

Facts

Nappy Roots

Yeah, Ha, Nappy 40 Akerz
you can do what you want, but life has choices do it or you don't,
and I don't give a damn a nigga will or he won't and that's how I feel 30 days out
the month,
ten times out the year some where on the humble,
doing what I do probably business with your uncle,
back of the club and he counting up hundreds,
Nappy in the building and the came in bunches,
they so country they so concieous, I remember when we ate free lunches,
they were in the radio and I was in concerts, damn what happend
the same since profit
the niggas had a ball but somebody eles dropped it
happens every fall but you really can't knock them,
had to play dead like a road kill possum,
three years later fucked around and got one.
Good days on the radio, damn
awesome, all I ever wanted was to get back to Boston
thought I had a lock fucked around and lost one,
what it cost to be a boss,
damn that shit cost him,
independent now them boys stay flossing
double burbon in the whole team often
right beside him, behind him they all dope
humming got a Cadillac all spokes.
My niggas stick to the facts, barley got clothes on your back, trying to make a living
off of rap
you ain't got stacks you ain't throwing money like that.
My niggas stick to the facts, you ain't really saved, you ain't go to heaven cause you
pray
you ain't really brave you ain't really ready for the grave.
My niggas stick to the facts,
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