R.o.o.t.s.

Flo Rida

I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S., I can't hate where I'm from
'Cause where I'm from made me
('Cause where I'm from made me)
I came from the bottom of the slums
But now I got me, me, that's because of my R.O.O.T.S.
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S.
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S.
Hey, I can't be mad at what y'all meet ahead
I don't regret my ghetto struggle due to my success
It ain't that beautiful to write on overcomin' stress
Top Ramen noodles, thank pappy for the fact I was fed
Look at me now but all before, hey, Mr. Skid Row
The dirty south ain't just a name the way I've been poor
The projects burnin' white, I call it gizmo
Went from a gun to them cars in a Jigga video
Can't find a meal to a mil, only God know it
No record deal to a deal, I work hard for it
Can I live to I'm livin' like my Momma told it?
Before you reap it, gotta sow it, yeah
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S., I can't hate where I'm from
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I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S.
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S.
Hey, still on my coupe but can't take
Somebody had to be just for me to get away
My sister had to leave, I respect her stayin' safe
Oh yeah, I had to grieve but I'm stronger till this day
Pain, I can't ignore it, you might say I'm ignorant
I'm mistakin' for courage, victory so gorgeous
Make it through two Bush, I can make it through any forest
Hunger gave me the wish but the bottom is so important
37 Ave., 187 Street

Miami, Karat city, now I'm part of a legacy
I'm thankful for the hood, what is love without jealousy?
There's only five letters really help me
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(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
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(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S.
Hey, I thought the seed's been planted
It's damagin' my soul but my dreams been granted
That triple life towards, much deeper than nurse planet
What could I want more than redoin' I never planned it?
Gets no lower than a grabbin' at your feet
A man will stand for nothin' if he fall for the feet
A baller and a hitter all in the street
If you look beneath the sand then we all need a crease
R.O.O.T.S. before the branches, R.O.O.T.S. before the mansions
R.O.O.T.S. before your paper crazier than Marilyn Manson
R.O.O.T.S. with your grandparents, R.O.O.T.S. under your canvas
R.O.O.T.S. whether you black, white or Spanish
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S., I can't hate where I'm from
'Cause where I'm from made me
('Cause where I'm from made me)
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(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S.
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm talkin' 'bout R.O.O.T.S.

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