No Static (Ft. Greg Nice)

Nappy Roots

No static, no static, got an automatic
No static, no no static, no static, no static
Too much of anything makes you an addictTake a nigga back to tobacco road
I'd give my old soul what it's asking fo
I'm trying to find where them angels sing at
Where X and King at
So listen for the knowledge I bring back
Cause cigarette pack and deuce bottle
Blue collar ain't too much we can do father
Taketh me I live life so anxiously
Tell me this is bout more than sex and buying weed
Maybe but anyway we burn daily, sip baileys, early sex
Unwanted babies, scream push till I push daises
Pops raised me through this blind crooked and crazy world
I'm just riding along see where it takes me
Keep buying cars and rims until it breaks me
I'm fold like bread on a loose sandwich, too damaged
Still I've got to slow down and find a balanceNo static got an automatic
Too much of anything makes you an addict
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Too much of anything makes you an addict
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Too much of anything makes you an addictYou spend a lot of long nights trying to make it like an open flame
Smoking jane posted on this porch
I got this close to fame without the Leroy
But we live forever wood and leather
Slum is in my village like them niggas in Detroit
What up though? It's all or none and I'm going for the gusto
And everyday is cut throat but I don't give a fuck yo
Gutter bread slice it different ways
I got some shit to say, split the swisher, pack the hay,
Roll it up and hit the bitch
Addicted to this country living giving it my all dog
Raw till I fall y'all here to California
And back again trafficking like Rog what's happening
I'm traveling looking for the kill like I'm bill I'll
My own right left without my soul tight

Roll threw a cold night
Swerving on a country road
Six pack of Michalobs, o with some funky dro
Two much of anything can make a nigga lose controlNo static got an automatic
Too much of anything makes you an addict
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No no static got an automatic
Too much of anything makes you an addict
No no static got an automatic
Too much of anything makes you an addictSee I love my reefa, love my ganets
And I don't fit into society I'm a menace
Slap my balls on ya rack like tennis
And turn the henney up and don't stop till I'm finished
I'm pissy drunk, one shot might get me crunk
Not to mention shawty rollin' up like 50 blunts
Got nappy in this bitch
Sticks to the bricks
I'm a cowboy dog it's to the face though mixWe go ninety in the slow lane with just enough to traffic
Cross the line 'bout forty times a week on an average
Forward then backwards packaged like a sack lunch
Ridin' dirty, high as fuck, puffin on a bad blunt
What's ya ass want? Nappy serve it all day
Always keep it caddy hoggin' dog it's all wood
Too much of anything can make ya think it's all good
Got an automatic skinny devil and we all shouldNo static got an automatic
No static, no no static
Too much of anything makes you an addict
Too much of anything makes you an addict

Songwriters
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