bar
Dream big, don't talk shit, I'm positive it'll take you far
Like Harold and Kumar
Chillin' at White Castle
Louisvillian, I'm that asshole... (Bitch)

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I'm not killa I'm a hunter
Better pray that you a hundred
If you slippin' you's a goner fully understand I'm gripping on my gun, I
Keeps it on my hip and I ain't trippin' if it's my time send me back to my m
ama
Just let me die my deaf wit honor
Fuck et nigga Jeffery Dahmer
Who dis nigga is, in deez lizard skins I'm a Buffalo but that's Iguana...
Reaping only what I sow and it's, organic big up each and every farmer...
I don't need yo big pharma (nope)
Medicate with marijuana (dope)
I meditate and communicate with my ancestors every morning
I'm a path number one that means I'm a born leader not a follower
Before I meet her gotta call her
And see what all she has to offer
Lotsa baby daddy drama heavy trauma keep that energy I need Good karma
Hood scholar Blue collar, Summa ma bitch but I'm a good father...
Used to do quarterback sacks, now I blow quarter bag sacks
That'll leave ya partner slumped over like they come from a long line of bad
backs...
Catch me in my bag like some rap snacks
Let's get down to business, brass tacks!
Nothing abstract, Nappy keeps it real
Like the pastor holla, peace B. Stille... yea!

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