

The Roots f/ Wadud Ahmad, Dice Raw "Grand Return *"

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* only on international versions [Chorus: Wadud Ahmad + Dice Raw] + (Dice Raw) The streets talk, and they hear And they watch, ao stay clear Cause they need, the streets feed A street thief, and what they need (Everybody get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up Everybody get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up Everybody get up!) [Black Thought] Uh, I get up Read the mornin' paper, kiss my baby girl Tell my lady friend I'm gone 'till I save the world Jump in my Hot Rod wheel, lookin' super thorough Rockin' a long black cape like the Duke of Earl My cool don't drop, I spit where the future twirl I smash glass in my hands to produce a pearl I do the James on stage, then I do the ? You can tell I'm bonafide live, cause I'm too fo' real So the truth prevail, I never fail Ask me to key the blaze in the trail I never tell, like the digits on the check in the mail I give 'em hell with the clever rhymes in the squad situated ? White on white shelltoes throwin' elbows You wanna holla, you can do the rebel yell bro I'm not concerned, when will y'all learn Roots crew mothafuckas, it's the grand return [Chorus: Wadud Ahmad + Dice Raw] + (Dice Raw) The streets talk, and they hear And they watch, ao stay clear Cause they need, the streets feed A street thief, and what they need (Everybody get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up Everybody get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up Everybody get up!) {*guitar solo until end of the song*}

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