

Roots

"What Goes On Pt. 7"

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Do you wanna know.. what goes on? [2X]

(Tell me baby!)

Do you wanna know.. what goes on? [2X]

(Tell me baby!)

[Black Thought]

Yo, niggaz can not see me, can not be me or
capture the metaphoric phrase blasted off stage when I
tour

I am but a messenger born to blow up

My niggaz knew it all the time, lyrically I was a dime

At the age of nine, shorty Black, could rhyme

On the mic I never wasted time, I'm, the exquisite
wizard

when I visit shorties I hit it I'm cool as a blizzard

Nigga what? You wanna bust your fronts, with the
butter, my

black paper chase ya and then erase ya rhyme

Sucker, MC's how I hate it when you waste your time

My state of mind, shine like it's diamond studded

I'm rhyme budded on stage, word is bond, when I'm
on, I rage

Got the 12 gauge at the rest so play, and into rest you
lay

My everyday M.O. is gettin dough cause times is
rougher

than a mother for brothers to scuffle shuffle your cards
kid

Cause the odds is, niggaz'll hustle and live, foul

This wild environment hostile produce, the music in me

So my style's the blend of what is and was

You could get a buzz from it, but enter too deep

and reach a summit you fall and then plummet beyond
real

Where you're killed if your raps ain't ill

Another crab motherfucker 'nother cap to peel

Through these amps, I motivate camps to dance

Niggaz too advanced, I warn, I'm just tellin you what
goes on

Do you wanna know.. what goes on? [2X]

(Tell me baby!)

Do you wanna know.. what goes on? [2X]
(Tell me baby!)

[Myself aka ELO the Cosmic Eye]

Inside my head, you wish to see
The signs appear, the shit's not clear
What if I flipped, would you know how to maintain your
edge
I'm takin heads because, there's no fuckin ledge
I pledge allegiance to my cosmic guide
I couldn't fit in three dimensions if I tried
Civilizations I can delete, so crews don't bother me
Battle with Jehovah gaining universal soveirgnty
Niggaz run around like clones, I got planets and
thrones
Throughout the galaxy my name's well known (my
name's well known)
I'm all alone in my zone, you wouldn't understand
Stare in my face, fuck around and catch a scar man
[Malik B]

[Malik B]

Here on this agenda, there is no pretenders
So when we begin to assassinate your cast members
they shall candor, wavin white flags, man we surrender
Those half-assed negroes know they're no contenders
In syringes, I can shoot up lyrical vengeance
And my grammar, might do a mandatory life in
slammers
You should regret it, thinkin about steppin to me
niggaz forget it - you'll get gassed with lyrics leaded
Most energetic, I never snag I'm tightly threaded
I flip scripts like pattern twistness in calisthetics
Black Thought, Elo and me a trio
Tellin the the strong, word is bond
I'm just tellin you what goes on

Do you wanna know.. what goes on? [2X]
(Tell me baby!)
Do you wanna know.. what goes on? [2X]
(Tell me baby!)

Do you wanna know.. what goes on? [2X]
(C'mon brother)
Do you wanna know.. what goes on? [2X]
(Tell me baby!)

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