Po' Folks

Nappy Roots

Aww....
Mmmmm, aww..[Chorus:]
All my life been po'
But it really don't matter no mo'
And they wonder why we act this way
Nappy Boys gon' be okay
All my life been po'
But it really don't matter no mo'
And they wonder why we act this way
Nappy Roots gon' be okay, okay[Big V]
We came in the game, plain ya see
Average man when the rest was ashamed to be
Nappy head and all, ain't no changin me
Ooh-oh-oh-ooh-oh-oh...
So rough it was, downright wrong I tell ya
Nobody never gave us nothin but tough time and made us somethin
Different stretch of road, new somethin to see
Every state on the map, a different somethin to eat
Daps and handshakes, it meant nuttin for real
Everybody makin a killin man, showin no feelins
Walkin off collectin pay, it's the way of the world
Can't change it, so I guess I'm gon' pray for the world
Sometimes I ask myself, was I made for the world?
I scream this to you, and I say it to the world
Nappy then, Nappy now - Nappy for a bit
Knee-deep, head over heels in this country shit![Chorus][Skinny DeVille]
Even though I picture better days,
I'm thankful for the chance I got to say amen
The Lord done blessed me with his grace, I wish this day would never end
We represent the slums, where we from, we feel they bump
Polish shot off on these presidents, and hardtimes they go and come
Some take up off, without the chance, to make it at all
Who woulda thought Skinny'd be the one that's, makin this call
Lord, help me out, tell me where I went wrong
I'm tryna find a righteous path, although it's, never been long
I gotta do it for my sons, they tellin me, "Daddy be strong"
We gon' make it through these hardtimes
Even though they go and they come
Ya absolutely right, for somethin happen to me on last Tuesday night

It's plain as day, man they... with this World Trade
Naw brave any order but confoldure
Better make it home when nothin seems to matter
That's when, see, everything can go - any which way
They got me fooled, see the Henny with the J
Front porch, chillin broke, country folk, I'm Nappy with my ways yo[Chorus][R. Prophit]
It's a blessin we woke up this mornin
All my colored folk stressin, come let's join hands
Got the folk with depresses of being po' man
Poppa taught me an order, survive for no man
Nappy got some for we gon' stand
Prophit grew from a juvenile to a grown man
Ya gotta take responsibility for ya own man
Zonin, two blunts a mornin, by sunrise sometimes
I love to hear my woman moanin, it's on again
Damn I hope you play this song again
The soul cleansin, the melody just read my end
Not a lot of things but usually just appendin my lady
Been searchin bendin and saw my folks locked in the tennants
And it don't make any sense (why) children and sentencin
Broadcastin from the slums, that's why I'm writin these sentences
Just lower my income, (what) though we ain't finish it[Chorus]

Songwriters
ANDERSONPublished by
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