

The Roots

"Adrenaline!"

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Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain, 'gain ladies and gentlemen
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Ya, ya adrenaline

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Yo I'm in the eye of the storm, where the pressure's on
And MC's is dressed funny like a leprechaun
I chop rappers up like chicken seczuan
Sells a squads off like a slave auction

Aiyyo my zodiac sign read caution
On stage, I make your seed to an orphan
Yo, my age an algebraic equation
Niggas want some? I hit 'em wit a portion

Son, the Fifth foursome, armed at the door son
M Illi tilla, Dice Raw, quick draw son
You don't want no more son? That's when more come
And drag a nigga Eerie Avenue to Oregon, you're all
done

Ladies and gentlemen select the weapon
At the gate upon entering the roots instrumentaling
Spark shit, them niggas try to talk shit
We hit 'em like the I at 60th and market

South Philly clip a hold into a nigga park it
Take sneaks, chains and rings and bracelets
Split back this like we the therapist
Adrenaline, fifth mic terrorist, once again

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Zigga, zigga, zigga tryin' to get a grip but still slip, so
lift me up
Ever since I was a pup I was designed to erupt
You get to know me, you poke me slowly, when caught
puzzin'
Some niggas thought they was, when of course they
wasn't

Punked 'em wit a dozen of pellets all in they skelet
Transform, from the norm, start to brainstorm
Yeah Malik B from the roots, he ain't gone
I took the wrong exit, the sign said 'Langhorne'

I'm trapped up in about five worlds wit live pearls
Shouts to armour akquan who's name is Jalil
The moat is deep water so let your hand expand it
Demandin', takin' you back like knots landing

I'm Ralph Cramdon, we out, you'll see in Hampton
Yo what the what the what the, what the, what the, what
the
Pivot on this concrete earth until I rot
Didn't figure how to conquer it yet but still I plot, once
again

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Beans passed the mack and we held em, like hostages
Rappers see me, hide they face like ostriches
Dice'll grind your brain into little sausages
Underwater rap, you know who the bosses is

North Philly baby, that's where that raw shit is
You'll get blown out the sky once you get talkative
AD devise rise, I fathered it
So when you see me on the street, don't bother kid

Just be on your merry way, or you might get slit
Ask around, wonderin' what Dice Raw did
Lay you on floors like ya gettin' carpeted
You need a special kind of mic for retarded kids

Me against you's like Kane verse the Partridges
You wanna battle, change your name to the Forfeiters
'Cuz that's what you do, face to face wit raw niggas
I give you a bad case of the fucked up jitters, once
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They used to talk shit, but I'm a quiet them
Kick in the door wit my boys stick to riotin'
First nigga that flinch, I'm a fire 'em
Tape 'em up, grip his hands, and player 'em

Know the bricks is in here, where you hidin' em?
Don't die in the shit that you lyin' in
I used to get fronted bricks, now I'm buyin' 'em
Used to cop off my man, now I'm supplyin' him

Paid the front row seat watchin' Iverson
First class air crafts what I'm flyin' in
To Ilaa., Shaq, Eddie, Kobe Bryant and them
Save the jokes for Chris Tucker, Richard Pryor and
them

Used to shotgun in cars, now I'm drivin' 'em
Used to hustle round bars, y'all was robbin' them
Ran up in y'all spot wit rob and them
Grew up, 2 4, wit pie and 'em

But do my dirt, 2st, wit kyle and them
Nigga Pop, Nigga Buzz, little Mark and them
Brother news, nigga schooled Marley Park and them
Nigga jump, pull a pump, low sparkin' 'em

I know shit right now gettin' dark to them
Tore they body all up, ain't no chalkin' 'em
Too sharp for them, move out in the dark on 'em
These Illadel foul streets what I'm stompin' in, once
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