Roll Again

Garrity

Niggaz was goin' crazy with me, it was our first video, nigga
You know we was gone' come back to the country road
I don't know, yea, y'all, y'all ready to roll again?
Wuss up, let's ride then, ah, yup, hit 'em
Way before platinum there was a place we used to go
And ride for hours at a time on a country road
Whatever's troublin', you can let it go
I get out of the car and walk through it, visit the river and talk to it
Simply sayin', "Mr. Water, what is it that you runnin' from?"
Asked the bird in the tree, "What is it that you hummin' for?"
Now knowin' why the caged bird sings is wishin' to be free
Reminded myself of life and it's hold on me
Touring, the children, women, sexual resistance
Religion means so much to me, the church don't see enough of me
This way, that way, bendin' corners tryin' to get away
Sometimes you have to see a storm to appreciate a pretty day
Back in the car now, headed for the liquor store
God, what a vivid scene, diggin' what I just seen
Rolled up another one, still in a daze though
Gassed up at the Mini mart my mind on the country roads
I just wanna go on the country roads
And get blowed on the country roads again
Roll, been on the country roads again
I just wanna go on the country roads
And get blowed on the country roads again
Roll, been on the country roads again
Yo, we off in these backwoods caddy hoggin', nappy dang, ain't no joke
We glad they robbin' rap imposers for they problem no hope
It's cutthroat, we hungry starvin', chargin' for the front do'
You want mo'? We smoke and sparkin', jokers like the blunt go
Been shovin' folk for plenty miles, yes, I'm the type to grin and bear it
The second chance and out the box, I'm back again with 'dro and spirits
Look at me now, I found a spot, I'm down here by that rollin' river
Grab a rose and took me to a place, au revoir, I'm rollin' scriptures
Man these country roads makin' me zone out
Ridin' through all the bullshit that poppa would scold 'bout
But soon as my hustle got good I showed out
Quick to jump, I, 24, come back with plenty mo'
By '97 I was smokin' perfecto

The chains and the Willie Esco was the dresscode
We lost our littlest cousin Gwin, a skidrow
Tony Renfrow, rest in peace your kinfolks, I miss y'all
I just wanna go on the country roads
And get blowed on the country roads again
Roll, been on the country roads again
I just wanna go on the country roads
And get blowed on the country roads again
Roll, been on the country roads again
Dude what the hell are we doin'?
Back deep on these country roads blowin', gettin' in touch with my mind
No worries just striped lines and curve filled signs
When all the events throughout the day, good or bad somehow rewind
While I recline in my Cadillac seats
Hit the trees and press repeat
And let the melody of these windy roads keep my soul upbeat
No destination proposed
Just ridin' these country roads
Listen, this killer's that's willin' to catch a court case
Split your wig apart quicker than the divorce rate
Niggaz show out, go wild in the corpse cage
Blow out in the news and I don't mean the sports page
Get drowned in North Lake, could get found in horse cave
Fool, get down, the boy's crazy
Lil' Stille's with ambition, itchin' to fill my position
Replace me but by the Lord's grace still existin'
Should be in depression, Latrill is missin', cousins in prison
Heard Little Ricky was snitchin', now he's a born again Christian
Always had my suspicions, our teens with bad addictions
Family members gone overseas on a mission, we miss 'em
See you can travel straight through two different coasts
State to state, navigate this beautiful globe
In search of a plate full of food for the soul
I could taste it when the smoke hit my nose
On a place called country roads
I just wanna go on the country roads
And get blowed on the country roads again
Roll, been on the country roads again
I just wanna go on the country roads
And get blowed on the country roads again
Roll, been on the country roads again
[Incomprehensible]

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