

## The Roots "Respond/React"

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It's jazzy, hip-hop hanging in my head heavy  
Malik said, "Riq, you know the planet ain't ready, for  
the half"

Boy, we comin' with the action pack  
On some Dundee shit representin' the Outback

Yo, we do it like this  
(All the way live from 2-1-5)  
You witnessin' the fifth dynasty family click  
(All the way live from 2-1-5)  
Across the map, one time for your  
(All the way live from 2-1-5)  
It's time to react, to respond, to react, to respond  
(All the way live from 2-1-5)

We setting it from South Side pushing this up north  
From Illadelphian reps to fly points across the map  
Bring it back to respond/react  
To bring it back to respond/react to this

The attractive assassin, blastin' the devil trespassin'  
Master gettin' cash in a orderly fashion  
Message to the fake nigga flashin'  
Slow up Oc before you get dropped  
And closed like a caption

Fractional kids don't know the time for action  
Styles got the rhythm that of an Anglo Saxon  
Round of applause then avalanche a clappin'  
(Plow)  
That's what happen, now what's your reaction?

We heavyweight traction, pro-pornographin'  
Specialize in science and math and original black men  
Bustin' thoughts that pierce your mental defense  
Rippin' your sacks and vocal toe to toe impeccable

Splittin' your backs son, simple as addition and  
subtraction  
Black thought, the infinite relaxed one  
Shorties say they love it with a passion  
Bring the international charm, see a squad I harass

(React)

You best adapt when I sling this rap  
Another chapter, before when I have to trap ya  
Map your whole path out, go get your crowd so we can  
clap out  
I drive down streets and take back route positionin'

When I'm in your system like glycerin  
Fans listenin', from Michigan to Switzerland  
Malik be blitzed again, on the station with the discipline  
Solicitin', sometimes illicit or explicit with it then

From the deep end where the hills are steep  
Nobody cares to speak, a land where life is cheap  
The street mentality mixed with the intellect  
Personality, hell where I dwell is well

Niggas rebellious, bodies are found down in the cellars  
My man caught a shot to the stomach, now who want it?  
Confronted by these dusty blunted cats  
Who act like they don't know  
That the fact is that they're being hunted

A process of elimination, activate your mind with the  
stimulation  
Enter your zone with penetration  
I've seen more horror than Bram Stoker  
(Uh huh)  
Strip your broad a play poker, then drink mocha  
(Uh huh)

The sometimes socializer, the joke despiser  
You woke the wiser, dealin' with the Roots vocalizer  
I bring your flesh from South Philly to West  
I stampede your style, I'll compile then bless

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Hey yo, I'm just a lyricist, a chemist of the hemp  
(Uh huh)  
The beat pimp, the ill Philly resident  
That's far from hesitant, corrupt like a president

Never benevolent but poetically prevalent

Cooler than peppermint

The lieutenant for niggas talkin' 'bout represent

No doubt, it's obviously evident I get bent

Far from temporary son I'm very permanent

Hittin' M.C.'s like an intoxicant

Sent to prevent, monopoly is my intent

The means is what I invent, this mental murder pay the rent

Lyrically I'm the dominant ingredient, the swift extravagant

Smooth lubricant, down with the m-the-ill-itant

That's the sound of the dynasty chant

We surround your camp, assumin' the war stance

And bring it from the chest, now let's dance

M-ill-itant

(What?)

Feel the fifth gorilla chant

Ya'll talk about bodies, but you would not kill a ant

My skill is amp, would peel a nigga like a stamp

Caliber is of Excalibur now you be damp

When I operate a crop or copulate my game

I make a womb populate and 2-1-5th is this stock of hate

Peep the logistics, slump your squad of misfits

They all get they wrists slit, blast your ass if you insist it

Leave no trace so there's no trace for ballistics

Turn your soul and body to statistics

In particular I've got that extracurricular

Squad in the stash who could be sticking ya

Slip and they vicking ya

Harass your police commissioner

Don't like chicks with weaves talking bout, "I need conditioner"

That shit's deader than niggas with a morticianer

A janaza, up in your flesh like plasma

Take away your last breath when you got asthma

Then meet Bad Lou down at the plaza

Hip-hop extravaganza, tell your man I slump him with a stanza

Now who's the boss? Not Tony Danza

My force not green but the force is obscene

P.O. took a piss test it came out not clean  
Brody with my man Miz-Moose and Hakeem  
My squad from deuce-four up the West Oak Lane

All the way to Takahwana and Frankfurt they know the  
name  
It's like that  
(M-ill-itant)  
M-ill-itant

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To bring it back to respond/react, c'mon

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