

The Roots "Boom!"

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Hold your flix, I'm not for the photo op's
It's Black, code name Yaphet Kotto ock
My twist like a ratchet in an auto shop
Since granddaddy old Desoto stopped and he got the
Caddie
I been gladly servin, any y'all cats wanna act
determined
Spit pesticides for rats and vermin
Seem like none of y'all chumps is learning
Y'all hopeless, and I'm a little better than dope is
Far from a brand new kid to show biz

Tryna hold on, maintain my focus
Coming out a room with a could of smoke
Smokers rolling with the punches
I survive and rock
'Cause I keep the crowd alive
And the texture of my voice
Is course and kind of hoarse and cut
Like I'm throwing a thousand knives

Party people gather 'round
What we have here is a brand new sound
Reach for my waist, you hit the ground
You better duck when that awful sound goes
(Boom, boom, boom)
Yeah, that's what's happenin' in the parking lot
(Boom, boom, boom)
Yeah, that's whats happenin' on stage

The man at hand that rule the school
And reach and teach the blind and find a way from A to
Z
And be the most to boast, I'm load and proud
The game and reign that remain
The heat is on so feel the fire come off the empire or
the
More higher level of depth one step beyond dope
To suckers all scope and hope to cop a note

'Cause I could never let 'em on top of me
I play 'em out like a game of Monopoly

Let it speed around the board like an astro
And send them to jail for tryna pass go
Shaking them up, breaking them up, taking no stuff
But it still ain't loud enough
So quest love let the fire roast
So I can flow and we can kill the whole show 'cause

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I'm live, design a finer rhyme that's right on time
One step beyond and not behind the line
That separates thought from divine
You can take it as a caution or a warning sign
Look for antonyms, words I'm sending em
Homonyms, synonyms good like M 'n' M's
You know the time when it's Riq Gees slicing
I turn a Mic's last name into Tyson

My brain like a factory constantly creating
Materials stitch by stitch for decoration
My lyrics one fabric the beat is a lining
My passion of rhyming is fashion designing
Now it get sorted 'cause people wanna sport it ya
bought it
If you didn't then you couldn't afford it
Poetry full of surprises it's like a game show
And my brain go, I do my thing yo

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