

Roots "Good Music"

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[?uestlove]

Peace to all the hip cats, all the nappy sweets
This is the BROther ?uestion, broadcasting live
via satellite, from the Never Never Tunnels
Now dig.. the rituals for today, is good music
So sit back, relax.. and dig the groove

[Black Thought]

Yo bust it, I digs hip-hop, and rocks for hip-hop
Not R&B because to me that's not my style and
the R-double-O-quotes ain't for radio, but major soul
the ones that's hip won't change the dial and
I remember one morning at the Soul Shack, coolin
in the outback, on the songwritin ship
Blizz a five, off a Bob Marley spliff
On the cloud I be relaxin from last night and shit
In studio today but hey BROther ?uestion
was on the Westside asleep without a clue when
I hollered down to Crumbs to pick up the phone
and tell him to get ready (?uestion, what ya doin?)
(Ain't no thing) Yeah,
Buttered chicken wings, so I met him in the West
where we had to 'lax and wait for Rubber Band and
Bes'
Bassey broke down on the other side of town
Yo you know what it's about, The Roots is out
to the subway

Does anybody like good music?
Sweet music, soul music?
You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it
just to use it, to make you move it, yeah
[repeat 2X except 'yeah']

[Black Thought]

From the subway to the studio
Gots to break fast if we wanna get, to the bus
Runnin like a Mex for the border
(Umm, yo, oh umm, was it a bunch of yas?)
Nah, just the four of us
Nuff nappy sweets on the transit, two fine
(three fine) fo' five mo' fine, UHH!

A girl says, "Hey ain't y'all The Square Roots?"
and I'm like, "Heh, worrrd,"

and then the shorty passed the sign
Now we got to make out exit (where?)
to the pavement (to what?) Crushin trail mix
(oh word man, yo look out) Say what? (look out!)
?uestion dropped a whole bag of drumsticks
(Ain't no thing) but a chicken wing, so
he bends down to pick up the sticks
and his pants fall down (dang!)
In my face, ?uestion didn't frown, turned around
and thought he felt a draft, so I laughed
(HAHAHAHAHAH!)

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[Kid Crumbs]

Here comes the Crumbs, from the chums of the P.O.
Sprouted from The Roots and I was added to the trio
Now I'm cahoots and got a reason for my ego
In the words of, Los Lobos, ad-ios, a-migo

[Black Thought]

At the Rat Cave, mic I'm hand, I'm flowin
Tellin ?uestion, to keep it, goin
What I'm doin, I'm not really knowin
but umm, to me see it sounds oh-and-kay'n (it sounds
OK)
layin, to the sounds playin
Umm, hi to hoe and, yeah, hey to hay'n (uh-huh)
Trippin, I'm tryin, not to laugh, bust it
It's the last paragraph, and I'm done half
But ?uestion's jokin, and I'm like hopin
that nobody comes in and opens, the door...
(Ah man, what is up with you man?
I'm leavin, what why you scratchin your face like that
man?
Look ugly, self-righteous, do-gooder)

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[repeat 2X except]

