

The Roots

"Proceed III"

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Rock on, to the break of dawn
Freak on to the early morn
Khadafi and Sue-kwon, you got it goin on
To my man Big Shawn, you got it goin on, now, yo
You got The Roots in the house
We also got Bahamadia in the house, representin
lovely
With you ears now proceed
It's flavor you wouldn't believe as we proceed

Chorus:

I shall... proceed... and continue... to rock the mic (2X)

Verse One: Malik B

Let's, kill all the small talk, and just elaborate
The Roots collaborate I see myself as rather great
How the words generate, whole crews disintergrate
when I penetrate
As if in the course flow with intensive force
You best to go and check your source about my textual
course
Simplicity, it sounds complex, you might miss it
But after you critique it you can kiss it
I'm assissting fire force that leaves statistics
When identify niggaz simplify you'll feel no sympathi
My lyrics send you on a permanent excursion
I never would decide when your lifespan was
submergin
My style is urban not surburban when I'm splurgin
Gosh these MC's I wash more than detergent
I can split the Red Sea but deadly
Take heed, illadelph style as I proceed

Chorus

Verse Two: Bahamadia

Bahamadia hits the melodies mellowly
Brand new, funk doobie, choosy with the tactics
when I gets Raw, like Dice, nice

with the flavor, Do You Want More?!?!?!?
Of the Organix, pure
Eargasmatic, from Distortion to Statics
Automatic, systematic
I'm nasty at it
So hand me the five micaphones like they did Illmatic
One time for the mind
Rhyme be coming from an illadelph state of mind
The real is not whole or half time
all the time, and I shall proceed
I'm movin on baby, I shall proceed
To remain, on point like an infrared beam
Succeed, in chasing out the ultraviolet dreams
No Mas like Shorty, 'cause it's all about me

Chorus

Verse Three: Black Thought

Black and handsome, holdin MC's for ransome
Thoughts command some, is this, a phantom?
Crews I mangle, y'all know my anthem ain't the Star
Spangled
I hit you from the most bizarre angle, rectangular
visions of papes my mind conceive
Motivatin me to acheive as I must proceed
when I ride the train, traumatized to maintain
but laid back, the tracks can relax the brain
I got to deal with everything on this intelligent plain
Servin as a killer
to the pain I live a High Life like Miller
Me and the mic's mechanized
Respect recognize with mind beyond wise
Limitless when I bless the mic with speak
Dialect never weak, y'all niggaz know Tarik
From seven-fifth Snider Ave. got the flavor you need
For the ingredients indeed so to the lead I shall
proceed

Chorus *fades*

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