

Roots, The "Writer's Block"

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[Black Thought]

Oooh

Up, up.. up, up.. Up, Up

Up, Up.. UP, UP UP UP!!

UP!! UP!! UP!!

UP I, UP I, UP I step, UP I walk

UP I climb, to the platform

on which I await the arrival of the, black liiiine

2000 the abstract nighttrain that should be arriving

in approximately eight complete lifetimes

Do you dig that, ON, track number one

or is it my one track mind?

With the same two hundred funky people packed
together

on one car that seats sixty

Reminiscent of the Middle Passage only now we,
gliiiiide

over oceans of steel, and at the speed of light

from the window, in my eye, I can't see

Damn! Brother, excuse me brother

Would you mind not dripping your umbrella into my
lap?

Now where was I? What, change to spare?

Man you better change your mind, change your plan
change your attitude, change your ideas to change
your position

As I change my seat, and I change the channel on my
WatchMan

Just in time, special guest, The Roots, on the
SOULLLLL TRAIN!

John Coltrane and chinese food is my date for the night
with that woman, with that girl, with that woman
with that lady, with that woman, with that child
child I'm honey, honey-child, and I gots ta
gotta, gots ta, gotta gots ta, gots ta gotta gotta get
ready

Ready ready to go, read-read to go

Going, going, going, going, going, going, going,
GONE

DAMN! ...

I missed my stop.. Writters Block, hah!

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