

One Forty

Nappy Roots

[Ron Clutch]

No more wine for me, no more dimes of weed
'cause I'm tryin to see, if my mind can reach
The level of the game that we die to see
I'm talkin bout naturally where ya mind is free
See I'm a dying breed, a country-fried emcee
I used to rhyme for free, but now I rhyme for cheese
See it was bound to be, when there's mouths to feed
And there's bills to pay, somethin gotta give way
The way I feel today, I could care less
'cause my mind is made, yeah my hair's a mess
I don't bother to shave, I walk around bare chest
Like a candy face, like I'm wearin a vest
I dare ya to test, I push a hundred-five reps
Showin off my pecs, triceps and biceps
I'm all for the cause, ready to die next
I'm all for the cause, ready to die next..[Chorus]
We don't even talk about it we live it, we live it
(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)
(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life)
And if you think you can take it from us, come get it, come get it
(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)
(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life)[Chorus Part 2] - 2X
(This life?) - it's mine
(It's yours?) - it's mine
(That's right) - it's mine
(That's yours) - this mine[B. Stille]
Now ah, when I was a, young man
There was a couple of things poppa put in my head
Never; sit down when ya need to stand
Never; drink down all ya dreams and plans
Poppa, what's that inside ya glass?
"Don't do as I do boy, do as I ask"
See ah - do it right if ya gon' do it that fast
And - don't do it if ya gon' do it half-assed
Well, since then I been an over-achiever
Smoker and drinker, only I would opened my blinkers
And I'm broke, so I guess I gotta choke on my finger
'cause I need to come up, ah I'm just a dreamer

A hustle schemer, these cops be corrupt like Rupp Arena
Try an bust my weiner, with these court subpoenas - petty misdemeanors
"Boy you ain't worth..." like student like teacher[Chorus]
[Chorus Pt. 2] - 2X[Skinny DeVille]
Same jeans in the spring that I strut in the fall
No comb, no fade, no nothin at all
I'll give a finger for the haters and one for the law
Sounds fine, Nappy Roots; a little somethin for why'all
Get a dutch, jump the gultch, then stuff it with straw
Get higher than a motherfucker, deep in the call
Hit the liquor sto', makin mo', fifth and I pause
Get love tryna cut, got ya dick and balls
Awww, hell naw then broads at the wall
Big pimpin on a budget, tryna make it the mall
Thank the Lord, for just livin, makin the most
'Scuse me, anybody got change I can borrow?
Dime? Caught a penny tryna get to the mall
Want to buy me some ice too, slip it and fall
Oops silly me, big nuts and they gone
Didn't see that shit comin like a truck in the fall[Chorus]
[Chorus Pt. 2] - 2X[R. Prophit]
Lemme hear ya say...
Nappy Roots see ya dawg, all my yeagaz...
It's that life be, gotta make that choice...
It's all on you...
Lemme hear ya say...
Lemme hear ya say...
Lemme hear ya say...

Songwriters

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