

# 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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>