

## **Roots "Meiso"**

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[Black Thought]

Yin for yang I walk on a line  
Between ghetto slang and stimulation of the mind  
Life is a labyryth for dollars and cents  
As I quest for cream, through the steam so dense  
From the sensei me a puff, cause the tunnel is tough  
Some lick shots with sound, some'll bust from the  
cannon  
Experts o-rig-i-nal man'll examine  
I am in fact lacking con-fus-ion, as to what's real  
And what's illus-ion  
I come from Illadelph where ya health you never take  
for granted  
As hot as the equator in a cypher round the planet  
Or abnormal, niggas appearing out of portals and  
demanding your soul  
Who controls the eight immortals but the number seven  
In this continual maze, where night fight with days  
Within my mind marijuan blaze  
And some say I should change my ways  
But it's hard to hear the phrase through the havoc and  
haze  
Thought's style will never since or never cease to  
excella-rate  
It's the great lab dwella  
Tha mentals of The Roots are beyond any computer  
The judge prosecutor, or the drug distributor  
Respect to the ex-Lex Luger, my nigga Malik B the  
intruder  
Phila 5th Dynasty's the future  
And DJ Krush is the producer, ya healin with the  
ginseng Roots  
We get ya renaissance loosa  
Remember me the Thought I represent essentially and  
Mentally eventually, ya mention me as most high  
My decibels are most fly, I come to paint ya Thought's  
Black  
Yo Krush, where's it at?!!!??!

[Malik B]

The Roots bring it from the Phila Fifth, spill the gift  
The melody of a felony is straight off a cliff

Now can I get a witness to dismiss Christmas from the  
myth list  
Man that's bogus, let's try to stay focused  
You would think it was the Fourth of July  
Cause in Illadelph a round of applause light up the sky  
Why? Don't ask me, subtle attitudes sometimes nasty  
Foul mouth bitches walk around looking trashy  
Bimbos talking about where's the indo?  
Crackheads leavin babies unattended at the window  
To see death, and brothers with strikes who got three  
left  
I'm trying to make it, cause if I don't I'll probably take it  
But perserverence is a virtue  
The person that you thinking you hurting might hurt you  
Ya celly might jerk too  
Perhaps I'll go to court this time when I'm summoned  
But I'm a rebel to the system so I might not be coming  
So if I fail, man just get up the bail  
It's just more time to write another story to tell  
Ill elements, drop intelligence, Black Thought Malik B  
Fuck up their-re-le-vance  
We got strain on the brain from bodies left in the dust  
Man just leave it to us, look main aim and I'll bust  
Fuck betrayal just trust, all the tracks we lust  
With DJ Krush from Japan with no more need to discuss

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