

Understand

The Roots

Never understand
People ask for god, 'till the day he comes
See God's face turn around and run
God sees the face of a man
Shaking his head, says "he'll never understand"
People ask for god, 'till the day he comes
See God's face turn around and run
God sees the face of a man
Shakes his head, then says "man'll never understand"
Never understand
Gravedigger, dig a hole that fit a black nigga
My body's stiff as a Madame Tussaud's wax figure
My transformation: a caterpillar from crack
Dealer and back peddler was no less, than spectacular
Yeah I was trappin' money, flippin' like a spatula
Now put that sucker in a box like Dracula
I let the devil in to dance
An electric slide across the line I drew in the sand
Dead, ended
Love is like a harlequin's romance
Lost between sips of liquor, that empty bottle in my hands
It was a shot away, but I never got away
Dreame'd a little dream of me, but that was an anomaly
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Holy, Sugar, Honey, Ice Tea
I guess that's a prayer for a player like me
In my church clothes bakin' buzz on the bible
The sweet temptation of my grand daddy's rifle
Got me thinking 'bout doing a jihad with these guys
Who only True Religion look better than Levi's
Who baptize glasses with beers and blood stain
You breathing to the choir, that prayer's the drug game
Hallelujah
'Til the cops cough me in the back of a cruiser
Or the fire truck wash my soul down the sewer
I count my blessings and blow it on a nun to resurrect my erection

I pray, I pray, all thoughts go to heaven
Or to a new hell with a Wi-Fi connection
So I can pay for my sins on PayPal
Or own a holy ghost, a greyhound
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Songwriters

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