

Roots, The "Proceed IV"

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Here we go
Heh heh here we go
Heh, heh heh, heh heh, heh here we go
Heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, here we go
Heh heh, heheheheh, here we go
Heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, here we go
Heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, heh, heh heh
heh heh, heh, heh heh, heh, heh heh *fades*

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
gunshot claim terror when their never parellel
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
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 still 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
Within a world of hate many mics I *gunshot*
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 *gunshot* beg for lyrical plague to pass them
over
Right right n----z 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 a higher 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:

I shall, proceed, and continue, to rock the mic (7X)
I shall, proceed, and continue, to rock the to rock the to
rock the...

Representin, the planet, West Oakland
The A-to-the-J, dip to the dollar, the sign, the shine
Watch the Heat, Productions
Red Hot, and Cool, youknowwhat!msayin?

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