

## Dispatch "Root Down"

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Root down, I put my root down  
I kick it root down, I put my boot down  
So how you gonna kick it, gonna kick it root down  
Yeah, how you gonna kick it, gonna kick it root down  
So how you gonna kick it, gonna kick it root down  
Gonna break or damn, gonna kick it root down

It's not a put down, I put my foot down  
And then I make some love, I put my root down  
I'm like sweetie pie by the stone alliance  
Everbody knows I'm known for dropping science  
I'm electric like Dick Hyman  
I guess you'd expect to catch the crew rhymin'  
Never let you down with the stereo sound  
So Mike, get on the mic and turn it out

We're talking root down, I put my root down  
And if you want to battle me, you're putting loot down  
I said root down, it's time to scoot down  
I'm a step up to the mic in my goose down  
Come up representing from the upper west  
Money makin' putting me to the test  
Sometimes I feel as low, I've been blessed  
Because I'm doing what I want, so I never rest

Well, I'm not coming out goofy like the fruit of the loom  
guys  
Just strutting like the meters with the look-ka py py  
'Cause downtown Brooklyn is where I was born  
But when the snow is falling, then I am gone  
You might think that I'm a fanatic  
A phone call from Utah and I'm throwing a panic  
But we kick it from the root when we break it on down  
Jimmy Smith is my man, I wanna give him a pound

I kick it root down, I put my root down  
I kick it root down, I put my root down  
So how you wanna kick it, gonna kick it root down  
Yes, how we gonna kick it, we gonna kick it root down  
So how we gonna kick it, gonna kick it root down  
We gonna break it or damn, gonna kick it root down

Well, Ad Rock, don't stop, come on  
Just get on the mic with the tic and the tac

I'll fill you with the fuckin' rim like brim  
I'm walking down your block and you say that's him  
There goes the guy with the funky sound  
The Beastie Boys, you know we come to get down  
Because I've got the flow where I grab my dick  
And say oh my God, that's the funky shit  
So I'm going to pass the mic and cause a panic  
The original nasal kid is doing damage

Every morning I took the train to High Street station  
Doing homework on the train, what a fucked up  
situation  
On the way back up hearing battle tapes  
Through the underground, underneath the sky scrapes  
It's like Harlem world battles on the Zulu beat show  
It's Kool Moe D. vs. Busy Bee, there's one you should  
know  
Enough of that, I just want to give some respect due  
M.C.A. grab the mic and the ma bell will connect you

Bob Marley was a prophet for the freedom fight  
If dancin' prays to the Lord, then I shall feel alright  
It feels good to play a little music  
Tears running down my face 'cause I love to do it  
And no one can stop this flow from flowing on  
A flow master in disaster with a sound that's gone  
I'll give a little shout out to my dad and mom  
For bringing me into this world and so on

I kick it root down, I put my root down  
I kick it root down, I put my root down  
So how we gonna kick it, gonna kick it root down  
Yeah, how you wanna kick it, gonna kick it root down  
So how we gonna rock it, gonna kick it root down  
Gonna break it or damn, gonna kick it root down

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