

P.O.N.

Nappy Roots

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Skinny DeVille]

Classic 2000 and forever...[Hook-Skinny DeVille]

At first you don't succeed, try it all again

I'd die 'fore I quit, so indeed I'ma win

'Til the fat lady sing the last note in the hymn

Don't worry 'bout me, I'ma grind 'til then

[repeat][Skinny DeVille]

They say fame is like cheers, where everybody knows your name

Success at any level has a feel I can't explain

You win some, you lose, it's on how you play the game

But you gotta know the rules and these dues are insane

If you make it to the top, congrats, good for you

You don't have to sell drugs, you can do it through school

You can make it by your damn self, it's better with yo' crew

But choose your team wisely, don't pick a bunch of fools

You gotta motivate, through ya hate infested lakes

Maneuver through the snakes and the sharks, white and great

They was with you from the start, is always what they say

Watchin' every step along the way that you take

Nobody's perfect, see we all gon' make mistakes

Ya live and ya learn, fast life, pump the brakes

Last night's not today, and right now's not tomorrow

Livin' for the moment, then you're time's already borrowed[Hook]

At first you don't succeed, try it all again

I'd die 'fore I quit, so indeed I'ma win

'Til the fat lady sing the last note in the hymn

Don't worry 'bout me, I'ma grind 'til then

[repeat][Fishscale]

Yo, uh, my story

Fishscale bumpin, murderville jumpin

Must be a wrap 'cause I'm ballin' up somethin'

Packin' up my bags in the old Chevrolet

And if they ask where I'm goin' tell em
Bringin' it back to the A
State trooper got me, beat me like Rodney
Left the big city, turned a Saint like Shockey
Didn't have much but what the good Lord could spot me
Ask me where I'm goin, say
I'm bringin' it back to the A
Music stop sellin', friends start bailin'
I'm failin' everything, not to mention I'm a felon
My cousin doin' time and I don't know what I should tell him
'sides "Keep ya head up, cuz"
I'm bringin' it back to the A
Small town country boy, big city dreamer
Double-wide trailer, pickup truck and a Beamer
Tunnel vision driver, honk your horn if you see us
If you wonder where I'm goin bruh
I'm bringin' it back to the A! [Hook]
At first you don't succeed, try it all again
I'd die 'fore I quit, so indeed I'ma win
'Til the fat lady sing the last note in the hymn
Don't worry 'bout me, I'ma grind 'til then
[repeat]

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