

## The Roots f/ Mercedes Martinez "Unwritten"

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[Mercedes Martinez]

When I think about perfect times  
I think about yesterday  
You can asked me about the future  
I don't know what to say  
Tomorrow's story's unknown  
So listen  
It's almost anyone's guess  
Unwritten

When I think about perfect times  
I think about yesterday  
You can ask me about the future  
I don't know what to say  
It's almost anyone's guess

[Black Thought]

Yo  
It was a cold night  
Not cold like the winter  
Just cold like a energy was in the air  
I generally don't like  
The driver had to dip, so he left me in the whip  
Turned around and said, ("You know you're on your  
own, right?")

{\*PAUSE\*}

I'm the zone like  
There's pictures on the wall of my own life  
Just like a drive-in  
Only it's live, and this a montage of the places I been  
My sixth sense taste the problem  
The sus-pense had my heart racin', throbbin'  
Just like a young punk with a tape revolver  
Pointed at the driver of a car, faced to rob him  
The cigarettes chased the vodka  
The nigga just chased the dream but won't taste the  
monster  
The son won't face the father  
The gun won't erase the drama

While you're waitin', the time's up  
{\*GUN COCKS\*}

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