

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
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>