

# R.O.O.T.S.

## Flo Rida

I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S., I can't hate where I'm from  
'Cause where I'm from made me  
(Cause where I'm from made me)  
I came from the bottom of the slums But now I got me, me, that's because of my R.O.O.T.S.  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S.  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S. Hey, I can't be mad at what y'all meet ahead  
I don't regret my ghetto struggle due to my success  
It ain't that beautiful to write on overcomin' stress  
Top Ramen noodles, thank pappy for the fact I was fed Look at me now but all before, hey, Mr. Skid Row  
The dirty south ain't just a name the way I've been poor  
The projects burnin' white, I call it gizmo  
Went from a gun to them cars in a Jigga video Can't find a meal to a mil, only God know it  
No record deal to a deal, I work hard for it  
Can I live to I'm livin' like my Momma told it?  
Before you reap it, gotta sow it, yeah I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S., I can't hate where I'm from  
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(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S.  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S. Hey, still on my coupe but can't take  
Somebody had to be just for me to get away  
My sister had to leave, I respect her stayin' safe  
Oh yeah, I had to grieve but I'm stronger till this day Pain, I can't ignore it, you might say I'm ignorant  
I'm mistakin' for courage, victory so gorgeous  
Make it through two Bush, I can make it through any forest  
Hunger gave me the wish but the bottom is so important 37 Ave., 187 Street  
Miami, Karat city, now I'm part of a legacy  
I'm thankful for the hood, what is love without jealousy?  
There's only five letters really help me I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S., I can't hate where I'm from  
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(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S.  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S. Hey, I thought the seed's been planted  
It's damagin' my soul but my dreams been granted  
That triple life towards, much deeper than nurse planet  
What could I want more than redoin' I never planned it? Gets no lower than a grabbin' at your feet  
A man will stand for nothin' if he fall for the feet  
A baller and a hitter all in the street  
If you look beneath the sand then we all need a crease R.O.O.T.S. before the branches, R.O.O.T.S. before the  
mansions  
R.O.O.T.S. before your paper crazier than Marilyn Manson  
R.O.O.T.S. with your grandparents, R.O.O.T.S. under your canvas  
R.O.O.T.S. whether you black, white or Spanish I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S., I can't hate where I'm from  
'Cause where I'm from made me  
( 'Cause where I'm from made me)  
I came from the bottom of the slums But now I got me, me, that's because of my R.O.O.T.S.  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S.  
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