

## The Roots "100% Dundee"

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One one one one two  
P- P 5 D  
Yeah, yeah, P- P 5 D  
I'm sayin', yo  
Touch this yo, knahmsayin'? What?  
Yo yo, yo, 100 percent

Yo! on these seventy three keys, of ivory and ebony  
I swear solemnly that I'll forever rock steadily  
People wanna know where Malik? He right next to me  
The weaponry, the secret recipe  
Hard to peep this, deep shit, shows I eat with  
Contaminated thoughts I walk the street with  
I bayonnet cassettes and chop beats with  
This olympic lyricism you can't, compete with  
Globe travellin', throwin' your verse like a javelin  
Things fall apart and MC's unravellin'

Backstage whisperin' to management like  
"Change the order, it's no way that we can rock after  
them"  
My man sport the 'fro like "What's Happenin?"  
From the latest hiatus, The Roots back again  
Your crew practicin' to catch this natural blend  
They packages read 'Care when handlin''  
It's all soft shit, batteries not included with  
Matter of fact, your whole front's a re-enactment  
I blow your batty ass into fragments, P 5 D  
The new testament, mic specialist, what?

Yeah  
Check it out, yo  
Yeah  
Check it out, yo  
Yeah  
Check it out, yo

Yo yo, Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty  
Lyrical click, 100 percent Dundee  
Malik B, I represent the P 5 D  
Guerilla click, 100 percent Dundee

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The Milli illitant tant, 'pon cock, ready to rock  
Power out, in the clout, it seems out, all through your  
block  
Posse don't play the cut, but what, you get sheist  
Got the personality named Trife, ready to heist  
Smashin 'graphs, snatch the ice, crush your mental  
device  
Thought twice, shoulda thought once, got played for  
the dunce  
Dialogues I moderate, cool out, we outta state  
Just blandin' in the great, give me room to ventilate  
Most niggaz is fraudulent, the rap seargeant  
Bargin', through your regiment, call your President  
Hittin' all targets 'cuz it's a cause that's lost

Between the killers when they probably Teddy Ruxpin  
talk  
Droppin' tears of steel, two drops up in the bucket  
Facin' three hots and a cop so yo fuck it  
If I get abducted, trapped up in the belly  
Wacked up my celly, get known like Dawn Stanley  
You know the deally on the daily in the quint it up  
If I sense you got a bend to your kite, then send it up  
We press up on your corner with windows they're tinted  
up  
Lay our props face down on the ground and get it up,  
what?  
Face on the ground and get it up

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While you pose for pictures, I'm the invisible enigma  
Down low, scope you off the roof like the Fiddler  
Cage you up in the vocal booth, you're held prisoner  
Watch, while I'm bangin' out this hot shit from Sigma  
Illa Del P A, live without a DJ  
And it's been that way, since Sergio Vallente  
Yo, The Roots holdin' it down, is all you can say

Plus the Black Thought MC, professionally  
Push pen to paper like Chinua Achebe

Thumpin', what was your assumption?  
I lace your function, make it a Black Thought  
production  
Word up I'm on somethin', stellar hold off course  
I'm gone bluntin', travel light and broadcast  
Via satellite, Illa Fifth Dynamite  
Lyrically Calculus in this arithmetic hip-hop metropolis  
But loyal fiends coppin' this hot shit  
Yaknahmsayin? Hot shit, word up  
Illa Fifth hot shit y'all

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Check me out  
Che-check me out  
(Come on , come on , come on, come on)  
Check me out  
Ch-check me out  
(Come on , come on , come on, come on)

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