

Roots "Act Fore... The End?"

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[Black Thought]

Yeah yeah yeah, yes I, no doubt yes I (P-5-D)
Check it out, yo yo
Areegato, to all my people in Japan
Whether you rockin Cartier or Pierre Cardan
I'm barging in like excuse, I beg your pardon
To crush carbon copy MC's wit clone jargon
Move the crowd to leave the microphone sparkin
Leave you caught inside the lines of my page beneath
the margin
Now we could mud-sling to cease the foul-talkin
I personally would rather keep things peace, but it's
your option
I hit the block wit hip-hop, it's like oxen
Stampede wit lyrical heavyweight boxing
Yo, just give thanks it's the new shit
For y'all to ever try to sleep on this is stupid
My thought's deep like the upright acoustic
Bass, Cold Crush like Charlie Chase
To keep the ladies grindin like a slow jam
You just a slow-jam fizz kid, get wit the program
My style hundred proof, I pause for no man
The Fifth Dy-nas-ty, that's the slogan
From S-P to West-P to Logan
The planet is a parachute, I got em open

Aiyyo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there
Worldwide yo I'm still out there, Roots Crew forever out
there
Aiyyo I'm out there, SP to the, out there
Aiyyo I'm out there, what, I'm still out there
Check it out yo (worldwide) I'm still out there check it
out
C'mon, yo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there
Roots crew to the to the to the to the

Y'all know the name, I got game like an Evangelist
Relax to my man D'Angel-ist, who could ever cancel this
Music growth, it's cancerous not glamorous
Yo the lifestyle I embrace to some scandalous
I chop joke MC's like choke sandwiches
And backslap the snare drum open-handed wit my vo-

cal
So I'm far from lo-cal
My peoples got to keep me in they fo-cal
Perform Al Jerome style, then act like you know now
Surf the internet, inspect my profile
Return to menu if you miss this
Your girlfriend said my music is futuristic

Then kissed me on my neck, left marks of lipstick
Then came to the spot and we got lifted
I rip shit on the solo unassisted
Or wit Malik and the Fifth Click, so y'all should keep
your lips zipped
Y'all don't know what it's about, get on route
I hold it down wit no doubt and sip Stout
And got the hot record out
Y'all need to let your necks snap back, check it out,
word up

Yo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there
Worldwide son I'm still out there, check it out
Roots crew forever out there, you know I'm still out
there
What what what out there, knamsayin
To you out there, P-5-D out there
What what, S-P out there yaknamsayin (S-P forever)
Philly out there, aiyyo I'm still out there (2-1-5th)
S-P to the, to the to the to the

Aiyyo so what's the Fifth then? The Million Dollar
Question
We veterans, lyrically threatening freshmen
Y'all lookin at next year, I see the next ten
And front on me strategically, plan positioning
Out there, steppin into your world I'm visitin
Discography time less you keep listenin
Within the crevices these clones is missing in
Action, mysterious magnetic attraction wit that thing
My melody like Nat King, and MC's is so un-inter-esting
Forever givin y'all the next best thing
I give it to you like pink champelle and ink bing
I drink Yuengling, JaRoots and Ginseng
You testin me, ock? yo what was you thinkin
You buggin off the energy the king bring
A delivery that you're forever remembering

Aiyyo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there
S-P (worldwide) out there, check it out
It's the Roots, we out there
Aiyyo I'm still out there, Roots Crew out there
Check it out, aiyyo I'm out there

We infinitely out there, worldwide son check it out
Out there check it out (S-P), aiyyo I'm out there
Aiyyo I'm still out there, what what (P-5-D, Roots Crew
out there)
Check it out, it's like

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