

One Forty (New Vocal Up Version)

Nappy Roots

No more wine for me, no more dimes of weed
'Cuz I'm tryin' to see, if my mind can reach
The level of the game that we die to see
I'm talkin' bout naturally where ya mind is free
See I'm a dying breed, a country-fried emcee
I used to rhyme for free, but now I rhyme for cheese
See it was bound to be, when there's mouths to feed
And there's bills to pay, somethin' gotta give way
The way I feel today, I could care less
'Cuz my mind is made, yeah my hair's a mess
I don't bother to shave, I walk around bare chest
like a candy face, like I'm wearin' a vest
I dare ya to test, I push a hundred-five reps
Showin' off my pecs, triceps and biceps
I'm all for the cause, ready to die next
I'm all for the cause, ready to die next
We don't even talk about it we live it, we live it
(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)
(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life)
And if you think you can take it from us, come get it, come get it
(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)
(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life) This life? It's mine
It's yours? It's mine
That's right it's mine
That's yours this mine
This life? It's mine
It's yours? It's mine
That's right it's mine
That's yours this mine
Now ah, when I was a, young man
There was a couple of things poppa put in my head
Never sit down when ya need to stand
Never drink down all ya dreams and plans
Poppa, what's that inside ya glass?
Don't do as I do boy, do as I ask
See do it right if ya gon' do it that fast
And don't do it if ya gon' do it half-assed Well, since then I been an over-achiever
Smoker and drinker, only I would opened my blinkers
And I'm broke, so I guess I gotta choke on my finger
'Cuz I need to come up, ah I'm just a dreamer
A hustle schemer, these cops be corrupt like Rupp Arena
Try an bust my weiner, with these court subpoenas petty misdemeanors
"Boy you ain't worth" like student like teacher We don't even talk about it we live it, we live it

(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)
 (Can't nobody tell me how to live my life)
 And if you think you can take it from us, come get it, come get it
 (How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)
 (Can't nobody tell me how to live my life) This life? It's mine
 It's yours? It's mine
 That's right it's mine
 That's yours this mine
 This life? It's mine
 It's yours? It's mine
 That's right it's mine
 That's yours this mine Same jeans in the spring that I strut in the fall
 No comb, no fade, no nothin' at all
 I'll give a finger for the haters and one for the law
 Sounds fine, Nappy Roots a little somethin' for y'all
 Get a dutch, jump the gultch, then stuff it with straw
 Get higher than a motherfucker, deep in the call
 Hit the liquor sto', makin' mo', fifth and I pause
 Get love tryna cut, got ya dick and balls
 Hell naw then broads at the wall Big pimpin' on a budget, tryna make it the mall
 Thank the Lord, for just livin', makin' the most
 'Scuse me, anybody got change I can borrow?
 Dime? Caught a penny tryna get to the mall
 Wanna buy me some ice too, slip it and fall
 Ops silly me, big nuts and they gone
 Didn't see that shit comin' like a truck in the fall We don't even talk about it we live it, we live it
 (How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)
 (Can't nobody tell me how to live my life)
 And if you think you can take it from us, come get it, come get it
 (How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)
 (Can't nobody tell me how to live my life) This life? It's mine
 It's yours? It's mine
 That's right it's mine
 That's yours this mine
 This life? It's mine
 It's yours? It's mine
 That's right it's mine
 That's yours this mine Lemme hear ya say
 Nappy Roots see ya dawg, all my magazine
 It's that life B, gotta make that choice
 It's all on you
 Lemme hear ya say
 Lemme hear ya say
 Lemme hear ya say

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