

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 goooooooooo
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