

## The Roots

# "Proceed IV (AJ Shine's Proceed w/o a Pause)"

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Here we go  
Heh heh here we go  
Heh, heh heh, heh heh, heh here we go  
Heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, here we go  
Heh heh, heheheheh, here we go  
Heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, here we go  
Heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, heh, heh heh  
heh heh, heh, heh heh, heh, heh heh \*fades\*

Verse One: Malik B

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 extraordinaire share me never ever  
See through because I be true, Malik's together  
Intox your cells till your brain vein swells  
\*gunshot\* claim terror when their never pallel  
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 'cause my tracks is perm  
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

Chorus:

I shall, proceed, and continue, to rock the mic (4X)

Verse Two: Black Thought

Yo, we could get fly, we could get fly  
We could get fly that's the anthem of my  
crew not to glorify still 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  
Within a world of hate many mics I \*gunshot\*  
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 \*gunshot\* beg for lyrical plague to pass them  
over  
Right right n----z 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 a higher 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

Chorus:

I shall, proceed, and continue, to rock the mic (7X)  
I shall, proceed, and continue, to rock the to rock the to  
rock the...

Representin, the planet, West Oakland  
The A-to-the-J, dip to the dollar, the sign, the shine  
Watch the Heat, Productions  
Red Hot, and Cool, youknowwhat!msayin?

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