

## Roots "Don't Say Nuthin'"

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*[Verse 1 - Black Thought]*

Yeah! That all mighty amazing, ill, highly contagious  
Kamikaze south splash like it shot from a gauge  
Until your body sound clash  
Head of the Class, Magna Cum Laude  
Beats bring the beast out me, flagrant - foul rowdy  
Reed pipe but deed tight, disposition keep on flipping  
Keep em playing they position  
Keep making the people listen what I spin  
Put em out on a limb  
Got tears, got blood, got sweat, leaking out of the pen  
Y'all fake niggas not setting a trend  
We never listen to them  
It's like trying to take a piss in the wind  
My home team doing visitors in, yo don't test em  
They all standing close to the edge, so don't stress em  
Now who the type built to last?  
It's no question, the Master!  
Villain in Black wit no stets in my sound  
Hitting you hard from - every direction  
Your head and shoulder, area your midsection dawg!

*[Chorus]*

Yeah.....  
Give it here, and don't say nuthin  
Just give it here, and don't say nuthin  
.....Cut the check  
Give it here, and don't say nuthin  
Nigga, give it here, and don't say nuthin

*[Verse 2 - Black Thought]*

Yeah, Illadel! Home of the original gun clappers  
Out on the wrong corner your shit'll get spun  
backwards  
You got the fool wanting the rules, enter at risk  
Or your own nana'll keep a gat under the mattress  
Shorties running reckless from Philly to Texas  
Suprising what niggas willing to do to get a neckless

Some emotions felt better left unexpressed at times  
Niggas' crime record longer than a guest list  
Yes, I done seen things you wouldn't believe

Seen people reach levels thought they'd never achieve  
Silhouettes waiting in the wings ready to D  
Thirst decide or need at least a buck to breathe  
C'mon! Stick up kids, they be out to tax  
Most times they be sticking you without the gats  
I'll still be on the grind when it all collapse  
And if it's my worst bar then I'm a take it right back  
nigga

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3 - Black Thought]*

Yeah, it ain't nothin like I rush I get, in front of the band  
On stage wit the planet in the palm of my hand  
When a brother transform, from aynonomous man  
To the force, crush whoever might of thought I was  
playin  
I'ma flame some, sentence the shit, the cold twist to  
slang  
Thicker than big boy baby, mom, sister pain  
Beyond measure, relaxed under pressure  
You see the master piece, but to me it's unperfected  
Give it here Geffen Records, I'm off the handle  
Cut the check, and yo it better be as heavy as anvil  
Next joint comin, all bets is cancelled  
Nigga black ink, red was a G finacial  
We finna have the whole industry at a stand still  
See me put the system on lock like can pill  
So get wit them endorsements, and call  
reinforcements  
Cause my click come a full sizeable portions

*[Chorus]*

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