

# The Roots

## "Here I Come"

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[Chorus 2X]

He said yeah  
You better come out with your hands up  
We got you surrounded  
I'm in the back  
Changin my outfit  
He said blink  
We gonna send the hounds in  
I said wait  
Cause here I come  
Here I come  
Here I come  
You boys get ready  
Cause here I come  
Here I come  
Here I come

[Verse]

I'm soul brother one hunted  
How much charisma  
Could another one stomach  
If I be the prisoner then I wasn't more cunning  
Or wise  
If I come outside I'm not running  
Stone lone wolf of the pack  
The unwanted  
I really got nothin to hide  
I'm bout cuttin  
Go out in a blaze  
Wouldn't pop one button  
I'm a murk half hurt leave the cop dogs huntin  
The pretty black one in the group  
The smooth villain under fire  
Cause I'm pennin the words that move millions  
Slide right in front of your eyes true brilliance  
It's a new bad boy on the rise  
Who feelin it  
New true skill in it  
Y'all the roots still in it  
Ready plus willin it's all the true killer shit  
You know we got them  
Involved

We too diligent  
They say the music is strong and too militant

[Chorus]

Yo  
Black Inc raw life  
In this whatumacallit  
Weed smokin junkie alcoholic  
One foot in the grave  
One foot in the toilet  
Still I'm onstage  
In front of an audience  
Disturbing the peace  
And the local ordinance  
My eta  
I'll arrive by morning  
Money long like the arms on Alonzo Mourning  
Vampire chicks suck blood  
Dusk to dawnin  
Waitin to catch me sleep  
But I'm not yawnin  
They in the vip  
At the garden  
They gon jump me  
When I stop performing  
I got something for them  
Behind the organ  
I always roll deep  
With my squadron  
The sheriff out front  
Gonna sic the dogs in  
That nigger talkin bout he got warrants

[Chorus]

I'm in the darkness  
Heartless  
Fuck you regardless  
Move with hardness  
Y'all just pressin charges  
It's often injury  
Floss and force my entry  
This penitentiary  
Knockin niggers for centuries  
It's elementary  
Like KRS and evidently  
Incidents  
They all stress  
I'm lawless  
That's my problem

Evolve  
And never solve them  
Chill in Harlem  
Bang you  
Bring you stardom  
You full of boredom  
Bastard you been aborted  
Bring your neck out  
Bring the tech out  
Absorb it  
See you check out  
And then step out  
The orbit  
Blow your flesh out  
Till I'm fressh out my torment  
Street apostle  
Pop shit  
Preach the Gospel  
Still I'm hostile  
Sippin a duece When possible  
Turn into a monster  
Grouchy  
Gimme the Oscar  
Hit you like vodka  
Then screech off in a Mazda

[Chorus 2X]

Yo

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