

Work In Progress

Nappy Roots

Wise words being spoke
Huh
Y'all know what it is
Nap-Nappy Roots. Can I start this one off? OK

Each day I listen what the streets say
Like a DJ my negroes scratch ghetto recordings, for my peoples
Got the eyes of an eagle, can't see us ever being at peace for a reason
Cause we ain't never being equal
And got us believing we heathens, uncivil soldiers of evil
Reach up and assume the position, you know the procedure
Can't even leisure smoke hollow reefer
With out police and search and seizure by the same police who murdered Cease
r
It's brutal
Seeing them treat us like lower creatures than human beings
More so like aliens
Touring the land of Europeans
Seeming to have the tendency to think we ignorant
Cause of our pigment, can't take away a nigga's dignity though
Still I pimp the industry hoe
And even when I'm rich I'm a pretend to be poor
My life's a work in progress, soon to be end of the road
But I don't stress cause I have been her before, you know

My life's a work in progress
(and even though I'm rich I'm gonna pretend to be poor)
My life's a work in progress
(but I don't stress cause I have been here before)
My life's a work in progress
(and even though I'm rich I'm gonna pretend to be poor)
My life's a work in progress
(but I don't stress cause I have been here before)

In life
Every step you take
Every right every left you make
You can look at it like chess in a way
Cause life is best when you take your time
Don't make a move, unless you done made up your mind
Play by the rules, don't ever play the fool
Sometimes you play and lose but you still pay your dues
Come on
Everybody knows the cost to be the boss
Yea the price is kind of steep but sacrifice is never cheap
I learned that life can be sweet and bitter at the same time
It's the Ying verse the Yang, and it's rain without shine
Sometimes against the grain you grind gotta grit your teeth and bear it
Matthew 5, verse 5 "The earth the meek shall inherit"
Cherish the day before you perish away
Cause who can say how many days your power last?
It's like a crack in your hourglass
In a flash, the hours pass
Then you're gone

Long life living (?) will bring you close you dying
The more laughs one had will bring you close to crying

Cold unforgiving planet, yea it is
Racists, communicating those who wrong did
I daydream back to the 80's when we was all kids
A stab wound kidnapping (?) experience
Though at the time not a glock would blow in the wind
It's a good day in the hood to witness a stabbing
Now stories told to us, without tragedy
Seem like it involve bloodshed automatically
If you ever get a chance, just stop and use your mind
Observe the world for yourself and just check your time
Yeah, Oh, Yeah, that's right
(my life's a work in progress)
Smoke something with your country people
Drank something with your country people
(my life's a work in progress)
Thinking back in Junior high when sex was the shit
Fein pussy now a day can get you killed quick
'Bout shootin ball in now they 'bout getting licks
I'm playing Nappy Roots just to hear the realest shit
Expect it to the best of my know how and my rapping wit
See next to nothing sugar coated in these cold streets
Whatever you do, be smart, tote your heat
Did I mention if you don't work you don't eat
If you ever get a chance stop and use your mind
Observe the world for yourself and check the time
Yea, Smoke something with your country people

[Chorus]