

# Back to My Roots (Oscar G's Dope Dub)

**RuPaul**

This is a special shot, going out to my mama, Ms. Ernestine Charles.

Mama used to do people hair in the kitchen;

Press and curl, hot curlers, everything.

I love you, mama.

Black hair is a revolution.

Cornrows... uh, uh honey, I am tender-headed.

Jheri curls... style sophistication,

Afro puff... ah, ooh, ah, ah, ooh, ah.

Hair weave... call her Miss Ross.

Braids... pride, respect.

Extensions... more of a nineties fashion.

Asymmetrical shroom... banji girl.

I'm going back, back, back to my roots,

Where my love can be found, and my heart rings true.

I'm going back, back, back to my roots,

To the time and the place, coming back to you.

Black hair is a revolution.

Finger wave... a classic extravaganza.

Press and curl... never mix, never worry.

Flat top fade... very contemporary.

Nail sculpture... urban distinction.

Hot comb... ouch, mama, that was my ear.

Blow out kits... oh, oh, tamba.

No lye relaxer... fried, dyed, and laid to the side.

I'm going back, back, back to my roots,

Where my love can be found, and my heart rings true.

I'm going back, back, back to my roots,

To the time and the place, coming back to you.

Now, mama, got her own salon, down on auburn ave,

And if you want to know what's happening in atlanta,

Just go to the salon, that's to you and all y'all down there;

Brothers and sisters, Miss Earlene, Lizzy Dean, Renetta,

Little baby boy, tone, tone, Leo-nard, K-ron, Cornisha.

Peace to all my brothers and sisters.

Peace, love, and hair grease.

Songwriters

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