

## Roots, The "Glitches"

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Chorus [Amel Larrieux]

You live, you die  
And spend the years in between asking the question  
Why you've been through what you been  
You lose, you win  
You even pay for other sins  
But you must always adore the skin you are in

[Black Thought]

I woke up and it was pouring down rain  
I put my head on, it really wasn't no thing  
One of them days I was feeling immune to the pain  
Threw on, Alice Coltrane, smoked and sang  
And wrote this flame compused to the rhythm of the droplets  
And went whispering simliar to gossip  
The kick slapping at the window glass  
Slow down the globe so it don't spin too fast  
Because, I been running like a river since  
The age of my early innocence  
It just made me ambitious  
My grams used to tell me "Man listen,  
If you can't burn, don't step into the kitchen"  
You muscle your turn, the laws of the land viscious  
We gotta stick to the plan, which is  
Pursuing true riches, whether we trade stock or wash dishes  
Throughout setbacks and few glitches  
The Big Picture's the focus, fuckin being hopeless  
Or helpless, we not selfish so we wrote this  
Give it to ya, make you feel good  
Know what I'm talkin about? C'mon

Chorus

[Black Thought]

Yo from the parquet floors to the fifty foot ceiling  
I pull the heavy black curtain back, now revealing  
The sun beneath the velvet, and like it was mine  
No one elses, embracing the beams yo, I felt it  
And stood there, feeling it, getting charged

Turn me loose upon the streets, a young poet at large  
Out in the world, up against tremendous odds  
Some'll let it break em and throw in they cards  
But my squad remain focus when we goin for ours  
And we don't, do it for chains or do it for cars  
And we don't, do it for lames or do it for broads  
And we don't, do it for fame, we do it because  
It's for the young black gifted mind  
Living the story of the most twisted kind  
Turbulent times swirled around they dome like a turban  
It gets disturbing, feelin alone in the urban  
But maintain ya grip for just a little bit  
I'd tell you it's all good but that's bullshit  
Let's just try to feel good, yeah...know what I'm talkin  
bout

[Amel Larrieux]

A spirit knows we're meant to blow  
A ? rose by the seat of your soul  
You past it all and seeds your soul  
Are destined to grow even after you go

Chorus 4x

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