

Roots, The "Act Fore"

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[Black Thought]

Yeah yeah yeah, yes I, no doubt yes I (P-5-D)

Check it out, yo yo

Areegato, to all my people in Japan

Whether you rockin Cartier or Pierre Cardan

I'm barging in like excuse, I beg your pardon

To crush carbon copy MC's wit clone jargon

Move the crowd to leave the microphone sparkin

Leave you caught inside the lines of my page beneath
the margin

Now we could mud-sling to cease the foul-talkin

I personally would rather keep things peace, but it's
your option

I hit the block wit hip-hop, it's like oxen

Stampede wit lyrical heavyweight boxing

Yo, just give thanks it's the new shit

For y'all to ever try to sleep on this is stupid

My thought's deep like the upright acoustic

Bass, Cold Crush like Charlie Chase

To keep the ladies grindin like a slow jam

You just a slow-jam fizz kid, get wit the program

My style hundred proof, I pause for no man

The Fifth Dy-nas-ty, that's the slogan

>From S-P to West-P to Logan

The planet is a parachute, I got em open

Aiyyo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there

Worldwide yo I'm still out there, Roots Crew forever out
there

Aiyyo I'm out there, SP to the, out there

Aiyyo I'm out there, what, I'm still out there

Check it out yo (worldwide) I'm still out there check it
out

C'mon, yo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there

Roots crew to the to the to the to the

Y'all know the name, I got game like an Evangelist

Relax to my man D'Angel-ist, who could ever cancel this

Music growth, it's cancerous not glamorous

Yo the lifestyle I embrace to some scandalous

I chop joke MC's like choke sandwiches

And backslap the snare drum open-handed wit my vocal
So I'm far from lo-cal
My peoples got to keep me in they fo-cal
Perform Al Jerome style, then act like you know now
Surf the internet, inspect my profile
Return to menu if you miss this
Your girlfriend said my music is futuristic
Then kissed me on my neck, left marks of lipstick
Then came to the spot and we got lifted
I rip shit on the solo unassisted
Or wit Malik and the Fifth Click, so y'all should keep
your lips zipped
Y'all don't know what it's about, get on route
I hold it down wit no doubt and sip Stout
And got the hot record out
Y'all need to let your necks snap back, check it out,
word up

Yo I'm out there, ayyo I'm still out there
Worldwide son I'm still out there, check it out
Roots crew forever out there, you know I'm still out
there
What what what out there, knamsayin
To you out there, P-5-D out there
What what, S-P out there yaknamsayin (S-P forever)
Philly out there, ayyo I'm still out there (2-1-5th)
S-P to the, to the to the to the

Aiyyo so what's the Fifth then? The Million Dollar
Question
We veterans, lyrically threatening freshmen
Y'all lookin at next year, I see the next ten
And front on me strategically, plan positioning
Out there, steppin into your world I'm visitin
Discography time less you keep listenin
Within the crevices these clones is missing in
Action, mysterious magnetic attraction wit that thing
My melody like Nat King, and MC's is so un-inter-esting
Forever givin y'all the next best thing
I give it to you like pink champelle and ink bing
I drink Yuengling, JaRoots and Ginseng
You testin me, ock? yo what was you thinkin
You buggin off the energy the king bring
A delivery that you're forever remembering

Aiyyo I'm out there, ayyo I'm still out there
S-P (worldwide) out there, check it out
It's the Roots, we out there
Aiyyo I'm still out there, Roots Crew out there
Check it out, ayyo I'm out there

We infinitely out there, worldwide son check it out
Out there check it out (S-P), aiyyo I'm out there
Aiyyo I'm still out there, what what (P-5-D, Roots Crew
out there)
Check it out, it's like

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