

Roots, The

"Quills"

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[Chorus]

Don't stop (uh don't stop yo)
Tonight (cheeba cheeba yo, soul shock yo)
(Give it everything you got yo)
(Once again it's time, it's time)
It's time to ride, ride....

[Verse One: Black Thought]

Yo, piss in the staircase, blood on the pavement
I fill the quills with it let it spill on the pages
Compose another anthem for the killers and manglers
Villains and wranglers, fifth still in the chamber
Shit, I'm scientific but my reflex's gangsta
Pull out-rageous arms from the floor of the basement
Then bust 'nuff talons if my peoplez in danger
I'm Larry Davis, duckin' helicopter, hoverin'
government agents
We muscle the language
What we spit will leave your shit in utter amazement
I'm hot brolic call it contagious
The shit the Roots started got these other artists going
through changes
My vision is the strangest, the rhythm is anguish
Y'all niggaz on the titty in your formative stages
Is something in the iris and the way I spit
That tell these other crab rappers I ain't fo' no shit
Black traumatic, so there you have it
My battin' average, abort full of graphic assault, it's all
classic
Thought, put ass-backwards rappers in a small
package
Experience is all that is, I'm well established
Me and the mic in holy matrimony like a marriage
The technique in your reach, if only you could have it
For me it's automatic, it's na-tu-ral, I'm mad thoro
Poet for hired pack metal
You feel me?

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Black Thought]

Yo, the load heavy
We walk around a little edgy, all ready and steady
Withdrawal like Darryl Strawberry, it figures
Niggaz mad from them ghetto sandwiches and swine
Cryin' hard times, disadvantageous, man listen
The story in the ghetto the same
Seem like it's just some things that never will change
Give birth to a style and won't give it a name
Talk 'bout consciousness it's a different thang
Envision again, the honorable 'Riq, general Hannibal
speak
The understandable diabolique, animal style
Out of your dreams kid, you proud that you seen this
Fifth supreme linguist, a lyrical genius
Inject you with the broke down english
The most freshest and cleanest, three G's, guess what
the fame is
Kareem's beat makin' me fiendish
Don't act shaky and squeamish, if you real make me
believe it nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Black Thought]

Yo, the rebel Che Guevara
You felt another date, you better
Don't copped off, create it just save your cheddar
I hit the studio with a pen and a vendetta
Sippin' an ice cold Beck, huffin' the tenth letter
Driftin', shots lickin while the plot thickens
Sands in the hourglass thinnin', the last inning
The flash and the cash and the fast women
It's nothing, a lust for the crabs keep the passion and
Blaow, kissin' my tablet with firing pins
Poke holes in the plastic for oxygen
MCs jumpin' out shoes and socks again
Must have seen their face in the news it's gots to been
Thought known as the cure for cancer
Same corrupt city as Mumia the Panther
Man to man, hammer cocked, block and standoff
Bang, gunfire slang up in the dance hall
Yo, I hold the mic that could be thrown as a pipe bomb
Bring it just to sling it at your favorite icon
Thing about my music is it ain't shit like y'all
Thought, diesel like a 28-inch python
You know what I'm saying?

When I'm on the mic there won't be no delayin...

[Chorus]

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