

## **Roots, The**

### **"Adrenaline!"**

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[Scratch intro]

Chorus [Black Thought and Scratch] 2x

Once again 'gain  
Once again 'gain  
Once again 'gain 'gain ladies and gentlemen  
Once again 'gain  
Once again 'gain  
Once again 'gain 'gain  
Yo, Adrenaline

[Black Thought]

Yo I'm in the eye of the storm, where the pressure's on  
And MC's is dressed funny like a leprechuan  
I chop rappers up like chicken seczuan  
Sells a squads off like a slave auction  
Aiyyo my zodiac sign read caution  
On stage, I make your seed to an or-phan  
Yo, my age an algebraic equation  
Niggas want some? I hit em wit a portion  
Son, The Fifth foursome, armed at the door son  
M-illi-tilla, Dice Raw, quick draw son  
You don't want no more son? That's when more come  
And drag a nigga Eerie Avenue to Oregon, you're all  
done  
Ladies and gentlemen  
Select the weapon at the gate upon entering, The Roots  
instrumentaling  
Spark shit, them niggas try to talk shit  
We hit em like the L at 60th and Market  
South Philly clip a hold into a nigga park it  
Take sneaks, chains and rings and bracelets  
Split back this like we the therapist  
Adrenaline, Fifth mic terrorist, once again

Chorus

[Malik B]

Zigga zigga zigga tryin to get a grip but still slip, so lift  
me up  
Ever since I was a pup I was designed to erupt

You get to know me, you poke me slowly, when caught  
puzzin  
Some niggas thought they was, when of course they  
wasn't  
Punked em wit a dozen of pellets all in they skelet  
Transform, from the norm, start to brainstorm  
Yeah Malik B from The Roots, he ain't gone  
I took the wrong exit, the sign said Langhorne  
I'm trapped up in about five worlds wit live pearls  
Shouts to Armour Akquan who's name is Jalil  
The moat is deep water so let your hand expand it  
Demandin, takin you back like Knotts Landing  
I'm Ralph Cramdon, we out, you'll see in Hampton  
Yo what the what the what the, what the what the what  
the  
Pivot on this concrete earth until I rot  
Didn't figure how to conquer it yet but still I plot, once  
again

Chorus

[Dice Raw]

Beans passed the mack and we held em, like hostages  
Rappers see me, hide they face like ostriches  
Dice'll grind your brain into little sausages  
Underwater rap, you know who the bosses is  
North Philly baby, that's where that Raw shit is  
You'll get blown out the sky once you get talkative  
A-D devise rise, I fathered it  
So when you see me on the street, don't bother kid  
Just be on your merry way, or you might get slit  
Ask around, wonderin what Dice Raw did  
Lay you on floors like ya gettin carpeted  
You need a special kind of mic for retarded kids  
Me against you's like Kane verse the Partridges  
You wanna battle, change your name to The Forfeitters  
Cuz that's what you do, face to face wit raw niggas  
I give you a bad case of the fucked-up jitters, once  
again

Chorus

[Beanie Siegal]

They used to talk shit, but I'ma quiet them  
Kick in the door wit my boys stick to riotin  
First nigga that flinch, I'ma fire em  
Tape em up, grip his hands, and plyer em  
Know the bricks is in here, where you hidin em?  
Don't die in the shit that you lyin in  
Used to get fronted bricks, now I'm buyin em  
Used to cop off my man, now I'm supplyin him

Paid the front row seat watchin Iverson  
First class air crafts what I'm flyin in  
To L.A., Shaq, Eddie, Kobe Bryant and them  
Save the jokes for Chris Tucker, Richard Pryor and  
them  
Used to shotgun in cars, now I'm drivin em  
Used to hustle 'round bars, y'all was robbin them  
Ran up in y'all spot wit Rob and them  
Grew up, two-four, wit Pie and em  
But do my dirt, 21st, wit Kyle and them  
Nigga Pop, nigga Buzz, little Mark and them  
Brother news, nigga schooled Marley Park and them  
Nigga jump, pull a pump, low sparkin em  
I know shit right now gettin dark to them  
Tore they body all up, ain't no chalkin em  
Too sharp for them, move out in the dark on em  
These Illadel foul streets what I'm stompin in once  
again

Chorus

[Scratch outro]

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