

Roots, The

"@15"

Visit "[@15](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

The name of the brother to blame
It's quite plain, it's not the rain
But a brother who don't claim or aim
To be a preacher or ordained
I have Black Thoughts, therefore my name's the same

Don't question my ability, in a studio facility
As I utilize my God-given utility
On time, I get behind and push along a rhyme of mine
Which I design, with what? The mind

Leave MC's blind with amnesia
Chop 'em into salad and my name ain't Caesar
Think twice before you approach
Get benched by the coach like exit post

I wrote murder, so you can say it's Murder He Wrote
You think I'm Hell sent, so you repent to the Pope
Don't walk when the sign says not to
And don't talk when Black Thought's about to

When I say, ?Maestro? and bro starts to play it
If you got a rhyme in your mind, then don't say it
Save it for the weaker, pack your portable speaker
And utilize the treads on your sneaker

Take your sorry crew back an' forget about rappin'
Forget you ever saw me and forget this ever happened
'Cause you might have nightmares of MCs bein' slain
And I'll be to blame when you go insane

Visit [Roots, The](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.