

## Roots

# "Live From The D.J. Stretch Armstrong Show"

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\*after 2 minutes of talking\*

[Bobbito]

Yo so let's get the mic burned, open it up

[Black Thought]

Yes I, check it out

It's like, you listen to the musician

Umbilicle mic, my syllable strikes ya vision

I take you through a tunnel of thought, wit no support

Now you got caught off guard, by the number one scar  
for the Illa-Fifth

Lyrically for feelin this, Black Thought yo the skill  
assisted

By the Mal-ik B, the symbol you remember me to be  
type valid

Disasterous, the master just bust this, for the listener

Black Thought yo, while I exhibit the

Styles, from the artist, boast strokes of lyrical  
darkness, enter the style

Severin rooms just like apartments, I'll flavor

I'm a skyscraper by nature

Down wit my number one neighbor, Common

>From the city of Illinois, you destroy when we bombin,  
what?

Off the top-a, the dome lyric-al don-datta Mr. Trotter

Aiyyo we gotta lotta MC's, on the line of this ready to  
rhyme

So I'm just gon' set go down wit mine, rewind, check it  
out

[Common]

I persue sound fairs, relaxed like Dru Down's hair

Other niggas rhymes are like gang signs, I throw down  
theirs

On Knotts I Landed, players get played like Hamlet

Supposedly nice, taken for granted like life

I write twice and drop singles in record pools

Niggas I'm dunkin like when cops mingle, fuck hip hop  
jingles

Rhymin big words and not sayin shit

The click that you came in wit, the accent you flavor

whipped

I got my nigga Tariq, I freak it in the middle of the week  
Niggas is weak an' and I start to speakin  
Niggas start to leakin, my nigga Derek D an'  
I'm foreseein the future, funky for human beings  
Like I was the Biz Mark, I bring the noise iller  
Com Sense'll be the rhyme killer, I spill a  
Little bit of juice to a MC who need a new producer  
Got my nigga Y-Not in the spot and I rock like crack  
I'm ready to attack, Thoughts is Black  
Niggas understand the intelligence and relevance to  
this rhyme  
I Stretch a nigga all across the line like I was Bobbito or  
Armstrong  
Com's song'll keep goin, I start the holdin  
My flowin is turnin to earth  
The birth is comin through, listenin to cut old school  
\*laughin\*  
?Tremblin when it came down the shoot?

[Pharoahe Monch]

(Pharoahe) Yeah yeah (Pharoahe) yeah yeah  
(Pharoahe) yeah yeah yo  
Always beginnin em, forever blendin them, bendin em  
again and again  
Sendin em back, lettin em know that minimum wages  
Subliminally befriending em for criminal ac-tivity  
Mics I chop like Florida State Seminoles wit criminal  
facts  
And milly ac-tually I piss on your promotional wax  
It'll be tight but only this, what nigga swears he's the  
nicest  
Just because he got rhyme of the month twice  
Four mic devices, the gem star blade the shit slices  
Rip-trip-chop-chop-chop and dices, Absolute  
Absolute uh, Absolute uh, Absolute uh (kill it)

[Absolute]

Yes, rippin the microphone  
My words will enlight your dome  
When I'm quick to strike your home just like Capone  
N-Noreaga, wit The War Report, my orrator will  
slaughter yours  
Still waitin for the beat to come in, I'm dangerous like  
Satan  
Eatin bacon in front of a Muslim, I'll battle you and your  
cousin  
It's the beef for black attack  
When I, yes quick to subtract the wack  
When I go from track to track, bouncin in the mounds  
and coutin

Flowin like water from a fountain when I deliver  
Like water from a river makin you shiver  
That's for sore, the connoisseur rippin ill-literature  
Yes, but I'm about to get deeper  
You'll catch a I'll reflection from listenin too close to the  
speaker  
When I reach ya, it's gettin more clearer, outta the era

[Black Thought]

It's like this, we keep you open like a parachute  
Took a shot of hip hop, it's Absolute  
For my man from the House of Representatives  
And turn it out, ayyo I always do, that's what I'ma bout  
ta  
Do I show you a style and throw you?  
For all competitors, Black Thought comin through the  
seckle 'cause  
I'm the superior style and you inferior  
Let me adjust my voice so you can hear me ta--  
Bust rule the, microphone  
Pure skills, nuttin but it, all of a sudden  
MC's just start to studded from the rap style  
Hey yo let me rewind check it out, check it out  
Well it's the, deranged style that change formats and  
forms  
I swarm like killa bees for feelin these fantasies  
MC's throw a tantrum, I sing the Fifth Anthem  
Ayyo it's like this, my song thump your preference  
You can never attempt to reach that where my level is  
Black Thought severin competitives, off the dome top  
Yo my microphone stop, my man Com just drop

[Common]

And don't halt, I guess it was my fault  
I came through thick like a malt, niggas tried to pour  
salt  
But never knew the flavor, my shit is accented from  
Chicago  
Niggas follow, hold the water bottle  
My shit'll keep flowin  
Now I'm showin this poetry in motion like a picture  
Read the scripture, understood the first New  
Testament  
Start to blessin it  
The shit is like this, where the beat went  
I give MC's the silent treatment  
They tried to come against me, I told em they wasn't  
fresh  
Rappers I Crush, Kill and Destroy like Stress  
Extinction Agenda, Com Sense'll just send a-nother  
Mothafucker to the bathroom, he didn't have room to

shit on the mic

That I had, it's like the nigga Com Sense, I don't need a pad

Off the dome, my shit'll roam/Rome like a Greek

I start to speak, and niggas sound extra weak/week

Like seven days, I take ya seven whole days like Tony

Never been a phony, Express styles like a Pony

Hold ya horses, Com Sense read The Sources

Toss this type of shit that go straight through, I lost this

One time, it came back the rap sunshine

Niggas follow me like one time

Check it out nig-- my man Absolute is unsigned, ready to get it on

It's like this upon the mic yo I sit upon

[Pharoahe Monch]

Yo yo, check it out now, one time now, Pharoahe Monch yo

It's not breaks at the bar, even if you a star

Wit me and my crew baby doll you won't go far

I seek the love of Allah, the laws I lay

Peepin the upper echelon of light display

Funk distributed rap pro, attributed to facts so

Cleverly put, more revolutions than a axel

The sad slow nigga much smoother than Coltrane

Who can cop beats that I chop like cocaine

The effortless action wit moves like subtraction

Lip, stick and admit wit mo' satisfaction

And all the while my beats can pile up

More data than X-File shows all added up

The educated nigga from Queens, by any means

Servin any fiends, similar to Supreme Team

But like steam I will rise to the top to redeem the cream

For niggas who fiend for hip hop

I pop glock and bla-block shot and chop spots

>From top notch cops to bust from a crotch

Positioning, what Absolute, what c'mon c'mon kick the dome

[Absolute]

The last word was precision so I get a vision

And makin sentences on top of your cranium

Underground, sub-terranean

Crossin the Mediterranean, water to slaughter MC's

Who can't catch across the border

Lookin across, the window, not a nympho

Lookin at my man, the Jedi duck when the lead fly

My man just took a picture, so I just snapped it

Lookin at the man who got the joint in his back shit, the back shit

I pack shit but it's never like an automatic

I'm causin static just like the opposite of Bounce  
I get, throwing mad amounts  
Look at my man Bobbito and Stretch  
I gotta catch the beat  
I'm never come off weak 'cause weak is the opposite of  
strong  
I used to smoke the bong but now I got the Heineken  
It's my turn to rhyme again  
Don't need to be greedy, I give my old gear to the  
needy  
Used to write graffiti 'cause I got the burner  
You might not get that but you I pass it back to my man  
wit the head wrap  
Yo

\*talking and shoutouts to end\*

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