

## **Roots, The**

### **"Silent Treatment"**

Visit "[Silent Treatment](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Intro/Chorus: repeat 2X

Girl you know that you need  
to stop givin' me the silent.. treatment baby  
Can't you see what you mean to me?  
I wanna love you constantly, but you keep neglecting  
me  
And treating me silently

Verse One: BlackThought

Yo, I had a Queen named Amina, height 5'7"  
Caramel-complected, body like heaven  
Met her through the sister of my man Big Vince  
Like some shit from out the flicks we been in love ever  
since  
She called me her chocolate brotha, I call her my sugar  
sista  
Knew Shorty could work it since before I ever kissed her  
I never dissed her, painted my picture to hit  
But because sex she wasn't with, she started flippin an'  
shit  
Like, "Listen man, I'm Queen Amina, Amina's not no  
freak and  
that game is weak and keep tryin to hit I could quit  
speakin  
Tariq in fact, you bein BlackThought don't get ya closer  
I dig ya but won't bone ya because I'm so-called  
supposed ta  
Most o' them would, but that couldn't be me, that's not  
my flava  
Go home and think about that, maybe later on I'll page  
ya..."  
I contemplated, and then concluded she was bluffin  
Steady pursuin screwin, gettin nothin but the silent  
treatment

Chorus (+ "Silently bay-bee" at end)

Verse Two: BlackThought

Crazy frustration, about my lovin situation  
When patience was a virtue, but I wasn't used to waitin  
I want some Marvin Gaye healin, feelin is real inside  
I slip and slide, my ride'll keep you occupied, I'd..  
love to get wit it like that, but my baby's kitty cat's  
capped  
and locked, Love Boat is docked at the shore  
And what for? Later for groupies on tour  
Why won't my sugar call me no more?  
I mean, my Queen gets upset, rejectin and sexually  
neglect  
Then sayin I'm more sewer than Das EFX, and closed-  
minded  
It's like I'm blinded by the skinnin  
I'm into women; because of that, this one's into  
communication  
Temptation played the vandal, freakin my brain, my  
mind  
Rippin the handle on physically scandalous acts  
Yo! She knew what I wanted, but she fronted  
... bust it

Chorus

Verse Three: BlackThought

Well umm  
Movin right along with the song, plus the strong  
feelings on my mind, desire to intertwine  
Combine and blend, baby bust a message that I send  
Ain't no need to pretend, cause shit is real til the end  
I provide a place to hide from crime, hard times  
and livin trife, while I open ya mind, you're in my life  
like love, it ain't no way no one can rise above what's  
real  
That's why I'm feelin like you're makin me bugged  
I puff an El on fifty deuce while I walk in the rain  
Heart feelin killa pain while I hop the train  
Dial her number to the rest, and ain't no messages left  
Regardless, my chest thumps from stress, yo it's a  
mess  
I don't know what I got to do to make you understand  
I'm for real and that's no question, no frontin or no  
guessin  
Undressin, carressin, in the span, that I contain in my  
hand  
could touch and make you say that I'm such a man  
and call my name, so let me set your body aflame  
I'll never treat you like a dame or run game  
Now who's to blame?  
I know you're not a hoe for niggaz with a lot of dough

But I just wanted you to know

Chorus (+ "silently" at end)

Chorus 1/2 (+ "silently, si-lent-ly" at end)

\*whistling of music fades away\*

Visit [Roots, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.