

# Roots

## "Don't See Us"

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**(feat. Dice Raw)**

*[Black Thought]*

Uh, what what, yo yo P-5-D uncut  
Check it out, yo yo, S-P uncut  
Yo yo, what P-5-D uncut, yeah yeah it's that Philly shit  
Yo yo, check it out, yo yo

*[Chorus 2x]*

*[Chorus: Malik B]*

You Don't See Us, but we see you  
You stuck on sleep, get on your P's and Q's  
Cuz you will get crept, wit no discrept  
You know the rep, we keep the flows in check

*[Black Thought]*

Mesmerizing, state of the art caffeine  
It's over head like Omniverse screen  
I'm not the average savage that curse queens  
I'm something from his worst dreams  
First we handling first things, I'm subsurface un-seen  
Grat'll hold planet by purse strings  
MC's are earthlings, not built to hurt things  
Speakin the words of weaklings, nothin but sweet things

*[Malik B]*

Man each world, it ain't no time to recline  
Act up, get clapped up, my mind is the nine  
Shine like jewels that spark, swimmin wit sharks  
Never caught speakin to NARC's, that's weak in the parks  
I'm the type to sit back and analyze the prize  
Grip it up and flee the scene wit a different disguise  
Take a detour, I be all that I can be whore  
Talkin to this (bitch) life, had to make her my wife  
Live twice, got seven more lives to live  
I'm all out, takin things to the fullest extent  
Help me get it down and we can split one-hundred percent  
Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment

Word up, you know the legendary Roots crew, yo

*[Chorus 2x]*

*[Dice Raw]*

The Raw Dice rise like a creature from out the swamp  
Wit my blood-thirsty clergy that's on the hunt for conk  
Who pumps your heart, I made you wanna rhyme from  
the start

You should be more alert, then you wouldn't get hurt  
Get off your horse and on your P's and beware  
Of images you seein, did deceiving, you're scared  
And even more shook up than the scenes that's near

I'm Dice Raw, sting the inside of your mouth like a cold  
sore

Who wanna piece, well it's Round One, let's begin  
I got a gun that's don't bust, it just suck niggaz in  
I got shit that'll have you beggin me to shoot ya  
I'm the professor, you rock a dunce cap, go get a tutor

*[Black Thought]*

Yo, Okay Computer, Radiohead's knock to the  
Future Shock like Kurtis, at your service  
None other than, the Fifth governing playin the cut  
again

Y'all clueless to what the fuck is up again

Yo, hard times and sufferin

What, my peoples in the crevices strugglin

'Nuff of them ?untie? soldier thespian

But I'm from the next e-on, supreme being that's  
unseen for MC'n

*[Chorus 2x]*

*[Malik B]*

Yo, they all around me 'round me

On my head, they got a bounty

I'm tryin to get this bell up so I can flee your county

Triple-six, come in my mix, flood it wit tricks

I'm sharper than rough spoons for icepicks

Niggaz price bricks till dawn, if the money is long

Cats who play strong will inhale, then go play bong

You wrong son, you thought I wasn't droppin a ton

Sit and think about the way I wanna tally a sum

*[Dice Raw]*

Aiyyo I sneakfully snuck up from behind and got you  
From over there in them bushes, I chilled and watched  
you

Dancin all dolly as you pussy for them folly

I knock you out wit one punch from me you been Ali-ed  
I float like hovercrafts and sting like vaccinations  
WHen my name said out loud, you'll lose your  
concentration  
Dice Raw, D-I-C-E-R-A-W, you wanna take it  
Otherwise, fuck you gon' do?  
That's what I thought, nada, nothing, caput, zero  
Rough as sandpaper but still smooth as a tiptoe  
Raw's takin over, baby don't tell me you ain't know  
A lot of kids can rap but you fuckin wit the pros

*[Black Thought]*

Namsayin, y'all know the legendary Roots crew, it's like

*[Chorus to fade]*

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