

Roots, The "Proceed V"

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All the way live, from two-one-five (3x)
kid, two-one-five, two-one-five
What? Black Thought in the house
Representin the Roots, y'all know how we do
Proceed Beatminerz remix one time for your mind
It's on

Verse One: Black Thought

Yo, I never sweat it, it's all copacetic
In this lyrical profession rappers I discred it
It's fact that a fraction of the rap population
is pathetic not thorough
Here come the kid that's got it like Al Jarreau
I restin in the wild burrough where it's
all realism never fiction
And ghettoes is forever friction
Clash for cash gettin status and crabs is froze
caught up in the mixing
The mic's my only apparatus
And with it I got rappers paranoid
Lyrical freakazoid, leapin out the terror void
Guard your era it's the Black Thought ain't nothing
lesser
than the MC oppressor, poetry professor
I pound this MC on my dresser got my mind on trauma
So my persona's marijuana most melodic with the
melodrama
The Ben Frank folder, the mic holder
Command it with a planet on my shoulder till the
sound's over
Keep it underground my style subterranean
Ill Philadelph Pennsylvanian
Back on the tour to entertrain again, whoops
I meant to say to entertain I'm in a planetary mode
Watch as I explode through your area code with dialect
Y'all niggaz know the time when the Thought catch
wreck
Y'all niggaz know the science on the Dice Raw and
Malik B
Kid I'm nice y'all searchin for a beat

It's the master of literature that's pure
you're checkin for
Coming down I keep it real and hardcore
y'all know the score
Four four that's the major, Black Thought I got
the flavor you need
And I shall proceed

Chorus:

Beatminerz cut and scratch the chorus of Proceed

Verse Two: 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 extraordinaire 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 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
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

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