

Doo Rags

Nas

Pushin' drop-tops, Stacy Lattisaw tapes, the 80's had us all apes Youngest gorillas up to bat at home plate

That was a uncanny era, in my pants

Yeah, X Clan hair, with dreads at the top of my fade

Homicide an' Feds on the blocks where I played, b-ball

That's when I wondered was I here for the cause, or be-cause

'Cause Ray Charles could see the ghetto

Was told to stay strong an' I could beat the devil

'Cause yo, I used to play Apollo Balcony seats

Watchin' swing razors in the front row, then out in the streets

The car show, 560's, chemical afros

Acuras pumpin' Super Lover Cee an' Casanova

Live chicks be, bustin' out of they clothes

Wearin' lip gloss, big door knockers pealin' they earlobes

So where them years go? Where the old gold beers an' cheers go?

But now them shorties here doe, so

The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels an' furs

Riker's Island bustin', still packed, what's the word?

The drinkers stay drinkin', or puffin' they

An' I'm, still enjoyin' life's ride, one mo' time

The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels an' furs

Riker's Island bustin', still packed, what's the word?

The drinkers stay drinkin', or puffin' they

An' I'm, still enjoyin' life's ride, right

Political thugs in shark suits persuade us to pull

In army boots, yellin, "Join the armed forces"

We lost the Vietnam War, intoxicated poisons

Needles in arms of veterans instead of bigger fortunes

There's still a lot of crawlin' in the carpet offices

War in the ghetto, we crabs in a barrel, they torture us

They won't be servin' the beast too long

The murderers wearin' police uniforms, confederate flags I burn

Beat street breakers were dancin' to the music I chose

An' Peachtree Atlantic heads was tootin' they nose

In frozen corners of Chicago, loaded up Llama's children

With an' double

We devil incarnates, headed for jail

Where Shell gas company in South Africa be havin' us killed

Your paper money was the death of Christ

An' all these shorties comin' up, just resurrect your life

It's like a cycle
The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels an' furs
Riker's Island bustin', still packed, what's the word?
The drinkers stay drinkin', or puffin' they
An' I'm, still enjoyin' life's ride, one mo' time
The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels an' furs
Riker's Island bustin', still packed, what's the word?
The drinkers stay drinkin', or puffin' they
An' I'm, still enjoyin' life's ride, right
Used to wear rags on they hair when it was fried up
That's when we were lied to, buyin' hair products
Back before my generation, when our blackness started disintegratin'
'Til awareness started penetratin'
The styles come from prison, they used potatoes makin' liquor
Just to prove we some creative
Turnin' nothin' into somethin', is God work
An' you get nothin' without struggle an' hard work
War is necessary to my in chains
From Greene to Sing-Sing, I'm wantin' y'all to know one thing
The hardest thing is to forgive, but God does
Even if you murdered or robbed, yeah, it's wrong, but God loves
Take one step toward him, he takes two towards you
Even when all else fail, God support you
I done it, got God sun on my stomach
My heart an' my lungs was affected from an' gettin'
Do your body right an' it loves you back
You only get one life, an' yo, because of that
I'm still blazin', goin' out for the cause
Still rockin', stockin', not for the waves, obeyin' no laws
An' it's like that
The doo rags are back, fitted hats, snorkels an' furs
Riker's Island bustin', still packed, what's the word?
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