

Roots, The

"The Lesson Pt. 1"

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Verse One: Black Thought

Lyrical versatile
My rap definition is wild
I wrote graffiti as a juvenile
Restin on deuce trey
And used to boost gray Kangol's
with 555 Soul's from the streets
of the Ill-a-delphiadaic insane
For monetary gain, niggaz is slain on the train
It's homicide
For wealth stealth missions for crack
In the alleyways, where niggaz get grazed in the back
From stray shots
Clips with hollow tips, for your spine or
Either remain calm, catch a rhyme, to your mind
Niggaz ya know my style
I run a--motherfuckin-rap--muk
When Malik get a U-Haul truck
I stand five, foot seven, in command of the party
and scam like Uncle Sam
I'm never caught up in the glass eye
of your action cam, cause I'm down low
Artistic exquisite rap pro, that get the dough
It's the Philly borough dread
thoroughbread for dolo
I bag solo, like a nigga that boost Polo
Steppin through the corridor, of metaphors
Lookin over my left
Shoulder the mic, still feel colder than before
With this jazz shit I hit your jaw
Dice Raw, get up on the mic, my young poor
I be the nigga blowin up the spot on tour
Surely real to the core, old school like eighty-four
I never die, and raps till my lungs collapse
Then relax until my knack for tracks
Bring it back, on time
When I rhyme my rep remain
Either go against the grain or your ass is found slain
I overcome, niggaz want styles then I throw you some
Show you some, get on the mic and take it over son

Dice Raw, the motherfuckin Wild Noid
Get on the mic and perpetratin is void

Verse Two: Dice Raw

Ya leave niggaz missin in action like their dads in the projects
My style like an old mac, travel round and catch wreck
I'm ill versatile, with the skill no more
Wack MC's wanna flex but their styles they bore
Got to know the real meaning of the ill shit, kid
I do mad damage but never will catch a bid
With my knapsack, full of ill shit that I just boosted
From the corner store when I let loose more
Flavor that's me, rippin heads off from the seams
Niggaz didn't play like Jeru and Come Clean
[he heh ha ha ha] I beat down on they heads like drum machines
Or 808's cause my style flows out great
And superspectac, with all the raw rap
Pull a metal chair out my knapsack across your back ka-crack
Now do you feel the pain of course
I guess you're believin that I'm insane
When I'm taggin my name, upon the train I got so much pride
I got so much soul, with lyrics high
To make niggaz stop drop and roll, now check me out one time
For your ass, fat styles equivalent
of an AIDS infected Glock blast
Niggaz know my style, plus they know they want more
Props from Mount Vernon, to Mount Rushmore
OK kid, you know my style is buckwild literature
That you can never get when I'm thinkin your particular flavor that you want
I sit back and smoke a fat blunt in class
Teachers can kiss my ass, I'm twice, Dice
Nigga de Raw, never take a bad fall
Smack your head up against the wall
Like playin handball, my style's ill
I slam like Hulk Hogan, Dice Raw bettin on my arm
Niggaz know my slogan while I breathe your last breath
Niggaz better watch they step, fat bull catch wreck
Ill, gots ta keep you in check
With the hellified beats and hard rhymes
Niggaz know my style, when I go the whole nine
I beat down punks, cut em up into fruit chunks
Like fruit salad, my style's smooth like white owl
Blunts, so whatcha want if you got beef then come get it

if ya don't well then forget it
My rap style's exquisite, I'm Raw Daddy
Like niggaz with no Trojans on the stage when I rhyme
I gots ta keep, my composure
Where I'm from it's like a whole different world
Hoppin a train honeydip and I'ma snatch your squirrel
Most corrupt, motherfucker in the tenth grade
Juvenile cause Jeff McKay could not fade
Don't ask me honey I'm not the one for stressin
If you wanna know better ask BR.O.Th.E.R ?
Cause he know the time like I know the time
When I grab the microphone
It's like, summertime, laid back, to recline
In my La-Z-Boy chair
Dice Raw, the Wild Noid
I'm the fuck up outta here

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