

Roots

"The Web"

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[Black Thought]

Uh huh

uh

And it weights a ton
'riq geez motherfuckers I'm a son of a gun
Black master of any trade under the sun
Talk sharp like a razor blade under the tongue
clear my path and come get your captain hung
Trying to breath like black'll collapse your lungs
Young chump you could choke off the web I spun
I done cleared 'em out from the threat I brung
You done heard about what set I'm from
My nigga, word-a-mouth little rule-a-thumb
Y'all better bow down when the ruler come
I'm a real hood nigga not a hood-a-lum
The way Thought put it down be confusin' some of y'all
cats can't walk while chewin' your gum 'n all
With a keyboard got do with a drum 'n all
School 'em on stage like I'm doin' a seminar
Professional type, I'm adjusting my mic
Go to war kid I'll give you any weapon you like
Give you something to run from
, bust off your dum-dum
Stop kid, that hot shit you know where it come from
It's philly world-wide phenomenom
And reinforcin' that shit is my 9-to-5
And when I finish making you recognize
I'm getin' at a couple civilized women that's tryin' to
ride
You were waitin' on the raw to come off the oil
You wanna get the bitches up off the wall
Just to see you smile and enjoy yourself
To keep you in health, this for all of y'all
I'm quick on the draw like Black McGraw
And I can't tell what y'all cats rappin' for

My name 'riq geez and I'm back for more
To get more chips than the corner store
with a portrait of Malcom X on the door
while I'm eatin' MCs like a carnivore

Matter fact, ease back 'fore you get harmed
Ring the, warning horn when I'm gon' perform
The first nigga that move, or disturb the goove
I'm a have y'all flicks on the evening news
Play y'all part - get on y'all P's and Q's
And when y'all think Thought, be prepared to lose
Bring money to spend and somebody to lend
And some worthwhile money not twenties and tens
Get took for your tuck right in front of your 'hens
Who coulda help you nigga, not none of ya friends
Because, I put a black fist under ya chin
Have your physical remains found under the pen
If I'm coming up in the place, I'm coming to win
Wasn't in it for a minute, now I'm dumber' again

'riq geez ock, y'all can chat what y'all please
Receive what I'm gonna give back to y'all please
'cuz y'all don't really wanna get clapped with all these
My man, you can take y'all strap when y'all leave
You see the squad come in the place, they all freeze
Ice cold, with his mellow cool breeze
MCs, never showed loyalty yet
Kool Herc ain't never get a royalty check
I do work, no question, and bomb your set
I'm calm collect, sharp like my name Gillette
RIP my man Gillette
Until I touch the mic, y'all people ain't seen danger yet
I'm a decorated vet, I regulate and wreck
Never hesitated yet, I'm gettin' heavy weighted checks
If you would dare ask if I'm dedicated - yes
I spit, live rounds that would penetrate a vest
Nigga, take ya seats I'm a demonstrate a test
How to freak the beats, so gangsta fresh
And it thump, from the east coast to Bangladesh
Big bank, willy gank smoke the thing to death
But hold tight, cuz it's not over yet
I don't even feel like I'm not sober yet
And it ring like shots in the projects new year's eve
And it ain't even October yet
I'm a big bounty hunter like Boba Fett
Y'all more shell shocked then a soldier get
If the prize in my sights then I'm goin' for this
Whoo whoo 'riq geez be the ultimate
I'm the corporate, give me the bulk of this
'riq set it on the magnetic ultra tip
Get down how you 'posed to get
I got nothing to lose, I'm a killer with no regrets
I'm like young LL, cuz I'm hard as hell
Makin' niggaz screw face like Gargamel
Now I'm all out on my own like Patty LaBelle
Put the pimp game down on your mademoiselle

Keep the beat goin'
Keep the beat goin'

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