

## Roots, The "Panic"

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Black Thought:

I woke up in the darkness at 12:17...to shots and  
sirenes  
Look out the window, peep the high beams  
Now they searchin, the cops lookin for the person...  
That pulled the trigga  
Medical figures is nursin the kid that got shot  
Some innocent ak that would front  
To flip the rock on them at King Street block  
I tried to tell him to stop cuz yo, it's ghetto red hot  
Similar to the blood now floodin his top  
I take a step out the spot, to the point of attack  
And see the shorty wop heart blast out his back  
Damn, I'm thinkin it don't cease, it's no more peace  
Police level increase, but what the fuck...  
It's still crime on the streets  
I can't breathe, now what's goin on?  
One minute you alive, the next, you're gone  
Illadel-P-H-I-A Hell  
Bust off into the heavens for the nigga who fell  
And hit the L, for the niggaz who fell  
When that could have been prevented  
In front of the flat your moms rented  
And no one expect that from you, cuz you was timid  
Fuckin with them cats from outside city limits  
Funny how this whole thing changed, an off minute  
Yo, dig it, Panic!!!!  
None of this is ever granted  
Drownin in a nightmare, stranded

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