

## **Roots, The**

### **"Mellow My Man"**

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[Black Thought]

One two

Yes, The Roots layin back, rela-xin

Coolin out with my man Malik B

we call him Sla-xon

Yaknowhatl'msayin? We in effect

Mo like Al B. Sure, for your plea-sure

Aiyyo bust it

We about to flip it on some ol' laid back, mellow my  
man tip

We gon' set it like this

Yo check it

Bust it, La Di Da Di, who likes to party

like Slick Rick the Ruler I'm cooler than a ice brick

Got soul like those afro picks, with the black fist

And leave a crowd drippin like John the Baptist, it's  
the cause of that "Oh shit!"

The skits I kick, flows like catfish

and got many emcees on the blacklist

I'm sharp as a cactus plus, quick to bust gymnastic  
tactics

Us, Roots is really true to that rap shit

Now holla to the scholarly, street skats that follow me

Back to the Soul Shack with packs of rap colonies

Max that, Foreign Objects is mad abstract, make

Shadrach

offender wanna go like Meshach, Black

Thought the nappy cat a bookworm shoe styles like  
sperm

Cool as Malcolm Little with conch a la perm burn

The herb sticks like wicks, and flips when I slaps the  
hand

of my mellow my man, Malik B

[Malik B]

Here I goes, negroes best to know the flower

The pro-fessional, best in those skills that kills so uhh..

WHOA, slow down before you go down (sissy)

Trixie this is Agatha Christie your slain and know now

Next contender, Malik's the axe offender

Critique me so uniquely with mystique that's so deep  
within the  
microphones I grip, psych with poems so's I slits  
throats  
Put him in a quote, when he croaks  
They sayin -- isn't it, is it the negro that did it?  
Cause wreck with the tech, make you jump and say  
'ribbit'  
I exhibit many forms, prohibit the corny forms  
(And we're in, your neighborhood) on the norms  
Capture, was to, whack ya  
Manu-facture, you can even ask Anita about the, rap-  
ture  
I figured, perhaps ya, a say it SLAM  
for my mellow my man

Chorus: Black Thought

The way we do it like this  
That, for my mellow my man  
It's like that for my mellow my man  
No no we do it like that  
This, for my mellow my man  
It's like this for my mellow my man  
No no we do it like this  
That, for my mellow my man  
It's like that for my mellow man  
No no we do it like that  
This, for my mellow my man  
It's like this for my mellow my man

[Black Thought]  
Yo, I got spunk, plus funk  
and Jump Like Punks, to Get Beat Down  
turn that heat down, I'm crazy cool  
Deeper than the pool than Wilt the Stilt  
damn near drowned in clowns bounce to sound  
when Thoughts pound  
and brown's, my complexion section Southern  
my brother-in is Jex, I  
sweats no sex, cause this kid gets  
grits n shit, it's flex to drains that was crazed  
when your heart spit up, dip dup damn  
Yo I lost it but --  
-- back is the Black Boogey Man  
Manic mad musician, maker of noise  
that's jocked, by your homeboys  
I rocks my flocks of sheep, it's the slickest shepherd  
around  
I was lost but was found, now I gets down  
from Philly to the Apple I, stop and holla tunes and then

hit  
Up-town, Diggin Planets when they get Earthbound  
I kick the groovy tunes for you and yours, when I pass  
the can  
to my mellow my man, Malik B

[Malik B]  
WHOAHHHHH, shucks, my nuc snuff ducks (uh-huh)  
Abruptly I erupt, to destruct, deducts  
In wax I like to smack em, stroke em as I cap em  
Change my name to Saran or Reynolds then I Wrap em  
Negroes know we be furrow to my borough  
cause my ass is so thorough, like Levert Gerald  
Too strong to be sterile  
So I impregnates the greats (say what?)  
Bust the Pacino's, I won't trust them  
even though I lust them shapes -- females for retail  
prices  
Twice this nice, this witch sure does her spices  
I won't smirk, cause my name's not Urkel  
The voice with the multiple choice, she does a circle  
You wanna turn and page your eyes, and try to  
plagerize  
but I degrade ya, slaughtered ya and slayed ya  
Microphones I grip equipped to flip the hyp-ocrites  
and nit-wits, with tidbit skits, them ain't \*shhh\*  
That was a curse, but I divide it in half  
Gets the airplay, no fair play, you're feelin the wrath  
of Malik, aiyyo get tragic, negroes that get dramatic  
Because I have the habit to smoke rabbits like a addict  
So if you can not rap I will just slap YOU  
If you wants to pick up on your nose be shows the  
chrome  
and then we cap, YOU  
It's too bad, dem cyan't understand de true check  
for my mellow my man

Chorus: Black Thought

The way we do it like this  
That, for my mellow my man  
It's like that for my mellow my man  
No no we do it like that  
This, for my mellow my man  
It's like this for my mellow my man  
No no we do it like this  
That, for my mellow my man  
It's like that for my mellow man  
No no we do it like that  
This, for my mellow my man  
It's like this for my mellow my man

I think it's for my mellow my man, uhh  
My mellow my man, right  
My mellow my man, uhh  
My mellow my man, right  
My mellow my man, uhh  
My mellow my man, right  
My mellow my man my mellow my man my mellow my  
man my mellow my man  
For Scott Storch, my mellow my man  
Leonard Hubbard on the bass, my mellow my man  
B.R.O.T.H.E.R. ? on the drums, my mellow my man  
Gotta end it on the one, my mellow my man  
Check it

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