

Roots, The

"The Anti Circle"

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Yo I'm tha anti-circle
On tha mad train like a rain
Thats verbal I storm
Never comin twice in one form
Tha black'll act a fool and I'm gone
Crumbs bust it pass tha popcorn
As I kick flava behavior your absctract I get recognition
But I represent no religion or sect
So I'm no preacher but I reach your soul
Cause I'm stronger than younger
Son of Casandra like ganga I grow
From tha root like water I flow
Could sport ebrotha low or tha nappy afro
I still a have tha pick cause I choose to evict
Derelicts on tha tip tryin to diss tha mad skit busta skit
How many licks to it take to make a fake
Realize that he can't shake bake or penetrate
This style I demonstrate on a regular
Basis in face that he aint no competitor
I said it a second ago yo I'm tha anti-circle with tha mad
style
Crushin any mental that be fragile
You don't wanna see me get like agile
Rippin up tha scene screamin like I was a bad child
Black Thought so hip that I'm square
Tha rhythm that you hear is from tha kids right over
there
Tha rubberband in question just one step away
Yesterday was a day away attention you should pay
today
To tha Roots stickin boot kickin with flippa
I lift tha party up and y'all get down like a zipper
Tha mista hippa flippa kid tha one who thinks tha music
can be hurtin a
Rhythm when I get anti-circular

Chorus:

Square to tha circle to tha square
From tha square to tha circle to tha square
From tha square to tha circle to tha square

From tha square to tha circle to tha square y'all
From tha square to tha circle to tha square
From tha square to tha circle to tha square
From tha square to tha circle to tha square
From tha square to tha circle to tha squ

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