

## The Roots

# "Concerto of the Desperado"

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The Concerto of the Desperado  
R-double-O-T-S check the flow  
If you know like I know then you know the motto  
That's all the fake shit got to go

In the glow of the moon, over the melancholy metro  
My poetry is set like a U.F.O  
The maestro, the lyricist concerto  
My physical play the role of a vessel  
The level of my lyrics law manifesto  
My thoughts wrestle and attack with the killer instincts  
Of a gorilla stronger than Samson  
Without vanilla my soliloquy profess my ability to just  
Stimulate you like the best sensimilla

The half life the Philladellpophila proceed  
Hither is my death flower blow your tower to smithe  
Reens to fiends catch another rhyme gripper  
Deeper than the meditations of a Hindu worshiper  
Unorthodox, Hip-Hop, minister  
Than a Serengeti cheetah my thoughts swifter  
You lose your balance when the sound hits ya

So check for the, fifth militia  
A poet's under pressure stressin' that you get the  
picture  
Even if it means you gotta hang over the banister  
I pull a microphone on any pistol brandisher  
And take advantage of ya because you amateur  
Styles gunning down your sound man and manager  
What this how we do it in the year for nine-six  
With this delivering attack on pointless rap shit  
Breakin' M C's down to fractions, tell your squadron  
It's time to go to war, respond react

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The implorer, the universe explorer  
Treat M C's like the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah  
Leavin' these niggaz open like a box of Pandora  
With styles that's newer than the world order  
Approximately three quarters of y'all are water I  
straight deport ya  
Then orchestrate your torture with roots of culture  
The pill brimage to the line of scrimmage up against  
your image  
Where life is a heist, and the strong get a percentage

It's ill as a war and within' it I'm the lieutenant  
That surrounds you like a peninsula to snatch the  
pennant  
You fold like Japan's futons and fans  
While I design a plan to make a rapper step like a  
pedestrian  
I crush a mountain into grands of sand  
Your pain stains the hand that held the mic inserted to  
the stand  
The desperado, that refuse to follow  
The fifth aficionado, break you up into parts like  
vibrato

I deep like the dark of the night  
Niggaz is sweet and sound silly when they talk on the  
mic  
They use the simple back and forth the same old  
rhythm that's plain  
I'd rather ultra magnetize your brain  
It's the Hip-Hop purist, that leave you lost like a tourist  
Inside the chorus, niggaz is bringin' nothin' for us  
As we breakin' 'em down to fractions, tell your  
squadron  
It's time to go to war respond react

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