

## **Roots, The**

### **"Rock You"**

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[Chorus]

Rock you {\*repeat 6X\*}

Come on {\*repeat 2X\*}

Aiyyo y'all rappers less play, what I'm about to say  
Will probably hit y'all niggas in a real strange way  
Shmucks, ducks and half hearted prankster crews  
Willie dank Langston Hughes, put shanks in crews  
I debut to make the news and I've been killing it since  
Still in the trench, buzzin off the killin dispense  
I want my niggas out that barbwire still in the fence  
Verbal assassin I'm a killer still in a sense  
Rhymes is graphic  
Aimin straight at your minds and blast that weak shit  
The pieces and particles of fragments mad vocabulist  
Yes I must confess  
I'm like Diddy tryin to sink a slug in Elliots chest  
Just taste on that it's Black you can tally up that  
You never knew that fate cut you until your belly was  
wet  
New Delian cat the Fraggie Rock skully is split it's Black  
comin  
You can tell it's a hit, comin to drop you nigga

[Chorus]

We will Rock you {\*repeat 6X\*}

Yo yall savages is primitive  
I'm true penmanship  
Here come the neuro-linguistic rhyme hypnotist  
Making sound waves  
Prisoners outta the listeners  
Legendary magnificent Pope distributors  
Man I remain lives ahead of the game  
Slang play off the meter cause its never the same  
Niggas tell me how they never comin better then frame  
They love what I say  
Here come the rebel breaking the frame and it's all  
true  
My earning bars arts is martial  
I'm comin to off you

I ain't tryin to argue  
When you least expect it I'm gonna step out the  
darkroom pull out the hardware tools the particles will  
spark you  
My niggas wraps give a slice  
I spit nice fucking around this twice  
As much as rhythm is rolling a dice  
To choose one the noose or the gun  
Cause you're getting banged or hanged  
Thought second to none nigga

[Chorus]

Yo check it out whether you ballin or just one the  
wall and groovin groovin  
We've come to get it kickin and get the movement  
movin  
For Tracey and Tamika and for Shelly and Susan  
Styles make you wonder what the hell he was usin  
Remember your development with out any music  
Spit so many spears it's becoming a nuisance to some  
But to whoever want to know who the truth is  
You never heard another on the mic as ruthless  
I drink a little liquor a lot of water and juices  
It make money ain't no need for makin excuses  
Burn you fuckin with a South Philly exclusive  
Them long dick niggas with real short fuses that go off  
Chick likes Riq, you such a show off  
You cut your locks down to a fro than cut your fro off  
I been at your show there ain't no way to cut your flow  
off  
You got to be the illest emcee that people know of word

I will rock you {\*repeat 2X\*}

[Chorus]

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