

Roots, The

"No Hometro/Proceed II"

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(...fade in)
No hometro
Hometro
No hometro
Hometro
Hometro
No hometro
Hometro
No hometro

...welcome to The Roots, The Roots

Check it, check it, Black Thought, is in the house
and uhh, Malik B, is in the house
We're groovin out, yes in the house
discordant talk

...
Just get on the mic with your master plan

Verse One: Malik B

I can make you dance, I can make you shout
The scripts in the scroll turned the whole party out
Inject my lyrics in a sec with dialect
Why accept, because it's from the highest eye and
depth
Rap extrordinaire share me never ever
See through because I be true, Malik's together
Intox your cells till your brain vein swells
Niggaz'll claim terror when their never pallel
Once I have a hunch that there's MC's that front
I just crunched a whole bunch, in one big munch
I always stand firm, under any term
My actions never squirm cuz my tracks is perm
I have a tendency to defend this MC
My residency is simply in sensei
I makes it vivid, on different continents of earth I pivot
It seems extreme and exquisite but ask it is it
My style is like a cat from a seventies flick
Talkin jive as he strut with his afro pick
Or a predator, just before he stalks his pray

When I talk this way, I do dismay
See you're puzzled, now how I think you're trying to
juggle
My mind is like a nine M double, now there's trouble
The Roots bring you styles and all types of creed
I sign off but I shall proceed

Chorus:

I shall, proceed, and continue, to rock the mic (4X)

Verse Two: Black Thought

Yo, we could get fly, we could get fly
We could get fly that's the anthem of my
crew not to glorify but it's sorta high
Troubles of the world bring tears to my eye wonder why
my man, can't vaccinate, y'all know the fate
Similar to the way I'm a disease on tape
To escape Metropolis is such a violent state
I spill words over pages, styles over phrases
from the world's different stages for crowds of
different ages
Though not a nova, you witness like Jehovah
Now niggaz beg for lyrical plague to pass them over
Righ right niggaz is like stick up kids
Doin bids you got caught, enter the Black Thought
I interface with bass when I communicate
Crowds I elevate, to another mindstate of
rap thinking, see musically the Black thinking rhythm
therefore, I give em what I'm giving, therefore
I give em what I'm giving that's the hardcore
The Roots'll keep it real for sure, and I shall proceed

Chorus

Rockin on the microphone I do this well (repeats)
crowd cheers
The Roots, The Roots!

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