

No Static (feat. Greg Nice)

Nappy Roots

[Scratches] "No static, got an automatic" Too much of anything makes you an addict
Take a nigga back down Tobacco Road
I give my old soul what it's asking for
I'm trying to find where them angels sing at
Where X and King at
So listen for the knowledge I bring back
Cuz cigarette pack and a deuce bottle
Blue collar, aint too much we can do, Father
Taketh me, I live life so anxiously
Tell me this is bout more than sex and buying weed
Maybe, but anyway we, burn daily
Sip Bailey's, early sex, unwanted babies
Scream push till I push daisies, Pops raised me
Through this blind crippled and crazy world
I'm just riding along, see where it takes me
Keep buying cars and rims until it breaks me
I fold like bread on a loose sandwich, too damaged
Still I gotta slow down and find a balance
No static, got an automatic
Too much of anything makes you an addict We spend a lot of long nights trying to make it hot
like an open flame
Smoking Jane posted on this porch I got this close to fame
Without the Leroy, but we live forever Wooden Leather
Slum is in my Village like them niggas up in Detroit (what up though)
And I'm going for the gusto, every day is cutthroat
But I don't give a fuck yo
Gutter bread, slice it different ways I got some shit to say
Split the Swisher, pack the hay, roll it up and hit the bitch
Addicted to this country living, givin' it my all dog
Raw till a fall y'all from here to California
Went back again, traffickin' like Raj' "What's Happenin'?"
I'm traveling, looking for that Kill like I'm Bill ill
In my own right left without my soul tight
Roll through a cold night, swervin' on a country road
Six pack of Michelobs, a Ol' with some funky Dro
Too much of anything can make a playa lose control
No static, got an automatic
Too much of anything makes you an addict See I love my reefer, love my Guinness
And I don't fit into society, I'm a menace
Slap my balls on your rack like tennis
And turn the Henny up and don't stop till I'm finished
I'm pissy drunk, one shot might get me crunk

Not to mention shorty rollin' up 50 blunts
We got Nappy in this bitch
Sticks to the bricks
I'm a cowboy, dog
It's to the fence We rollin 90 in the slow lane, with just enough to traffic
Cross the line bout forty times a week on the average
Forward and backwards, pack is like a sack lunch
Ridin' dirty, high as fuck, puffin on a fat blunt
What yo ass want, Nappy serve it all day
Always keep a Caddy Hog and dog it's all wood
Too much of anything can make you think it's all good
Got a automatic Skinny Deville and we all should No static, got an automatic
Too much of anything makes you an addict
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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