Awnaw

Nappy Roots

Yeah, haha Nappy Roots
Awwnaw!

[Chorus:]
Awnaw! Hell naw! Man
Y'all done up and done it
Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy
Y'all done up and done it
Awnaw! Hell naw! Boy
Y'all done up and done it
Ah, y'all done up and done it
Man y'all done up and done it

[Fish Scales]
My first song was like forty-eight bars with no hook
You hear me flippin through my pages out my favorite notebook
The microphone was in the closet (What?)
No headphones, we lost it
Niggas scared to get some water, roaches hangin over the faucets
No AC, Tez'll break a sweat just tryin to make beats
E-Dubz was being a hustler, (Heeeyy man!)
All play flirtin all his customers, and flat broke
Nappy smokin blacks out on the back porch
I'm thinkin I got everything a country boy could ask for

[Big V]
Now what we do to get here? (Say dat boy!!)
Lay it down and bring it to ya raw (Say dat boy!!)
Hey now we hurt some, suffered for more, takes what we work for
Hated for for the cussin, but the hatred it made us cuss more
Held on, but it was hard - stepped up, took charge
Ran through what we scared up, but what was we afraid for?
Look what we made of, heart that what made us
Being here is alright, but must believe we won't fall!

Them country boys on the rise!
With them big fat wheels on the side!
Peep them vertical grills on the ride!
And aw-awww-awww-awww!

[Repeat Hook over this part]
Them country boys
With them big fat wheels
Peep the vertical grills
And awww!

[Saan/Skinny DeVille]
My yegga, we hog wild, bet that from that roota to that toota-file
Hell naw, them country boys ain't headed south for six miles
Kentucky mud, them kinfolk, twankies with them hundred-spokes
Skullied on that front porch, plus you know they got 'dro
Seventy-nine coupe DeVille vertical Caddy grill
Interstate 65 headin down to Cashville
Glass filled, to the tippy-top, back-seat Benz
Spent my last cent on the rent, left with pocket lints
A damn shame, gotta grind anything and everything
Jimmy Crack Corn, cross the county line with Mary Jane
A long time, a gravel road, to cash and fame and sold my soul
To Hell and back, and back and forth, with same jeans and nappy 'fro

[R Prophit]
I might, hop off the Harley, spoke mine like Bob Marley
Not parties with charties, wallin like they swallowin Bacardi
Them butter-skin, Prophit gotta like them
Understand you 'bout to lose ya life fuckin with them!

Them country boys on the rise!
With them big fat wheels on the side!
Peep the vertical grills on the ride!
And aw-awww-awww-awww!

[Chorus Overlapping]
Them country boys
With them big fat wheels
Peep the vertical grills
And awww!

Them country boys
With them big fat wheels
Peep the vertical grills
And awww!

Them country boys
With them big fat wheels
Peep the vertical grills

And awww!

Them country boys on the ride!
With them big fat wheels on the side!
Peep the vertical grills on the ride!
And aw-awww-awww-awww!
Them country boys
With them big fat wheels
Peep the vertical grills
And awww!

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