

Roots, The

"Act Too - Love of My Life"

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(breathing over beat)
Hip Hop Hip Hop (x15)

[Black Thought]

Aiyyo, the anticipation arose as time froze
I just stared down the aisles with my eyes closed
and jumped straight into the crime code, I just did it
you trying to hear that heat right? Yup, well let's get it
My desire to groove was overcomin' my fears
I got a P;anet Rock record I stole from blairs
I feing to throw a DISCO in my room upstairs
put the needle to the record let it soothe my ears
it goes: "Party People this groove is so sonic
we feining to get you high as a kite with no chronic"
who can tell at the top, but it's better than brain
but I fell in love with the culture, was never the same
Remember All Stars in Ti Sweats
and young rhymthm round the projects trying to chill
cause my name on my buckle and my style is Ill
cause I got you in my system and refine the skill
You like my life soundtrack, my personal theme
joint that knock for me ever since I burst on the scene
yo it's like gimme the music and I make it my wife

(Chorus)

hip hop, you the love of my Life (aiyo)
tell the people like that what (aiyo) (hip hop over
chorus)
and it sounds so tight, hip hop you the love of my life
we fein' to take it to the top love
it's like that love, and it sounds so tight
hip hop you the love of my life
we fin to take it to the -
take it to the - to the - to the - to the (hip hop)

[Black Thought]

Yo, when I was 9 years old, I realized there was a road
at the end thered be a lot of studios and shows
I had to pump my brakes and learn from my mistakes
took time to create so that y'all could relate
to be a pioneer it takes work for years

and sometimes I Seen things that'll jerk your tears
I been through hard times, many rocks to climb
trying to take it from the bottom to the top of the line
with fam and the same shorty from the two dollar jam
that used to rock Sergios in the B-girl stance
Polly rocking door knockers with her hair in the twist
with the ill Michael Jackson wrist band on her wrist
before we ever shook asses and the watched the cells
we used to sing "LODI DODI" and "ROCK THE BELLS"
and you can mash up in the party til the early mourn'
without your BALI shoes getting stepped on
even though we from the city - the Crime and Grime
yo I grew up around the times of BEATS AND RHYMES
I remember late nights rockin without a mic
hip hop u the love of my life

(repeat chorus X 2)

(hip hop hip hop) - (over scratches and effects)

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