

Roots, The

"Respond/React"

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Its jazzy, hip-hop hanging in my head heavy
Malik said "Riq, you know the planet ain't ready, for the half"

Boy, we comin' with the action pack
On some Dundee shit representin' the outback
(Yo, we do it like this) All the way live from
2-1-5
(You witnessin' the fifth dynasty family click) All the way live from 2-1-5
(Across the map, one time for your...) All the way live from 2-1-5
(Its time to react to respond to react to respond) All the way live from
2-1-5

Chorus:

We setting it from south-side pushing this up north
From Illadelphian reps to fly points across the map
Bring it back to respond-react
To bring it back to respond-react to this

Verse One: Bad Lieutenant/ M-III-itant

The attractive assassin, blastin the devil trespassin
Master gettin cash in an orderly fashion
Message to the fake nigga Flash-in
Slow-up Oc before you get dropped
And closed like a caption
Fractional kids don't know the time for action
Styles got the rhythm that of an Anglo-Saxon
Round of applause then avalanche a clappin
PLOW that's what happen, now what's your reaction
We heavyweight traction, pro-pornographin
Specialize in science and math and
Original black man
Bustin thoughts that pierce your mental defense
Rippin your sacks and
Vocal toe to toe impeccable splittin your backs son
Simple as addition and subtraction
Black Thought- the infinite relaxed one
Shorties say they love it with a passion

Bring the international charm
See a squad I harass
REACT
You best adapt when I sling this rap
Another chapter
Before when I have to trap ya
Map your whole path out
Go get your crowd so we can clap out
I drive down streets and take back route- positionin
When I'm in your system like glycerin
Fans listenin , from Michigan to Switzerland
Malik be blitzed again- on the station with the discipline
Solicitin , sometimes illicit or explicit with it then
From the deep end where the hills are steep
Nobody cares to speak- a land where life is cheap
The street mentality mixed with the intellect
Personality, hell where I dwell is well
Niggas rebellious
Bodies are found down in the cellars
My man caught a shot to the stomach
Now who want it
Confronted by these dusty blunted- cats
Who act like they don't know that the fact is that they're
being hunted
A process of elimination
Activate your mind with the stimulation
Enter your zone with penetration
I've seen more horror than Brahm Stroker
Strip your broad a play poker, then drink mocha
The sometimes socializer
The joke despiser
You woke the wiser
Dealin with the Roots vocalizer
Up in your flesh from south Philly to west
I stampede your style
I'll compile the bless

Chorus: 2X

Verse Two: Black Thought/ Malik B

Hey yo, I'm just a lyricist
A chemist of the hemp
The beat pimp
The ill Philly resident
That's far from hesitant
Corrupt like a president
Never benevolent
But poetically prevalent
Cooler than peppermint
The lieutenant for niggas talkin bout represent

No doubt, its obviously evident I get bent
Far from temporary son I'm very permanent
Hittin m.c.'s like an intoxicant
Sent to prevent
Monopoly is my intent
The means is what I invent
This mental murder pay the rent
Lyrically I'm the dominant ingredient
The swift extravagant
Smooth lubricant
Down with the M-the-III-itant
(ch-ch-ch...) That's the sound of the dynasty chant
We surround your camp
Assumin the war stance
And bring it from the chest
Now let's dance
M-ILL-ITANT
Feel the fifth Gorilla chant
Ya'll talk about bodies
But you would not kill a ant
My skill is amp
Would peel a nigga like a stamp
Caliber is of Excalibur now you be damp
When I operate a crop or copulate my game
I make a womb populate and 2-1-5th is this stock of
hate
Peep the logistics
Slump your squad of misfits
They all get they wrists slit
Blast your ass if you insist it
Leave no trace so there's no trace for ballistics
Turn your soul and body to statistics
In particular I've got that extracurricular
Squad in the stash who could be stcking ya
Slip and they vicking ya
Harass your police commissioner
Don't like chicks with weaves talking bout "I need
conditioner"
That shits deader than niggas with a mortioner
A gymnanza(?!)
Up in your flesh like plasma
Take away your last breathe when you got asthma
Then meet Bad Lieu down at the plaza
Hip-hop extravaganza
Tell your man I slump him with a stanza
Now who's the boss not Tony Danza
My force not green but the force is obscene
P.O. took a piss test it came out not clean
Brody with my man Miz-Moose and Hakeem
My squad from deuce-four up the West Oak Lane
All the way to Takahwana and Frankfurt they know the

name

It's like that... M-Ill-itant

Chorus to fade

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