

Roots, The

"Don't Say Nuthin'"

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[Verse 1 - Black Thought]

Yeah! That all mighty amazing, ill, highly contagious
Kamikaze south splash like it shot from a gauge
Until your body sound clash
Head of the Class, Magna Cum Laude
Beats bring the beast out me, flagrant - foul rowdy
Reed pipe but deed tight, disposition keep on flipping
Keep em playing they position
Keep making the people listen what I spin
Put em out on a limb
Got tears, got blood, got sweat, leaking out of the pen
Y'all fake niggas not setting a trend
We never listen to them
It's like trying to take a piss in the wind
My home team doing visitors in, yo don't test em
They all standing close to the edge, so don't stress em
Now who the type built to last?
It's no question, the Master!
Villain in Black wit no stets in my sound
Hitting you hard from - every direction
Your head and shoulder, area your midsection dawg!

[Chorus]

Yeah! When the saint on the ground,
with the grind on rhyme,
with King Kong hitting Thailand,
give it here, and don't say nuthin'
just give it here, and don't say nuthin',
when the team on the set, hit, the gun gonna clap,
git it down on record, hey, hmmm, cut the check,
give it here, and don't say nuthin',
give it here and don't say nuthin', Come on!

[Verse 2 - Black Thought]

Yeah, Illadel! Home of the original gun clappers
Out on the wrong corner your shit'll get spun
backwards
You got the fool wanting the rules, enter at risk
Or your own nana'll keep a gat under the mattress
Shorties running reckless from Philly to Texas
Suprising what niggas willing to do to get a neckless

Some emotions felt better left unexpressed at times
Niggas' crime record longer than a guest list
Yes, I done seen things you wouldn't believe
Seen people reach levels thought they'd never achieve
Silhouettes waiting in the wings ready to D
Thirst decide or need at least a buck to breathe
C'mon! Stick up kids, they be out to tax
Most times they be sticking you without the gats
I'll still be on the grind when it all collapse
And if it's my worst bar then I'm a take it right back
nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Black Thought]

Yeah, it ain't nothin like I rush I get, in front of the band
On stage wit the planet in the palm of my hand
When a brother transform, from aynonomous man
To the force, crush whoever might of thought I was
playin
I'ma flame some, sentence the shit, the cold twist to
slang
Thicker than big boy baby, mom, sister pain
Beyond measure, relaxed under pressure
You see the master piece, but to me it's unperfected
Give it here Geffen Records, I'm off the handle
Cut the check, and yo it better be as heavy as anvil
Next joint comin, all bets is cancelled
Nigga black ink, red was a G finacial
We finna have the whole industry at a stand still
See me put the system on lock like can pill
So get wit them endorsements, and call
reinforcements
Cause my click come a full sizeable portions

[Chorus]

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