

Rooted (feat. Papa Reu)

Scarface

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You win some, you lose some, life in a nutshell
Free all my niggas on locked down, fuck jail
I've seen enough hell to never wanna live there
Tattooed teardrops, sitting in a wheelchair
Kids on the streets doing bad, momma moved out
Dopeman pushing on the corner where the schoolhouse sits
This is bullshit, this can't be life
I can't blame it on the hood 'cuz it gave me life
This a stick-up, don't turn it to a 187
I don't go to church so I'm far from a Reverend
Ain't nothing like a young nigga, armed with an AK
Walking up the sidewalk, shooting in the broad day
Fuck what a broad say, I'm all day villain
I'm getting money so I'm always chilling
And even though they say I'm killing all they children
I'm just a nigga hustling for my million dollars You know I stay rooted
I stay rooted
I and I stay rooted
Crooked officer, crooked officer
I stay rooted (beh!)

I and I stay rooted Now if I had to play Jack, I'll be leaving you bad news
Everybody in here be bound and gagged too
I'm posted at your crib nigga hurry yo ass home'
You was out here hi-capping and all yo stash gone
The money met the work and that's a real life no-no
It don't take a bunch of niggas, just me solo
I go for dolo, I can't tell on myself
Immature ass niggas get you sentenced to death
Loud talking in the tank like he a stoned cold killer
And you fighting a murder charge, my nigga?
The moral of the story is keeping your mouth shut
'Cause everybody is listening, speaking you fucked up

I tell you like them old cats say
Get what you get and get your ass out the way
'Cause greed'll get you 35 type, you're 27
That's the rest of your fucking life You know I stay rooted
I stay rooted
I and I stay rooted
Crooked officer, crooked officer
I stay rooted (beh!)
I and I stay rooted
It's in my DNA, my blood type G
My roots is deep up in these motherfucking streets Real recognize what's real, the bullshit see through
The way I spit it, ain't another one that's equal
This for my people in the game ten toes, rooted in the streets, and withholding info
We got secrets we gone take to the grave
We don't honor nothing else, except the rules of getting paid
And no wonder why a motherfucker hustling dope
Everything we doing legal equal leaving us broke
What I hope is that a nigga don't forget where he from
And turn his back on his hood cause he's seeing some crumbs
And no money in the world that's enough to respect,
When somebody take a gun and put it up to your chest
Saying 'fuck it' at the same time he squeezing a round
You can blame it on your homeboy for keeping you down
If it was me, I'd be leery of the people I meet
'Cause in this motherfucking game niggas playing for keeps You know I stay rooted
I stay rooted
I and I stay rooted
Crooked officer, crooked officer
I stay rooted
I and I stay rooted

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