

Roots, The "Sacrifice"

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[*Black Thought and Scratch ad-libbing for a minute or so*]

[Verse One: Black Thought]

Check it out yo

Before we go for this like we was arachnids

Drastic, it ain't plastic it's Pro-Blackness

Grown man tactics, no pediatrics

the kind of track that make the comeback miraculous

the catalyst, Thought with the knack for splashin'

I'm dashin' I mastered the craft of mashin'

The level-headed throughbred, the female's passion

Magnetic attraction, keepin' 'em askin'

The crews in the Cadillacs with the Pendergrassin'

Swerve half-naked, won't come near crashin'

But if I go to heaven, would y'all know my name

or would it be the same for you like I was Eric Clapton,
huh?

Clap for you freedom dog, that's what's happening

My spit's critical political action

The hustle is a puzzle each piece is a fraction

And every word that's understood is a transaction

I'm a, S.P. soldier, microphone holder

Rep Philly set from Bolivia to Boulder

Paris, France to Tip and Tioga

How we gonna make it through the dark, I show ya

[Chorus: Black Thought w/ Scratch ad-libs]

I tell you one lesson I learned

If you want to be something in life

You ain't gonna get it unless

You give a little bit of sacrifice

Ooohh, sometimes before you smile you got to cry

You need a heart that's filled with music

If you use it you can fly

[Verse Two: Black Thought]

Check it out, look

You kick off your shoes, jump off the jock

I fly higher than them dudes, from off your block

My name, Black, the styles is unorthodox

It tap chins, in your mens 'til you thought could box
A couple of people wanted Thought to stop, but guess
what?

My man grab the missile, plug for the gut
Now next time beatty stop being such a glut
I'm precise with it like Faheim with haircuts
We up close on 'em with toast but no crust
It's fructose on 'em they froze and won't bust
Choke on your face you jewels is lacklust
Got to put it to you straight, y'all fools is jacked up
Came close to the upmost but no cigar
Nose to the grindstone, head to the stars
The number one runner, number one drummer
Number one squad be the joy for this
Come on

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Verse Three: Black Thought]

Check it out, yo
Your first impression might be I'm a asshole
Say I'm sometimey and give people a hassle
Or try to suntouch and put the heat in the capsule
Yo, see I'm deeper than that though; I get in the zone
Recognize I'm a rolling stone
No time to lollygag or lounge with scaliwag
Give me the disco, I put it where your body at
I got the Smith flow, I lay it over Charlie tracks
With no apology fraud or trick-knowledgy
Just trust, what I see and I say and follow me my way
I read an open book, look inside me
The star of the story that groove teller got me
Through all the dark times, part of the business
The light be contingent on, small forensics
My mic'll make a man a newborn infant
That, true so the crew gon' sense it
I get in the zone

[Chorus - 2X w/minor variations]

[*Black Thought and Scratch ad-libbing to end*]

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