

# Slums

Nappy Roots

"Please baby, please don't leave"

We rappers in the slums.. alright..  
Let's get this motherfucker crunkin from Kentucky to Baghdad  
Ya pops was always gone but that didn't make him a bad dad  
We still managed to eat, and come to think watten't half bad  
But Doug was always humorous bout the things they would never have  
Now I was born in Oakland better known as the Cold Town  
Done seen too many folk down, some put the soul down  
Done heard my momma cryin if I knew what I know now  
I'd pro'ly have to greet the party room with the fo' pound  
I'm tryna keep my head on straight to keep me from catchin  
in case I feel my insides burnin, musta swallowed all twenty-eight  
I'm drinkin milk with magnesium, but still I ain't feelin straight  
Some mo' had murdered my granddad over real-estate

Rappers in the slums... rappers in the slums...  
Rappers in the slums... aww, aww, aww, aww...  
Rappers in the slums... rappers in the slums...  
Rappers in the slums... aww, aww, aww, aww...

Puffy, if I put it out - sucky, if I pull it out  
Ohh me, ya better kick it out, or ya livin in a haunted house  
Ran how you tried to run, came how you tried to come  
Did what you couldn't do, difference between me and you  
Slum for a while now, country for a lifetime  
Cool is what I choose to be, but that ain't what I used to be  
Muddy waters couldn't drown a nigga, bloodhounds on the trail for real  
Shakin up this rap shit, givin niggaz hell for real  
Turn a hold the dog deal, mucus and you hearin right  
National Geographic ain't, fuckin with this wildlife  
Hissin; I'm finna strike, rattlin; I'm finna bite  
Hell with a blue light, fuckin with no rooms tonight!

Now once again, you see me layin down the law  
These cowards tryna catch me like my hustle gotta fall  
Bitch I'm Southern bred  
That's where you break it down to raw and then you flush the rest  
I said you break it down to raw and then you flush the rest  
And I ain't playin witcha'll haters since y'all fucked up my order  
Got me playin with a gram, coulda been up to a quarter  
Now my cousin, called me up and said he finally did it  
Graduated from a handheld, to primary digits  
Cuz in the slums we don't work we just grind and gamble  
Guarunteed I got that shit, niggaz dyin to sample  
Now whattchu know about that work from the states of Georgia  
Cook so thick, collard, grits and water (we in the slums!)

[Hook]