

# P.O.N.

## Nappy Roots

Classic 2000 and forever...At first you don't succeed, try it all again  
I'd die 'fore I quit, so indeed I'ma win  
'Til the fat lady sing the last note in the hymn  
Don't worry 'bout me, I'ma grind 'til thenAt first you don't succeed, try it all again  
I'd die 'fore I quit, so indeed I'ma win  
'Til the fat lady sing the last note in the hymn  
Don't worry 'bout me, I'ma grind 'til then  
They say fame is like church, where everybody knows your name  
Success at any level has a feel I can't explain  
You win some, you lose, it's on how you play the game  
But you gotta know the rules and these dues are insane  
If you make it to the top, congrats, good for you  
You don't have to sell drugs, you can do it through school  
You can make it by your damn self, it's better with yo' crew  
But choose your team wisely, don't pick a bunch of fools  
You gotta motivate, through ya hate infested lakes  
Maneuver through the snakes and the sharks, white and great  
They was with you from the start, is always what they say  
Watchin' every step along the way that you take  
Nobody's perfect, see we all gon' make mistakes  
Ya live and ya learn, fast life, pump the brakes  
Last night's not today, and right now's not tomorrow  
Livin' for the moment, then you're time's already borrowed  
At first you don't succeed, try it all again  
I'd die 'fore I quit, so indeed I'ma win  
'Til the fat lady sing the last note in the hymnDon't worry 'bout me, I'ma grind 'til then  
At first you don't succeed, try it all again  
I'd die 'fore I quit, so indeed I'ma win  
'Til the fat lady sing the last note in the hymn  
Don't worry 'bout me, I'ma grind 'til thenYo, uh, my story  
Fishscale bumpin, murderville jumpin  
Must be a wrap 'cause I'm ballin' up somethin'  
Packin' up my bags in the old Chevrolet  
And if they ask where I'm goin' tell em  
Bringin' it back to the A  
State trooper got me, beat me like Rodney  
Left the big city, turned a Saint like Shockey  
Didn't have much but what the good Lord could spot me  
Ask me where I'm goin, say  
I'm bringin' it back to the A  
Music stop sellin', friends start bailin'  
I'm failin' everything, not to mention I'm a felon

My cousin doin' time and I don't know what I should tell him  
'sides "Keep ya head up, cuz"  
I'm bringin' it back to the A  
Small town country boy, big city dreamer  
Double-wide trailer, pickup truck and a Beamer  
Tunnel vision driver, honk your horn if you see us  
If you wonder where I'm goin bruh  
I'm bringin' it back to the A!At first you don't succeed, try it all again  
I'd die 'fore I quit, so indeed I'ma win  
'Til the fat lady sing the last note in the hymn  
Don't worry 'bout me, I'ma grind 'til thenAt first you don't succeed, try it all again  
I'd die 'fore I quit, so indeed I'ma win  
'Til the fat lady sing the last note in the hymn  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>