

## Roots

# "Glitches (feat. Amel Larrieux)"

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Chorus [Amel Larrieux]

You live, you die

And spend the years in between asking the question

Why you've been through what you been

You lose, you win

You even pay for other sins

But you must always adore the skin you are in

[Black Thought]

I woke up and it was pouring down rain

I put my head on, it really wasn't no thing

One of them days I was feeling immune to the pain

Threw on, Alice Coltrane, smoked and sang

And wrote this flame compused to the rhythm of the droplets

And went whispering simliar to gossip

The kick slapping at the window glass

Slow down the globe so it don't spin too fast

Because, I been running like a river since

The age of my early innocence

It just made me ambitious

My grams used to tell me "Man listen,

If you can't burn, don't step into the kitchen"

You muscle your turn, the laws of the land viscious

We gotta stick to the plan, which is

Pursuing true riches, whether we trade stock or wash dishes

Throughout setbacks and few glitches

The Big Picture's the focus, fuckin being hopeless

Or helpless, we not selfish so we wrote this

Give it to ya, make you feel good

Know what I'm talkin about? C'mon

Chorus

[Black Thought]

Yo from the parquet floors to the fifty foot ceiling

I pull the heavy black curtain back, now revealing

The sun beneath the velvet, and like it was mine

No one elses, embracing the beams yo, I felt it

And stood there, feeling it, getting charged

Turn me loose upon the streets, a young poet at large

Out in the world, up against tremendous odds  
Some'll let it break em and throw in they cards  
But my squad remain focus when we goin for ours  
And we don't, do it for chains or do it for cars  
And we don't, do it for lames or do it for broads  
And we don't, do it for fame, we do it because  
It's for the young black gifted mind  
Living the story of the most twisted kind  
Turbulent times swirled around they dome like a turban  
It gets disturbing, feelin alone in the urban  
But maintain ya grip for just a little bit  
I'd tell you it's all good but that's bullshit  
Let's just try to feel good, yeah...know what I'm talkin  
bout

[Amel Larrieux]

A spirit knows we're meant to blow  
A ? rose by the seat of your soul  
You past it all and seeds your soul  
Are destined to grow even after you go

Chorus 4x

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