

The Roots

"Proceed II"

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Welcome to The Roots, The Roots

Check it, check it, Black Thought is in the house
And uhh, Malik B is in the house
We're groovin' out, yes in the house
Just get on the mic with your master plan

I can make you dance, I can make you shout
The scripts in the scroll turned the whole party out
Inject my lyrics in a sec with dialect
Why accept, because it's from the highest eye and
depth

Rap extraordinary share me never ever
See through because I be true, Malik's together
Into X your cells till your brain vein swells
Niggaz'll claim terror when their never parallel

Once I have a hunch that there's MC's that front
I just crunched a whole bunch, in one big munch
I always stand firm, under any term
My actions never squirm 'cuz my tracks is perm

I have a tendency to defend this MC
My residency is simply in sensei
I makes it vivid, on different continents of earth I pivot
It seems extreme and exquisite but ask it is it

My style is like a cat from a seventies flick
Talkin' jive as he strut with his afro pick
Or a predator, just before he stalks his pray
When I talk this way, I do dismay

See you're puzzled, now how I think you're trying to
juggle
My mind is like a nine M double, now there's trouble
The Roots bring you styles and all types of creed
I sign off but I shall proceed

I shall, proceed and continue, to rock the mic
I shall, proceed and continue, to rock the mic
I shall, proceed and continue, to rock the mic

I shall, proceed and continue, to rock the mic

Yo, we could get fly, we could get fly
We could get fly that's the anthem of my
Crew not to glorify but it's sorta high
Troubles of the world bring tears to my eye wonder why

My man, can't vaccinate, y'all know the fate
Similar to the way I'm a disease on tape
To escape Metropolis is such a violent state
I spill words over pages, styles over phrases

From the world's different stages for crowds of
different ages
Though not a nova, you witness like Jehovah
Now niggaz beg for lyrical plague to pass them over
Righ right niggaz is like stick up kids

Doin' bids you got caught, enter the Black Thought
I interface with bass when I communicate
Crowds I elevate, to another mindstate of
Rap thinking, see musically the Black thinking rhythm

Therefore, I give em what I'm giving, therefore
I give em what I'm giving that's the hardcore
The Roots'll keep it real for sure and I shall proceed

I shall, proceed and continue, to rock the mic
I shall, proceed and continue, to rock the mic
I shall, proceed and continue, to rock the mic
I shall, proceed and continue, to rock the mic

Rockin' on the microphone I do this well
Rockin' on the microphone I do this well
Rockin' on the microphone I do this well

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