

The Roots "I'm Out Deah"

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[Black Thought]
Uhh.. the molecular mass
of that rhythmic ass grass
is organic hip-hop jazz
that you are all about to witness
Groovy units check it owwwwt..

The nappy cat, Black Thought, digs the NasteeFatJazz
Artifacts and cardiac cerebral action
Retro is my Roots for my peoples with the plats and
braids are twist clean, cuts or fros beneath the hats
and
do the dance, does I boogie backs to relax -- I does
Concentrate, it's not be natural as the grass
Hail the exit-in and let's begin yo take a dip and soul
I spill the normal knot yo kid I got that for your ass
Slips and I drips like butta
Melodic mad noise if you dig it peace to ya
If not, catch a lift to the level of my mental for a
smidgen
of my spirit just a little dab'll do ya
Your butts to the cuts dig the buds of my killa
Rememberin the hot, dolla parties of the cellar
I'm deep, ghetto child of some chocolate, complected
groovy head to toe, plus crazy cooler than vanilla
I catch a slap five from my man, that's my mellow
Unique style I speak be the goods that I petal
I'm stoned blam, to the known, known around the city
of Philly that's my home, for makin wack rappers settle
It bein that I'm blem, kid I kicks, in the mix
Rhythm be the quick, fix from the sticks of my Brother
A lot of kids, diss these days I'm not amazed
cause I pays no, mind and lift the roof off the, mutha

Just because I'm out deah
I say peace to all my peoples who be out deah
To hip cats and nappy sweets you're crazy out deah
Just like my Foreign Objects because you're out deah
Just like that sister ? you know you're out deah
Just like the man, Manifest, you know you're out deah
Just like my cousin Shawn G, you're crazy out deah
To Butterfly like dat, you know you're out deah

to get up out!

Brainiac, Black's the mind, color funk, fuse the gut
I catch the what's when I kick it
Mysterious the maker of the raps crazy naps so I lacks
the cut, and got a fro but can't pick it
C-Not's my nigga knows the news of the nappy cats
Crowns and kicks, and how it ease the mind
Yo freak freak ya don't ya don't stop
Cause The Roots got the body rock shit
with the twist for your spine, bring it back, UHH!
Fat is my flow that's fluidic
The critics ain't with it, then their domes is beneath
We be the Funk, Four mind as one umm, Crumbs umm
he told us peace, it was against his beliefs
We couldn't live with him cool, with that out we gon'
sprout
the record of The Roots to show my attitude is out
I'm on some crazy linear shit, takin a hit during my set
to let, these niggaz know what I'm about
I'm all about the funk, that's relaxed for your state of
mind
Snaps is cool, if layin back is the ever
The unity of Bootsee's grin, growin, cause the juice
began
as just deuce, groovy flaves that taste, blam together
I likes that, so doin Bobby Mick, ain't ridic', to this
In fact, that's the pen, hey yo direct
from The Tunnels Never Never via satellite
Here comes The Roots, now dig the shits I said

To all my peoples, cause I'm out deah
Just like the group The Rhythmic Tricks because you're
out deah
And the group The Soul Plants yeah you're out deah
Just like I said, Remedy is crazy out deah
To ? and Tin-Tin, I think you're out deah
And to my son whose name is Crumbs you know you're
out deah
I'm Black Thought to the beat and yo I'm out deah
And yo my group is called The Roots because we're out
deah
to get up out

Uhh, abstract organic artistry
Thought is he, that I be
Gravity does not hold me down
As I rise from the ground into sound
Melting browns drip like wax
Building blocks, nappy cat
Blazes acts, filling facts

Mental sax, sweet mental sax
Sweet mental horn, taking the physical form
of a storm of abnorm-ality, re-ality's
lo-cality, vo-cality, low calorie NOT
I got the fat shit y'all
I got the fat shit y'all
I got the fat shit y'all
I got the fat, shit, y'all..

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