

## Roots

# "Something In The Way Of Things"

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In town x3  
Something in the way of things  
Something that will quit and won't start  
Something you know but can't stand  
Can't know get along with  
Like death  
Riding on top of the car peering through the windshield  
for his cue  
Something entirely fictitious and true  
That creeps across your path hallowing your evil ways  
Like they were yourself passing yourself not smiling  
The dead guy you saw me talking to is your boss  
I tried to put a spell on him but his spirit is illiterate  
I know things you know and nothing you don't know  
'cept I saw something in the way of things  
Something grinning at me and I wanted to know, was it  
funny?  
Was it so funny it followed me down the street  
Greeting everybody like the good humor man  
But an they got the taste of good humor but no ice  
cream  
It was like dat  
Me talking across people into the houses  
And not seeing the beings crowding around me with  
ice picks  
You could see them  
But they looked like important Negroes on the way to  
your funeral  
Looked like important jiggaboos on the way to your  
auction  
And let them chant the number and use an ivory  
pointer to count your teeth  
Remember Steppen Fetchit  
Remember Steppen Fetchit how we laughed  
An all your Sunday school images giving flesh and  
giggling  
With the ice pick high off his head  
Made ya laugh anyway  
I can see something in the way of our selves  
I can see something in the way of our selves  
That's why I say the things I do, you know it  
But its something else to you

Like that job  
This morning when you got there and it was quiet  
And the machines were yearning soft behind you  
Yearning for that nigga to come and give up his life  
Standin' there bein' dissed

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