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Roots, The "What Goes On"

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Do you wanna know.. what goes on? *2X* (Tell me baby!)
Do you wanna know.. what goes on? *2X* (Tell me baby!)

[Black Thought]

Yo, niggaz can not see me, can not be me or capture the metaphoric phrase blasted off stage when I tour

I am but a messanger born to blow up My niggaz knew it all the time, lyrically I was a dime At the age of nine, shorty Black, could rhyme On the mic I never wasted time, I'm, the exquisite wizard

when I visit shorties I hit it I'm cool as a blizzard Nigga what? You wanna bust your fronts, with the butter, my

black paper chase ya and then erase ya rhyme Sucker, MC's how I hate it when you waste your time My state of mind, shine like it's diamond studded I'm rhyme budded on stage, word is bond, when I'm on, I rage

Got the 12 gauge had the reci-play, inter-terrestrial-ly My everyday M.O. is gettin dough cause times is rougher

than a mother for brothers to scuffle shuffle your cards kid

Cause the odds is, niggaz'll hustle and live, foul
This wild environment hostile produce, the music in me
So my style's the blend of what is and was
You could get a buzz from it, but enter too deep
and reach a summit you fall and then plummit beyond
real

Where you're killed if your raps ain't ill Another crab motherfucker 'nother cap to peel Through these amps, I motivate camps to dance Niggaz too advanced, I warn, I'm just tellin you what goes on

Do you wanna know.. what goes on? *2X* (Tell me baby!)

Do you wanna know.. what goes on? *2X* (Tell me baby!)

[Myself aka ELO the Cosmic Eye]
Inside my head, you wish to see
The signs appear, the shit's not clear
What if I flipped, would you know how to maintain your
edge
I'm takin

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