

# Da Backwudz, Wood Grain (Interlude)

[singers]

The sun is setting  
On days of old  
I can't imagine  
Not having them to hold  
It hurts me deeply  
To let this goooooo  
My cards are played now  
No time to folllllld

[spoken]

From red dirt roads to the concrete backstreets  
We ride on cowhide, burn wood and grip sweet hickory  
Hopin that we can sip sweet victory  
to wash down our depression to say hey  
Da Backwudz, way far away from the skanless and fake  
But it's more than the country  
It's more than the cigar  
It's the blacktop and the cell block  
The havenots without a laptop  
For the corporate to the criminal, rhythm and rhyme  
A movement, a state of mind  
Anything outside the norm to give yo' soul that warm feelin  
Tryin to break this glass ceilin  
Da Backwudz  
Don't go too deep, you might get lost  
Backwudz