Doo Rags

dj j. period

Pushin' drop-tops, Stacy Lattisaw tapes, the 80's had us all apes Youngest gorillas up to bat at home plate
That was a uncanny era, in my pants
Yeah, X Clan hair, with dreads at the top of my fade
Homicide an' Feds on the blocks where I played, b-ball
That's when I wondered was I here for the cause, or be-cause
'Cause Ray Charles could see the ghetto
Was told to stay strong an' I could beat the devil
'Cause yo, I used to play Apollo Balcony seats
Watchin' swing razors in the front row, then out in the streets
The car show, 560's, chemical afros
Acuras pumpin' Super Lover Cee an' Casanova
Live chicks be, bustin' out of they clothes
Wearin' lip gloss, big door knockers pealin' they earlobes
So where them years go? Where the old gold beers an' cheers go?
But now them shorties here doe, so
The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels an' furs
Riker's Island bustin', still packed, what's the word?
The drinkers stay drinkin', or puffin' they
An' I'm, still enjoyin' life's ride, one mo' time
The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels an' furs
Riker's Island bustin', still packed, what's the word?
The drinkers stay drinkin', or puffin' they
An' I'm, still enjoyin' life's ride, right
Political thugs in shark suits persuade us to pull
In army boots, yellin, "Join the armed forces"
We lost the Vietnam War, intoxicated poisons
Needles in arms of veterans instead of bigger fortunes
There's still a lot of crawlin' in the carpet offices
War in the ghetto, we crabs in a barrel, they torture us
They won't be servin' the beast too long
The murderers wearin' police uniforms, confederate flags I burn
Beat street breakers were dancin' to the music I chose
An' Peachtree Atlantic heads was tootin' they nose
In frozen corners of Chicago, loaded up Llama's children
With an' double
We devil incarnates, headed for jail
Where Shell gas company in South Africa be havin' us killed
Your paper money was the death of Christ
An' all these shorties comin' up, just resurrect your life

It's like a cycle
The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels an' furs
Riker's Island bustin', still packed, what's the word?
The drinkers stay drinkin', or puffin' they
An' I'm, still enjoyin' life's ride, one mo' time
The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels an' furs
Riker's Island bustin', still packed, what's the word?
The drinkers stay drinkin', or puffin' they
An' I'm, still enjoyin' life's ride, right
Used to wear rags on they hair when it was fried up
That's when we were lied to, buyin' hair products
Back before my generation, when our blackness started disintegratin'
'Til awareness started penetratin'
The styles come from prison, they used potatoes makin' liquor
Just to prove we some creative
Turnin' nothin' into somethin', is God work
An' you get nothin' without struggle an' hard work
War is necessary to my in chains
From Greene to Sing-Sing, I'm wantin' y'all to know one thing
The hardest thing is to forgive, but God does
Even if you murdered or robbed, yeah, it's wrong, but God loves
Take one step toward him, he takes two towards you
Even when all else fail, God support you
I done it, got God sun on my stomach
My heart an' my lungs was affected from an' gettin'
Do your body right an' it loves you back
You only get one life, an' yo, because of that
I'm still blazin', goin' out for the cause
Still rockin', stockin', not for the waves, obeyin' no laws
An' it's like that
The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels an' furs
Riker's Island bustin', still packed, what's the word?
The drinkers stay drinkin', or puffin' they
An' I'm, still enjoyin' life's ride, one mo' time
The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels an' furs
Riker's Island bustin', still packed, what's the word?
The drinkers stay drinkin', or puffin' they
An' I'm, still enjoyin' life's ride, right

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/