

Nas F/ Aaliyah, Timbaland

"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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