

Roots, The

"What They Do"

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Chorus: (Saadiq)

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

Verse One:

Yo, lost generation, fast pace nation
World population confront their frustration
The principles of true hip-hop have been forsaken
It's all contractual, and about money making
Pretend-to-be cats don't seem to know their limitations
Exact replication and false representation
You wanna be a man, then stand your own
To MC requires skills, I demand some shown
I let the frauds keep frontin
And roam like a cellular phone far from home
Giving crowds what they wanted
Official hip-hop consumption, the 5th dumpin
Keepin ya party jumpin wit an original somethin
Yo, I dedicate this to the one dimension-al
No imagination, excuse for perpetration
My man came over and said
"Yo we thought we heard you"
Joke's for you
We heard your bitin ass crew but uh

Chorus: Raphael Saadiq

Never do, what they do when they do what they do
(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Black Thought

Thin is the line of between love and hatred
The game is ill-natured, it's nothing sacred
Hey yo, it's funny when i see some rap niggaz do the
making
Of you would blow up or go as far as they can take it
My nine to five is just to hit ya get the party live
I'm Black Thought, used to rap for sport

Now the rhymes need life support
I take it very seriously within this industry
It's various crews that try to touch me
But I come wit the beautiful thing
And I bless the track plushly
Around the world the crowds love me from doing tours
Receipient of applause from you and yours
Creator of original sounds to send to stores you take
home
To absorb and sweat it out your pores
Now who can stop the music runnin through these veins
Infinitely go against the grain
That's why my motto's to

Chorus

Verse Three:

Livin the life of limos and lights
Airplanes and trains
Short days and long nights
Keyboards and mics
Bass chords and drum kicks
And my mental thick to hit my head like brick
As I embark on a mission welcoming to the dark
When I first spark the arts, when's the listening start
Open your head wide and let the thought inside
My style fortified by all of philladel-phy
I've dealt more stealth than all the wicked weal-thy
Mentality undetectable by the naked eye
Then I get paid when the record is played
To put it short I want it Made like Ed, nuff said
Then after that, I'm puttin on the ____
Let the ladies blend with the darkskin devil bred and
discover
My level is that of no other
And Roots crew bring offical and true
While I'm continuin to...

Chorus: repeat 4X

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