

Roots, The

"The Good The Bad And The Desolate"

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Shanky Don Intro:

Now this one is dedicated to the good the bad and the
desolated. And The
Roots crew you know them lyrically orientated program
you lose in life
instantly ? we're like acid we burn you. Watch a rude
bwoy now.

Black Thought:

Yo you should see some of these cats that vocalize
They get props from they local guys and try to raise
Speeching through the mic like "Yo I apologize"
They blind and wasn't as wise and fail to realize the
com-
Plectual sexual side of the rhyme
When I make love to the mic the crowd respond
Your promoter love the vocal over dub when I control
the club
So throw your hands up in the air show your love
We waste not the bangingest beats but make use
The Roots get you open like parachutes
Yo who in the house only deal with hip hop that's
authentic?
Back to renovate your state of mind for a minute
It's I, Bad Lieutenant represent fine lye
Delphia empire fifth dynasty
Your third eye couldn't wait for you to relate to what I
activate
While the fake spectate
I'm less then impressive for beyond stressin'
And battle as a reveloutionary adolescent
But now in the present with fake masters of ceremonies
yo that's phoney
You'll get capped with colonial force that of a cannon
Examinin the compact disc to start rammin'
To put the diagram in effect and get fly
On immature MC's who try
Wake 'em up outta they High School High

Shakny Don:

Yo bumbading bumdadabedang

The Roots crew boy we mash things again
Bumbading ripapadededang The Roots crew bwoy we
runnin' back again
Bumbading dumdadadedang The Roots boy dem run
the island
Bumbading ripadededang look ? I mash up the scene

Malik B (M-illa-tant):

I blast off the roof to prove she lay in there blazed
Enslaved by the soundwaves as the skills amaze
Insight skin type annalitic cause I live it
My ? brow pivot over your style like "give it"
The lyricism I'm contemplating your neighborhood or
legion
Brutalize your section stalk your whole region
When you blink it's hell then you drink Sifendale
You wonder what's goin' inside of my thinkin' cells
We bomb like militias I'm trying to stack riches
Look first comes the money the power then the (?)
They all will bring you down but I Milliant the sound
With a bargaid of pirate raps that's running through
your town
Surrounded by a wise dome my ledge knows horizons
I keep at a distance confused and feel cyclones
You know I'm trying to make it because I probably take
it
Hustlin' stickin' pickin' it or scrape it
Tracks appeal that's why I'm trying to mack a mil
I stay sedated worth a Zantac that's a pill
It gets hectic that's why niggas try to exit
Stress relates to those who walk around protected

Shanky Don:

Yo bumbading ripadingdedingdedang
The Roots crew man dem mash up the scene
Bumbading bumdadadedang The Roots crew man is
running back again
Bumbading ripadingdedingdedang
The Roots crew man them come back again
Bumbading bumdadadedang The Roots crew man they
run the islang

Dice Raw:

Naw nigga what's up then? Thanks for the man
outroduction
Go ask your girl inside my world is the duction
No frontin' finger on the button of destruction
Play nice like entice and keep your styles on the hush
and
Step inside the illafifth dungeon
Where it smells of pungent

The underwater the brotherly lovin'
Where crabs get knocked out respect from
Brought back to the lab were the scientist will dissect
'em
The old heads sniffin' start bitchin' when we testin'
Interrupting my class when my class is in session
Was when I manifestin' or come to teach a lesson
What's inside of my dome I'll have all you clones
guessin'
Lets begin as the color gets tossed in with the pen
It feels good that's when you know it's a sin
Everytime I rhyme I might get charged for murder
Slicing your back with rap turn a brain into burger
Lyrically I shot with radioactive waves
Like Kolby and Big Kev on fridays
Your styles older than dolo we on the top of ?
Claim to gettin' over but you ain't makin' quota

Shanky Don:

Bumbading bumdadadedang The Roots crew man they
mash up the lane
Bumbading bumdadadedang this a poor rap boy you
might not see again
Bumbading bumdadadedang The Roots crew man they
run things again
Bumbading bumdadadedang Refugee Camp step on
thee scene
Bumdading bumdadadedang

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