

The Roots

"Don't Say Nuthin'"

Visit "[Don't Say Nuthin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah! that all mighty amazing, ill, highly contagious
Kamikaze south splash like it shot from a gauge
Until your body sound clash, head of the class, Magna
Cum Laude
Beats bring the beast out me, flagrant, foul rowdy

Reed pipe but deed tight, disposition keep on flipping
Keep 'em playing they position
Keep making the people listen what I spin, put 'em out
on a limb
Got tears, got blood, got sweat, leaking out of the pen

Y'all fake niggas not setting a trend
We never listen to them, it's like trying to take a piss in
the wind
My home team doing visitors in, yo don't test 'em
They all standing close to the edge, so don't stress 'em

Now who the type built to last? It's no question, the
master
Villain in black wit no stets in my sound
Hitting you hard from every direction
Your head and your shoulder, area your midsection
dawg

When the saint on the ground with his nine on line
With the niggaz who grind with King Kong hittin'
Thailand
Give it here and don't say nuthin'
Just give it here, give it here and don't say nuthin'

When the team on the set with the guns gone clap
Gettin' down on everything, hmmm, cut the check
Give it here, give it here and don't say nuthin'
I'm sayin' give it here and don't say nuthin'

Yeah, Illadel! Home of the original gun clappers
Out on the wrong corner, your shit'll get spun
backwards
You got the fool wanting the rules, enter at risk
Or your own nana'll keep a gat under the mattress

Shorties running reckless from Philly to Texas
Surprising what niggas willing to do to get a necklace
Some emotions felt better left unexpressed at times
Niggas' crime record longer than a guest list

Yes, I done seen things you wouldn't believe
Seen people reach levels thought they'd never achieve
Silhouettes waiting in the wings ready to D
Thirst decide or need at least a buck to breathe

C'mon! stick up kids, they be out to tax
Most times they be sticking you without the gats
I'll still be on the grind when it all collapse
And if it's my worst bar then I'm a take it right back
nigga

When the saint on the ground with his nine on line
With the niggaz who grind with King Kong hittin'
Thailand
Give it here and don't say nuthin'
Just give it here, give it here and don't say nuthin'

When the team on the set with the guns gone clap
Gettin' down on everything, hmmm, cut the check
Give it here, give it here and don't say nuthin'
I'm sayin' give it here and don't say nuthin'

Yeah, it ain't nothin' like I rush I get, in front of the band
On stage wit the planet in the palm of my hand
When a brother transform, from anonymous man
To the force, crush whoever might have thought I was
playin'

I'ma flame some, sentence the shit, the cold twist to
slang
Thicker than big boy baby, mom, sister pain
Beyond measure, relaxed under pressure
You see the master piece, but to me it's unperfected

Give it here Geffen Records, I'm off the handle
Cut the check, and yo it better be as heavy as anvil
Next joint comin', all bets is cancelled
Nigga black ink, red was a G financial

We finna have the whole industry at a stand still
See me put the system on lock like can pill
So get wit them endorsements and call reinforcements
'Cause my click come a full sizable portions

When the saint on the ground with his nine on line
With the niggaz who grind with King Kong hittin'

Thailand

Give it here and don't say nuthin'

Just give it here, give it here and don't say nuthin'

When the team on the set with the guns gone clap

Gettin' down on everything, hmmm, cut the check

Give it here, give it here and don't say nuthin'

I'm sayin' give it here and don't say nuthin'

Visit [The Roots](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.