

## Willie Nelson

### "Respond/React"

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[Black Thought]

It's jazz - hip-hop hangin in my head heavy  
Malik said "Riq, you know the planet ain't ready  
for the half" when we comin with the action pack  
On some Dundee shit representin the outback  
Yo, we do it like this (All the way live, from 2-1-5)  
You witnessin the 5th Dynasty family click (All the way  
live, from 2-1-5)  
Across the map, one time for ya (All the way live, from  
2-1-5)  
It's time to react to respond to react to respond (All the  
way live, from 2-1-5)

[Chorus]

We settin it from Southside, pushin this up North  
From Illadelphian reps, to fly points across the map  
Bring it back to Respond/React  
Then bring it back to Respond/React to this

[Verse One: Black Thought]

The attractive assassin, blastin the devil trespassin  
Master gettin cash in an orderly fashion  
Message to the fake nigga flashin  
Slow up Ock, before you get dropped and closed like a  
caption  
Fractional kids don't know the time for action  
Styles got the rhythm that of an Anglo-Saxon  
Round of applause then avalanche of clappin  
{\*BLOW\*} that's what happen, now what's your  
reaction  
We heavyweight traction, pro-pornographin  
Specialize in science and math and, original black man  
Bustin thoughts that pierce your mental  
The fierce rippin your sacks and  
Vocal toe to toe impeccable splittin your back son  
Simple as addition and subtraction  
Black Though, the infinite relaxed one  
Shorties say they love it with a passion  
Bring the international charm, see a squad I harass

[Verse Two: Malik B]

REACT, you best adapt when I sling this rap  
Another chapter, before when I have to trap ya  
Map your whole path out  
Go get your crowd so we can clap out  
I drive down streets and take back route- positionin  
When I'm in your system like glycerin  
Fans listenin, from Michigan to Switzerland  
Malik be blitzed again - on the station with the  
discipline  
Solicitin, sometimes illicit or explicit with it and  
from the deep end where the hills are steep  
Nobody cares to speak, a land where life is cheap  
The street mentality, mixed with the intellect  
Personality, hell where I dwell as well  
Niggas rebellious, bodies are found down in the cellars  
My man caught a shot to the stomach, now who want it?  
Confronted by these dusty blunted - cats who act like  
they don't know that the fact is that they're bein hunted  
A process of elimination  
Activate your mind with the stimulation  
Enter your zone with penetration  
I've seen more horror than Bram Stroker  
Strip your broad or play poker, then drink mocha  
The sometimes socializer, the joke despiser  
You woke the wiser, dealin with the Roots vocalizer  
Up in your flesh from South Philly to West  
I stampede your style, I'll compile then bless

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse Three: Black Thought]

Hey yo, I'm just a lyricist, a chemist of the hemp  
The beat pimp, the ill Philly resident  
That's far from hesitant, corrupt like a President  
Never benevolent but poetically prevalent  
Cooler than peppermint  
The Lieutenant for niggaz talkin bout represent  
No doubt, it's obviously evident I get bent  
Far from temporary son I'm very permanent  
Hittin MC's like an intoxicant, sent to prevent  
Monopoly is my intent, the means is what I invent  
This mental murder pay the rent  
Lyrically I'm the dominant ingredient, the swift  
extravagant  
Smooth lubricant, down with the M-the-ill-itant  
(ch-ch-ch...) That's the sound of the Dynasty chant  
We surround your camp, assumin the war stance  
And bring it from the chest, now let's dance

[Verse Four: Malik B]

M-ILL-ITANT, feel the 5th guerilla chant

Y'all talk about bodies but you would not kill a ant  
My skill is amp, would peel a nigga like a stamp  
Caliber is of Excalibur now you be damp  
When I operate a crowd will copulate my game  
I make a womb populate and 2-1-5th is the stock of  
hate  
Peep the logistics, slump your squad of misfits  
They all get they wrists slit, blast your ass if you insist it  
Leave no trace so there's no trace for ballistics  
Turn your soul and body to statistics  
In particular I've got that extracurricular  
Squad in the stash who could be stickin ya  
Slip and they vickin ya  
Harass your po-lice commissioner  
Don't like chicks with weaves talking 'bout, "I need  
conditioner"  
That shit's deader than niggaz with a mortioner  
A jenazah, up in your flesh like plasma  
Take away your last breath when you got asthma  
Then meet Bad Lieu down at the plaza  
Hip-hop extravaganza, tell your man I slump him with a  
stanza  
Now "Who's the Boss?" not Tony Danza  
My force not green but the force is obscene  
P.O. took a piss test it came out not clean  
Brody with my man Miz-Moose and Hakeem  
My squad from deuce-four up to West Oak Lane  
All the way to Takahwana and Frankfurt they know the  
name  
It's like that... M-III-itant

[Black Thought]  
M-III-itant, Eric Al he hostile, Bad Lieutenant  
Check it out, (??) style check it out

[Chorus] - repeat w/ ad libs

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