

The Roots

"Live From the D.J. Stretch Armstrong Show"

Visit "[Live From the D.J. Stretch Armstrong Show](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

after 2 minutes of talking

[Bobbito]

Yo so let's get the mic burned, open it up

[Black Thought]

Yes I, check it out

It's like, you listen to the musician

Umbilicle mic, my syllable strikes ya vision

I take you through a tunnel of thought, wit no support

Now you got caught off guard, by the number one scar
for the Illa-Fifth

Lyrically for feelin this, Black Thought yo the skill
assisted

By the Mal-ik B, the symbol you remember me to be
type valid

Disasterous, the master just bust this, for the listener

Black Thought yo, while I exhibit the

Styles, from the artist, boast strokes of lyrical
darkness, enter the style

Severin rooms just like apartments, ill flavor

I'm a skyscraper by nature

Down wit my number one neighbor, Common

>From the city of Illinois, you destroy when we bombin,
what?

Off the top-a, the dome lyric-al don-datta Mr. Trotter

Aiyyo we gotta lotta MC's, on the line of this ready to
rhyme

So I'm just gon' set go down wit mine, rewind, check it
out

[Common]

I persue sound fairs, relaxed like Dru Down's hair

Other niggas rhymes are like gang signs, I throw down
theirs

On Knotts I Landed, players get played like Hamlet

Supposedly nice, taken for granted like life

I write twice and drop singles in record pools

Niggas I'm dunkin like when cops mingle, fuck hip hop
jingles

Rhymin big words and not sayin shit

The click that you came in wit, the accent you flavor

whipped

I got my nigga Tariq, I freak it in the middle of the week
Niggas is weak an' and I start to speakin
Niggas start to leakin, my nigga Derek D an'
I'm foreseein the future, funky for human beings
Like I was the Biz Mark, I bring the noise iller
Com Sense'll be the rhyme killer, I spill a
Little bit of juice to a MC who need a new producer
Got my nigga Y-Not in the spot and I rock like crack
I'm ready to attack, Thoughts is Black
Niggas understand the intelligence and relevance to
this rhyme
I Stretch a nigga all across the line like I was Bobbito or
Armstrong
Com's song'll keep goin, I start the holdin
My flowin is turnin to earth
The birth is comin through, listenin to cut old school
laughin
?Tremblin when it came down the shoot?

[Pharoahe Monch]

(Pharoahe) Yeah yeah (Pharoahe) yeah yeah
(Pharoahe) yeah yeah yo
Always beginnin em, forever blendin them, bendin em
again and again
Sendin em back, lettin em know that minimum wages
Subliminally befriending em for criminal ac-tivity
Mics I chop like Florida State Seminoles wit criminal
facts
And milly ac-tually I piss on your promotional wax
It'll be tight but only this, what nigga swears he's the
nicest
Just because he got rhyme of the month twice
Four mic devices, the gem star blade the shit slices
Rip-trip-chop-chop-chop and dices, Absolute
Absolute uh, Absolute uh, Absolute uh (kill it)

[Absolute]

Yes, rippin the microphone
My words will enlight your dome
When I'm quick to strike your home just like Capone
N-Noreaga, wit The War Report, my orrator will
slaughter yours
Still waitin for the beat to come in, I'm dangerous like
Satan
Eatin bacon in front of a Muslim, I'll battle you and your
cousin
It's the beef for black attack
When I, yes quick to subtract the wack
When I go from track to track, bouncin in the mounds
and coutin

Flowin like water from a fountain when I deliver
Like water from a river makin you shiver
That's for sore, the connoisseur rippin ill-literature
Yes, but I'm about to get deeper
You'll catch a ill reflection from listenin too close to the
speaker
When I reach ya, it's gettin more clearer, outta the era

[Black Thought]

It's like this, we keep you open like a parachute
Took a shot of hip hop, it's Absolute
For my man from the House of Representatives
And turn it out, ayyo I always do, that's what I'ma bout
ta
Do I show you a style and throw you?
For all competitors, Black Thought comin through the
seckle 'cause
I'm the superior style and you inferior
Let me adjust my voice so you can hear me ta--
Bust rule the, microphone
Pure skills, nuttin but it, all of a sudden
MC's just start to studded from the rap style
Hey yo let me rewind check it out, check it out
Well it's the, deranged style that change formats and
forms
I swarm like killa bees for feelin these fantasies
MC's throw a tantrum, I sing the Fifth Anthem
Ayyo it's like this, my song thump your preference
You can never attempt to reach that where my level is
Black Thought severin competitives, off the dome top
Yo my microphone stop, my man Com just drop

[Common]

And don't halt, I guess it was my fault
I came through thick like a malt, niggas tried to pour
salt
But never knew the flavor, my shit is accented from
Chicago
Niggas follow, hold the water bottle
My shit'll keep flowin
Now I'm showin this poetry in motion like a picure
Read the scripture, understood the first New
Testament
Start to blessin it
The shit is like this, where the beat went
I give MC's the silent treatment
They tried to come against me, I told em they wasn't
fresh
Rappers I Crush, Kill and Destroy like Stress
Extinction Agenda, Com Sense'll just send a-nother
Mothafucker to the bathroom, he didn't have room to

shit on the mic
That I had, it's like the nigga Com Sense, I don't need a
pad
Off the dome, my shit'll roam/Rome like a Greek
I start to speak, and niggas sound extra weak/week
Like seven days, I take ya seven whole days like Tony
Never been a phony, Express styles like a Pony
Hold ya horses, Com Sense read The Sources
Toss this type of shit that go straight through, I lost this
One time, it came back the rap sunshine
Niggas follow me like one time
Check it out nig-- my man Absolute is unsigned, ready
to get it on
It's like this upon the mic yo I sit upon

[Pharoahe Monch]

Yo yo, check it out now, one time now, Pharoahe Monch
yo
It's not breaks at the bar, even if you a star
Wit me and my crew baby doll you won't go far
I seek the love of Allah, the laws I lay
Peepin the upper echelon of light display
Funk distributed rap pro, attributed to facts so
Cleverly put, more revolutions than a axel
The sad slow nigga much smoother than Coltrane
Who can cop beats that I chop like cocaine
The effortless action wit moves like subtraction
Lip, stick and admit wit mo' satisfaction
And all the while my beats can pile up
More data than X-File shows all added up
The educated nigga from Queens, by any means
Servin any fiends, similar to Supreme Team
But like steam I will rise to the top to redeem the cream
For niggas who fiend for hip hop
I pop glock and bla-block shot and chop spots
>From top notch cops to bust from a crotch
Positioning, what Absolute, what c'mon c'mon kick the
dome

[Absolute]

The last word was precision so I get a vision
And makin sentences on top of your cranium
Underground, sub-terranean
Crossin the Mediterranean, water to slaughter MC's
Who can't catch across the border
Lookin across, the window, not a nympho
Lookin at my man, the Jedi duck when the lead fly
My man just took a picture, so I just snapped it
Lookin at the man who got the joint in his back shit, the
back shit
I pack shit but it's never like an automatic

I'm causin static just like the opposite of Bounce
I get, throwing mad amounts
Look at my man Bobbito and Stretch
I gotta catch the beat
I'm never come off weak 'cause weak is the opposite of
strong
I used to smoke the bong but now I got the Heineken
It's my turn to rhyme again
Don't need to be greedy, I give my old gear to the
needy
Used to write graffiti 'cause I got the burner
You might not get that but you I pass it back to my man
wit the head wrap
Yo

talking and shoutouts to end

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

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