

Roots, The

"The Grand Return"

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The streets talk,
And they hear
And They watch,
So stay clear
Cuz they need,
The streets feed
A street thief
and what they need

[Dice Raw]

And everybody get up, get up, get up, get up, get up,
get up, get up.
Everybody get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get
up, get up.
Everybody get up.

[Black Thought]

Uh, I get up.
Read the mornin' paper,
Kiss my baby girl.
Tell my lady friend I'm gone till I save the world.
Jump in my hotrod wheel,
Lookin' super thorough.
Rockin' a long black cape like the Duke of Earl.
My cool don't drop,
I spit where the future twirl.
I smash glass in my hands to produce a pearl.
I do the james on stage, then I do the ??.
You can tell I'm bonafide live, cuz I'm too fo' real.
So the truth prevail, I never fail.
Ask me to key the blaze in the trail.
I never tell,
Like the digits on the check in the mail.
I give 'em hell,
With the clever rhymes in the squad situated ??.
White on white ?? throwin' elbows.
You wanna holla, you can do the rebel yell bro.
I'm not concerned,
When will y'all learn.
Roots Crew muthafuckas,
It's the Grand Return.

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