

## **Roots**

### **"Proceed II"**

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...welcome to The Roots, The Roots

Check it, check it, Black Thought, is in the house  
And uhh, Malik B, is in the house  
We're groovin out, yes in the house  
\*discordant talk\*

...

Just get on the mic with your master plan

Verse One: Malik B

I can make you dance, I can make you shout  
The scripts in the scroll turned the whole party out  
Inject my lyrics in a sec with dialect  
Why accept, because it's from the highest eye and  
depth  
Rap extraordinaire share me never ever  
See through because I be true, Malik's together  
Intox your cells till your brain vein swells  
Niggaz'll claim terror when their never parellel  
Once I have a hunch that there's MC's that front  
I just crunched a whole bunch, in one big munch  
I always stand firm, under any term  
My actions never squirm 'cause my tracks is perm  
I have a tendency to defend this MC  
My residency is simply in sensei  
I makes it vivid, on different continents of earth I pivot  
It seems extreme and exquisite but ask it is it  
My style is like a cat from a seventies flick  
Talkin jive as he strut with his afro pick  
Or a predator, just before he stalks his pray  
When I talk this way, I do dismay  
See you're puzzled, now how I think you're trying to  
juggle  
My mind is like a nine M double, now there's trouble  
The Roots bring you styles and all types of creed  
I sign off but I shall proceed

Chorus:

I shall, proceed, and continue, to rock the mic (4X)

## Verse Two: Black Thought

Yo, we could get fly, we could get fly  
We could get fly that's the anthem of my  
Crew not to glorify but it's sorta high  
Troubles of the world bring tears to my eye wonder why  
My man, can't vaccinate, y'all know the fate  
Similar to the way I'm a disease on tape  
To escape Metropolis is such a violent state  
I spill words over pages, styles over phrases  
From the world's different stages for crowds of  
different ages  
Though not a nova, you witness like Jehovah  
Now niggaz beg for lyrical plague to pass them over  
Righ right niggaz is like stick up kids  
Doin bids you got caught, enter the Black Thought  
I interface with bass when I communicate  
Crowds I elevate, to another mindstate of  
Rap thinking, see musically the Black thinking rhythm  
Therefore, I give em what I'm giving, therefore  
I give em what I'm giving that's the hardcore  
The Roots'll keep it real for sure, and I shall proceed

## Chorus

Rockin on the microphone I do this well (repeats)  
\*crowd cheers\*  
The Roots, The Roots!

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