

# Roll Again

## Nappy Roots

Niggaz was goin' crazy with me, it was our first video, nigga  
You know we was gone' come back to the country road  
I don't know, yea, y'all, y'all ready to roll again?  
Wuss up, let's ride then, ah, yup, hit 'em  
Way before platinum there was a place we used to go  
And ride for hours at a time on a country road  
Whatever's troublin', you can let it go  
I get out of the car and walk through it, visit the river and talk to it  
Simply sayin', "Mr. Water, what is it that you runnin' from?"  
Asked the bird in the tree, "What is it that you hummin' for?"  
Now knowin' why the caged bird sings is wishin' to be free  
Reminded myself of life and it's hold on me  
Touring, the children, women, sexual resistance  
Religion means so much to me, the church don't see enough of me  
This way, that way, bendin' corners tryin' to get away  
Sometimes you have to see a storm to appreciate a pretty day  
Back in the car now, headed for the liquor store  
God, what a vivid scene, diggin' what I just seen  
Rolled up another one, still in a daze though  
Gassed up at the Mini mart my mind on the country roads  
I just wanna go on the country roads  
And get blowed on the country roads again  
Roll, been on the country roads again  
I just wanna go on the country roads  
And get blowed on the country roads again  
Roll, been on the country roads again  
Yo, we off in these backwoods caddy hoggin', nappy dang, ain't no joke  
We glad they robbin' rap imposers for they problem no hope  
It's cutthroat, we hungry starvin', chargin' for the front do'  
You want mo'? We smoke and sparkin', jokers like the blunt go  
Been shovin' folk for plenty miles, yes, I'm the type to grin and bear it  
The second chance and out the box, I'm back again with 'dro and spirits  
Look at me now, I found a spot, I'm down here by that rollin' river  
Grab a rose and took me to a place, au revoir, I'm rollin' scriptures  
Man these country roads makin' me zone out  
Ridin' through all the bullshit that poppa would scold 'bout  
But soon as my hustle got good I showed out  
Quick to jump, I, 24, come back with plenty mo'  
By '97 I was smokin' perfecto

The chains and the Willie Esco was the dresscode  
We lost our littlest cousin Gwin, a skidrow  
Tony Renfrow, rest in peace your kinfolks, I miss y'all  
I just wanna go on the country roads  
And get blowed on the country roads again  
Roll, been on the country roads again  
I just wanna go on the country roads  
And get blowed on the country roads again  
Roll, been on the country roads again  
Dude what the hell are we doin'?

Back deep on these country roads blowin', gettin' in touch with my mind  
No worries just striped lines and curve filled signs  
When all the events throughout the day, good or bad somehow rewind  
While I recline in my Cadillac seats  
Hit the trees and press repeat  
And let the melody of these windy roads keep my soul upbeat  
No destination proposed  
Just ridin' these country roads  
Listen, this killer's that's willin' to catch a court case  
Split your wig apart quicker than the divorce rate  
Niggaz show out, go wild in the corpse cage  
Blow out in the news and I don't mean the sports page  
Get drowned in North Lake, could get found in horse cave  
Fool, get down, the boy's crazy  
Lil' Stille's with ambition, itchin' to fill my position  
Replace me but by the Lord's grace still existin'  
Should be in depression, Latrill is missin', cousins in prison  
Heard Little Ricky was snitchin', now he's a born again Christian  
Always had my suspicions, our teens with bad addictions  
Family members gone overseas on a mission, we miss 'em  
See you can travel straight through two different coasts  
State to state, navigate this beautiful globe  
In search of a plate full of food for the soul  
I could taste it when the smoke hit my nose  
On a place called country roads  
I just wanna go on the country roads  
And get blowed on the country roads again  
Roll, been on the country roads again  
I just wanna go on the country roads  
And get blowed on the country roads again  
Roll, been on the country roads again  
[Incomprehensible]

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