

The Roots

"Dave vs. US"

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yo momma went on moose (?)
our soldiers took 'em all
she pulled 'em in the street
that street said I smell feet

[chorus x2]

she wanna know if we can be together
man even if it ain't gon' be forever
well it can only be for one night
the only thing I ever loved in my life was the mic

Trust me it's somethin' bout the way I touch her
the way that I hold her, the way I cut her
She move a lot but that ain't shit to me
man, I need that bitch and that bitch need me
And I ain't even talkin' bout R.A.P.
them other ladies be the same, they no worry me (uh)
Sit back, I spit that shit that get better than
make a veteran sit back
Cruisin, mic check one twos
and if y'all not us then that's why y'all losin
Ate up, no time to wake up
No masquerades, nigga move the makeup
Just do it, put the hop into it
and when y'all lose it don't blame the music
Half y'all fell in love with the whore
the question is if you don't love her what you fuckin'
her for, nigga?

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

she wanna know if we can be together
man even if it ain't gon' be forever
well it can only be for one night
the only thing I ever loved in my life was the mic

fucks the problem? dawg we mobbin'
the squad roll thicker than some hemoglobin
I'll scare y'all quicker than a mean ol' goblin
ain't no bullshit, me and my amigos poppin' (huh)
we get started ain't gon' be no stoppin
you gon' jump because it ain't gon' be no option

I'm totally contagious black rans the gauge ya
language
black thought aka, larry davis (huh)
got rhymes runnin' off the pages
tighter than the Bushes with the saudi arabians
darker than a oil well, sharp as a sabertooth tiger
ridin' on a straight edge razor
you walk talkin' on a two way pager
til ya main thing gettin' me the captain saver
I hold black sly cuz I be the fan of the mic
grip tight like is not gonna tear ya huh
the hip biatch she ain't ya diop
all that, in a banana cognac diatch
pony hair coat, my boots is ostriach
black ink back
turn me up another ne-otch HUH

[Chorus]

young truck in this fuckin' game
what a nigga is, if he runnin' the game
I bring pain from the summer to sprang
spit game, get ya chick, make her leave wit the game
wanna talk a little shit i'll make ya walk wit a cane
got 'em half steppin' like they walk wit cane
here I am, R-A-W, raw
truck North introducin' y'all
the way I slang game make ya dame insane
I'm superman, not clark kent to lois lane
I'm out for the paper, y'all out for the fame
there's five left in your fifteen minutes of fame
I ain't got no problems bringin' drama to y'all
you'll never score like a punter runnin' with the ball
I squeeze mics 'til the cords is sore
It's truck North, the man and the myth signin' off, yo

[Chorus]

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