

## **Roots, The "Universe At War"**

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Intro: Common

Yeah, U.N.I.Verse  
at war  
U.N.I.Verse (when you and I verse)  
at war motherfucker  
We gonna do this Chi-town style (verse at war)  
Illadelph, you know how we get down  
You know the business (Illtown illanoid)  
Bringin it straight to your chest (comin thru with the iller  
category)  
Yessah, hah, yeah (preacher man with the Com)  
Break it down one two (we about to drop a bomb, check  
it)

Chorus: 2X

When you and I verse at war (U.N.I.Verse at War)  
And your verse at core, for what you thought before  
Steppin up into a zone you should never explore  
The next level or, level of the whole conceotor

Verse One:

Check it, rappers  
Get on the mic talk about cars and clothes  
Sounding like hoes  
Ain't been exposed to the foes of most disciples  
I'm from the state that is Ill, the rap son of man  
Rotated down to Phil, to say what I feel  
Get it off my burnt chest, my word becomes flesh  
War, going on between the West and the East  
of the land, niggaz don't own a piece  
Grease is the word, Murray slides some pimp oil to me  
My lady friend sneaks my beer in the movie  
Throw your hands in the air, if you the true and living  
Beware, the new world order, the devil's new religion  
Sent my homey to the number two division  
Sellin bootleg movies, got my VCR on a evasive  
maneuver  
Be that as I chooses, drinkin tropical it's just sittin

at a table with sophisticated bitches  
Nah that ain't nothin I would call my mother  
Nor do I call every nigga my brother  
Gotta have Black Thought, it's sorta B like Malik  
So don't Question a Brother, to the Roots I get deep

Verse Two:

Yo, enter the last era  
Your scholarship into the world of politics  
and mascara, we operate within this artificial op-era  
I bring hip-hop terror like the Fuhrer  
The Ace Ventura into the horror  
Laboratory laborer, venture beyond the border  
I'll struc-ture a style destroy your whole aura  
Plus you're a-drenalin'll rise before your eyes  
and mortalize, my image hit the skies  
Deceive the devil in disguise  
My music I parenthesize  
Represent the wise, do this be how we enterprise  
Kid no compromise (yeah, yeah) I'm thinkin fast like  
drama  
Dyin I wear your mind away like Alzheimer  
I pull a mic up out my bomber big up to Bahama  
The A-O this year we leavin em in trauma  
Then after me, I plan to leave behind, the legacy  
or history of the family, the fifth dynasty  
For humanity, to bear witness to this  
Del-val-syllable stylist  
You know the time kid

Chorus 2X

Verse Three:

Yo, the general flows, kids compose on tablet  
Expose how they was average and they thoughts not  
rapid  
Here comes the hot package, through your block like  
traffic  
The rock was typed graphic now watch the mic blast it  
Shootin at the stars with emphatic rap static  
See the mirror shatter from thoughts, I'm bustin back at  
it  
The Lieuten-ant, the ele-phant, sippin automatic  
Mic, rippin asiatic, architects out to have it  
The turn of the century, the planet's like a penitentiary  
exaggerated, niggaz is livin highly medicated  
I Used to Love but now she violated  
Hip-hop holocaust and camps, old champs are  
concentrated

They outdated and incarcerated  
Loved and appreciated hated and very debated  
For every career created was eliminated  
And that's the way the balance of yin and yang related

#### Verse Four: Common

As the block is de-vine  
Niggaz swing on in a safari  
Wild niggaz, like I'm high on latari  
Some let the block block they mind if they could see  
what I see  
Get out the city for a sec be at the places I be  
Hey, I'ma be back on the deck, opening  
Business in places for you to cash your check  
My, neck of the woods ain't all good ain't all bad  
You can live in the burbs, and still get had  
The sad part about it niggaz had houses on the lake  
They tryin to move us out, the land we ain't appreciate  
For peace we skate, crackers we roll or player hate  
Call each other cuz cause of how we relate  
I see way too many Cadillacs with dope man plates  
Through the wind and blow-ups, is how niggaz  
communicate  
Harmonizing through beeper and reefer  
The city got my peoples in a sleeper, talk is getting  
cheaper

#### Chorus 4X

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