

Roll Again

Nappy Roots

Way before platinum there was a place we used to go
and ride for hours at a time on a country road
Whatever is troubling, you can let it go
I get out of the car and walk through it, visit the river and talk to it
Simply saying, "Mr. water, what is it that you running from?"
Asked the bird in the tree, "What is it that you humming for?"
Now knowing (Why the Caged Bird Sings) is wishing 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, bending corners trying 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, digging 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[Chorus:]I just want to go
On the country roads and get blowed
On the country roads again roll
Been on the country roads againYo, we off in these backwoods Caddy-hogging, Nappy dog, ain't no joke
We glad they robbing, rap imposter's, for they problem no hope
It's cutthroat, we hungry starving, charging for the front do'
You want mo'? We smoke and sparking, jokers like the blunt go
Been shoving 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 rolling river
Grab a rose and took me to a place, au revoir, I'm rolling scripturesMan these country roads making me zone out
Riding 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 smoking perfect o
The chains and the Willie Esco was the dress code
We lost our littlest cousin Gwin, a skid row
Tony Renfrow rest in peace your kinfolds, I miss y'all(Dude what the hell are we doing?)
Back deep on these country roads blowing, getting 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 riding these country roads...
Listen, this killer's that's willing 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, itching to fill my position
Replace me, but by the Lord's grace still existing
Should be in depression La trill is missing, cousins in prison
Heard Little Ricky was snitching, 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

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