

Roots

"Table Of Contents Part 3"

Visit "[Table Of Contents Part 3](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Black Thought]

Hit the flo' ah, 'cause it's bout to blow ah
C'mon, hit the flo' ah, it's bout to blow ah
Hit the flo' ah, it's about to blow ah
Hit the flo' ah, 'cause it's about to blow ah
Lyrical landslide, bonafide worldwide live
Shit to make my niggas in the west just vibe
Comin out the numero that don't divide
That's 5, talk hustle that's the way we survive
My alter-ego, Five-Hundred Fifty-Five people collide
Beneath a ?counter-locks? last like a thousand shots
Black Thought, SP side-clout to strut on sidewalk
Dip like high drug, spit fire fly third eye talk
That leave your mind struck
What, Miss Kinda you fuckin the rhyme up
Yo my man OC told ya Time's Up
React/Respond what, y'all MC's is awe-struck
Pull a seat up at my Table of Contents
But kill all the nonsense, I'm readin your contents, you
hate it
The CEO, SP Incorporated
Supreme rap manuevers dat deleted orchestrated
Yamsayin, the most awaited back again
Shorty said "Where ya been?"
That I can't divulge, you can check for the bulge
Or roll over in dough
Yamsayin get overwhelmed, develop like film
Step up Into The Realm, what Into The Realm
Yamean, P-P, fam Malik B *scatting*
Yamsayin, word up you gone lose CONTROL
Yamsayin, MC's you got BIT the FLOW
Yamean, it's bout to BLOW
Check it out, c'mon wit the FLOW
Yo yo, aight playa, I got whatever kind of flavor
Rock from LA to Colorado to Decatur
Wherever I walk stay smoked for hours later
I stumble into some trees to scuff up your gators
Now what you and your lady know, don't she tell you
how she A this nigga?
She hit me up wit like fifty-five pages
My sound take you from conception to death stages
Introducín Adrenaline, it's outrageous

Lift you up like you're weightless
Yo sit down it's hard to take this bad news to spread
around
Now I'm about to let you know what's up now
You'll be like "That's what's up now"
I'm Black Thought, I'll pull the ground up from under
your feet
Like it's a throw rug, my vocal impact that of a fo-fo
slug
You hold your chest like "Hold up, I need time to think"
And detonate don't blink
Yamsayin, hit the floor again now you extinct
Check it out, when we warrin in we on the brink
Insanity, niggas is panickin, ya tryin to run
Check it out, ayyo yo the fearsome
What, hit the flo'
Hold up yamean, you just don't know (check it out)
We bout to let this go (check it out)
scatting Aight, yo HIT THE FLO'!
Check it out, IT'S BOUT TO BLOW wop bop
Check it out, HIT THE FLO' wop wop
Check it out, SHIT'S BOUT TO BLOW wop wop and a
c'mon
HIT THE FLO' wop wop we-wop c'mon
BOUT TO BLOW wop bop check it out
C'mon hit the flo' wop, and ah
It's ya yamean, R-double-O-T-S yes step
Yes, the Lieutent, Table of Contents yo
And the Table of Contents yamean?

Visit [Roots](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.