

## The Roots "@15"

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The name of the brother to blame  
It's quite plain, it's not the rain  
But a brother who don't claim or aim  
To be a preacher or ordained  
I have Black Thoughts, therefore my name's the same

Don't question my ability, in a studio facility  
As I utilize my God-given utility  
On time, I get behind and push along a rhyme of mine  
Which I design, with what? The mind

Leave MC's blind with amnesia  
Chop 'em into salad and my name ain't Caesar  
Think twice before you approach  
Get benched by the coach like exit post

I wrote murder, so you can say it's Murder He Wrote  
You think I'm Hell sent, so you repent to the Pope  
Don't walk when the sign says not to  
And don't talk when Black Thought's about to

When I say, ?Maestro? and bro starts to play it  
If you got a rhyme in your mind, then don't say it  
Save it for the weaker, pack your portable speaker  
And utilize the treads on your sneaker

Take your sorry crew back an' forget about rappin'  
Forget you ever saw me and forget this ever happened  
'Cause you might have nightmares of MCs bein' slain  
And I'll be to blame when you go insane

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