

The Roots

"Get Busy"

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Look, my squad half-Mandrill, half-Mandela
My band 'bout seventy strong just like Fela
Yeah, part Melle-Mel, part Van Halen
And we represent Illadel, where they still rebeffin'

Hey yo, Sicko show like Mike Moore
My city ain't nothin' like yours
Slippin' into darkness like war
Nightcrawl with the lights off

You see a lot of life lost for the white horse
Regardless, the charges makin' us all targets
All on the red carpet, guns from the black market
Eh, who got the politicians in they back pocket?

Pimp slap, pump that, give me that profit
When you make contact, give me that gossip
If you break contract, you'll be that hostage
They gettin' busy and the city is raw
Better dead bolt the door, it ain't safe no more

Southside get busy y'all
Northside get busy y'all
Westside get busy y'all
Worldwide get busy y'all

Get busy y'all
Get busy y'all
Get busy y'all
Get busy y'all

Approach with caution, be cautious, when talkin' to
bosses
I feel I've been through a metamorphosis
I'm mutated by unknown forces, the feelin' of course is
Somethin' that's hard to describe

I'm half-dead, never felt more alive
Reborn, remove the gold coins from my eyes
I've been down but now I'm back up
I'm 'bout to act up, boy you better back up

When you see me set up shop, know to pack up
'Cause I crack up when a rapper get slapped up
Number one reason y'all should give rap up
Dice, it's mines, I got it all wrapped up

I'm kinda like W.E.B. DuBois
Meets Heavy D And The Boyz, smooth as a Rolls Royce
Built like a tank, smokin' on dank
Walkin' through the Guggenheim, Raw Life, Black Ink

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Now, on your mark, uh-huh, get set
Go cop everythin' you ever heard by Peed Crakk
Dice Raw and Black, fuck the Internet
Buy a baseball bat, break a bootlegger leg

All I listen to is vets, you're fresh off the step
I'll come directly at your OG neck
I'm used to the 1, 2 check, not the 1, 2 step
I'm strapped, I'll leave every cat among you wet

Now let's go, you know I'm politically incorrect
At the show, I start it with a can I get a hoe?
And the hoe's go retarded
The po-po tape off the stage for caution

It's bad lands, North Philly get it in
It's Crakk man, used to back spin
Now I spend stacks and stacks
And Uncle Sam tryin' to tax all my hard earned raps
Damn, we makin' Yens, Pesos, Euros, we representin'

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