# Blowin' Trees

## Nappy Roots

Yes sir...
Nappy Roots...
Well.. I gotta go..
Aww.. alright..[R. Prophit]
I find myself up in the sky again, fly-in
So sincere, my dear, when I leave I cry within
It's lonesome here, candy painted oh so clear
Represent the slums, Nappy through most of the year (Nappy Roots!)Shouts out to Aaliyah, live the life and very career
On my wall I gotcha picture, God pray witcha
It's all on us, Nappy Boys 'In God We Trust'
Regardless what, this ya boy R. Prophit whassup?![Hook: Big V]
Nappy head and all, is the life for me
Grab my yea and we blowin trees
This is the life God chose for me, chose for me
Nappy head and all, is the life for me
Grab my yea and we blowin trees
This is the life God chose for me, chose for me, chose for me[Ron Clutch]
I love my applecorn home, gave my favorite brush away
Went from baldheaded to all-dreaded, to just enough to braid
It could be my lucky day, Nappy shirted up the shades
Think I'm frontin, I'm cuttin somethin.. with my trucks and blades[Scales]
Let that man speak, step up - grab all my meat
Greet you with my balls and my word in every handshake
You damn straight, you worthless queer, price this landscape
Awake, to a plate - of a homemade pancake
Used to picture myself at the NFL Draft
I just couldn't remove the lens cap
but I still kept my mouthpiece and my chinstrap[Ron Clutch]
I dread it all for a pimp hat
Big body hog, new rag-top, pitch black[Big V talking]
Being average is ok, being different is alright
Long as you stay in your means
Then you know you keepin it real with yo'self
And that's Nappy right there...[Hook][B. Stille]
I'm in the '81 'Lac Seville, but got spend
Limo tint, but see we ridin it like it's a Benz
Clamp somethin like a (?) (Puff somethin like a pimp)
I'm cuttin corners most players won't attempt[Skinny DeVille]

Skinny slum type, betcha bottom dollar that's fa sure
Nappy gonna be alright, through ups and downs and back and fer'
What the hell ya talkin bout? How much it cost to floss and ball
We did it on a budget, rep the country till we fall[B. Stille]
Playa we in (Nappy!) enter this biz
My love is in the slums and the people that's near
They love me dawg, do anything for me dawg
Make a livin outta whattchu call ugly dawg![Skinny DeVille]
With nothin left to lose, we get it in,
but Nappy Roots done paid the dues
Hustlin, backwards-ass nigga this one here's for you
You in the way, get out the game
We comin through, with shit to prove
Ain't nan thing you can tell me 'fore observin what we bout to do[Hook]

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