

## Room 25

### "Due Process"

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[ VERSE 1: J. Sands ]

Yo, from Pittsburgh to Pelan this type shit we be on  
When we on inside a cassette deck of your Neon  
Or in your Navigator whippin with the CD on  
Lone Catalysts, rockin to the break d-awn  
Make a sucker new jack be gone  
He kick his shit, I be like: Yo, you puttin me on?  
You wanna battle? Out to Rawls: pick me a beat to freak  
on  
Somethin with a lotta bass and some highs to tweet on  
The drums, I give it a run, you know, turn the heat on  
Up in the kitchen, then you'll delisc' on  
Who put me in a top position, J. Sands dishin  
No look like Ron Strickland  
Make the average MC contemplate, just sittin  
Down, the wax spin like merry-go-round  
While I format the verbs and nouns through  
underground  
Now what you're lookin for you have found  
So now bump to the sound properly laid and mixed  
down  
By no other than my brother, although from different  
mother  
J. Rawls with Sands on the mic, so take cover  
The sound makes you bounce like flubber, Ludacris,  
Danny Glover  
\_Lethal Weapon\_, so while you're checkin

[ CHORUS: Rubix (& Talib Kweli) ]

Due process, payin these dues, battlin crews  
At the same time, livin in life, givin enlightenment  
Seeing eye for the blind  
Through the darkness of the industry we ministry

[ VERSE 2: Talib Kweli ]

I go on like etcetera  
And blast my way out the plethora of replicas  
Cats steady actin extra  
And they parts is non-speakin  
My skills go without and beyond speakin  
Address your congregation like a deacon

Seekin converts, my convo is a honour and a pleasure  
You seein me is like Geraldo seein Al Capone's  
treasure  
You the don of mediocraty, I'm the indispensable hero  
of hiphoprisy  
Stoppin your flow like bureaucracy  
Due process, you got blessed by the best of the  
population  
Word to Black Shawn, I ( ? ) your whole operation  
And shut it down, cut it down like rain forest  
You see Talib Kweli when you look up the illest in the  
thesaurus  
I'm the definition of special edition with rack and pinion  
steering  
To make my handlin more smooth than aloe and  
lanolin  
"Manifesto"-spittin, my stiletto's hittin  
On a ghetto mission to keep it fabulous like a Lone  
Catalysts composition

[ CHORUS: Rubix (& Talib Kweli) ]

[ VERSE 3: Rubix ]

On a level of metaphors with lies life seems to  
depreciate  
Like automobiles submit its original state  
I'm into brothers with registrated plates pushin the  
weight of my spirit  
Passin the limit of speed, rhymes per minute  
Cerebral engine is infinite  
Class, the third eye high beams illuminates the  
distance  
The pressure on pedals accelerates, racin the currents  
of winds  
Makin the intangible bend with aerodynamics and  
panoramic visionin  
I see the world we livin in, five gallons of knowledge  
A tank full filled with lessons  
My temperature guage measures all of the blessings  
For the miles I'm stretchin  
Passin what is hot and what you got for all you cats on  
the list  
Cause us to be the Catalysts  
Of a new era, correctin errors  
Learn to love it or leave it alone  
Recitin these Nubian poems  
From NYC to ATL we got continuous flows

[ CHORUS: Rubix (& Talib Kweli) ]

