

## **Roots, The "Proceed III"**

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Rock on, to the break of dawn  
Freak on to the early morn  
Khadafi and Sue-kwon, you got it goin on  
To my man Big Shawn, you got it goin on, now, yo  
You got The Roots in the house  
We also got Bahamadia in the house, representin  
lovely  
With you ears now proceed  
It's flavor you wouldn't believe as we proceed

Chorus:

I shall... proceed... and continue... to rock the mic (2X)

Verse One: Malik B

Let's, kill all the small talk, and just elaborate  
The Roots collaborate I see myself as rather great  
How the words generate, whole crews disintergrate  
when I penetrate  
As if in the course flow with intensive force  
You best to go and check your source about my textual  
course  
Simplicity, it sounds complex, you might miss it  
But after you critique it you can kiss it  
I'm assissting fire force that leaves statistics  
When identify niggaz simplify you'll feel no sympathi  
My lyrics send you on a permanent excursion  
I never would decide when your lifespan was  
submergin  
My style is urban not surburban when I'm splurgin  
Gosh these MC's I wash more than detergent  
I can split the Red Sea but deadly  
Take heed, illadelph style as I proceed

Chorus

Verse Two: Bahamadia

Bahamadia hits the melodies mellowly  
Brand new, funk doobie, choosy with the tactics

when I gets Raw, like Dice, nice  
with the flavor, Do You Want More?!?!?!  
Of the Organix, pure  
Eargasmatic, from Distortion to Statics  
Automatic, systematic  
I'm nasty at it  
So hand me the five micaphones like they did Illmatic  
One time for the mind  
Rhyme be coming from an illadelph state of mind  
The real is not whole or half time  
all the time, and I shall proceed  
I'm movin on baby, I shall proceed  
To remain, on point like an infrared beam  
Succeed, in chasing out the ultraviolet dreams  
No Mas like Shorty, cuz it's all about me

Chorus

Verse Three: Black Thought

Black and handsome, holdin MC's for ransome  
Thoughts command some, is this, a phantom?  
Crews I mangle, y'all know my anthem ain't the Star  
Spangled  
I hit you from the most bizarre angle, rectangular  
visions of papes my mind conceive  
Motivatin me to acheive as I must proceed  
when I ride the train, traumatized to maintain  
but laid back, the tracks can relax the brain  
I got to deal with everything on this intelligent plain  
Servin as a killer  
to the pain I live a High Life like Miller  
Me and the mic's mechanized  
Respect recognize with mind beyond wise  
Limitless when I bless the mic with speak  
Dialect never weak, y'all niggaz know Tarik  
From seven-fifth Snider Ave. got the flavor you need  
For the ingredients indeed so to the lead I shall  
proceed

Chorus \*fades\*

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