

Roots, The

"Can't Stop This"

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Who is it? There comes a time

Last of the red hot, lovin' emcees
Who came up poor, grits and government cheese
The only thing I ever really loved in my life, was a mic
Some of my niggaz fell in love with MP's, come on

Work the bass, nigga, juggle them keys
I'm tryin'a get a piece of this government green
And smack 'em in the melon with another LP
Come on, help a couple people in the struggle get free

We from the block, where people stay prepared to rock
And it's hard 'cause opportunity be scared to knock
And mo' people in the 'hood found dead from cops
Than guns that drop, that sprayed off random shots

But whatcha know good, people say they in the hood
fo' good
You ain't a prisoner, the world got mo' to it
Sky's the limit, it don't take but a minute
Don't fear for your people, nigga, my 'hood's yo' 'hood

Yeah, we did it

I know in these tryin' times it feels confusin'
That's why I came to y'all to dance to the music
Unless, we face it first and try not to lose it
Even if it gets worse, they can't stop this

Can't stop this, I want my peoples to rock this
Bang this music in your speakers and boxes
Legs and users, 'bout as a deep as my thoughts is
Sit back and I'mma paint you a portrait

This stuff can make you think you are lost
This shit can have you exhausted
Just picture the planet and imagine it's yours, kid
Don't ever let nobody knock you outta your orbit
I never seen a bridge we couldn't shuffle across it

We got a lotta people livin' a life, that's pure trivia
Real hip hop, I ain't tryin' a get rid of ya
Can't have that, because here come, the city of Philly
Put an end to all the trivia, really

Where I'm walkin' er'ybody ain't pretty or friendly
It's work, my whole life they ain't give me a penny
Comin' up between a rock and a hard, watchin' for God
People, hip hop and with no option at all

Yo, it's how it's goin' down

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That's why I came to y'all to dance to the music
Unless, we face it first and try not to lose it
Even if it gets worse, they can't stop this

We bring the [Incomprehensible] part of raps, the
special sounds
The robe's long enough to be considered a gown
Thought's pen is sharp enough to be considered a
crown
When the plate come, take some, pass it around

It's the last of the hip hop lovin' emcees
In front of an audience that never been pleased
I'm comin' from all the streets that never been cleaned
And speakin' for any faith that never been seen

This debeneir style of my words is high-caliber
Speakin' my mind for every day that's on the calendar
'Cause I'll'a been quiet, about as long as I can handle it
Walked a mile in these boots that I'm standin' in

Mellow soul brother with his lyrical dean on
The stages I'm seen on, mic I fiend on
When it's all full of soul that's when it means more
I never hesitate to give a shoulder to lean on, yo

Check it out, man

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