

The Roots "Rising Down"

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Hello, hello, hello, hello
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Every anywhere, heights, plains, peaks or valleys
Entrances, exits, vestibules and alleys
Windin' roads that test the firm nerve
Fortune or fatal behind the blind curve

The engine oil purr, lights flash to a blur
Speed work through the earth make your motor go
scurrr
Tonight at noon watch a bad moon risin'
Identities in crisis and conflict diamonds

Blindin', starin' at lights 'til they cryin'
Bone, gristle poppin' from continuous grindin?
Grapes of wrath in a shapely glass
Ingredients influential on your ways and acts

Zero tolerance to raise the tax
It don't matter how your gates is latched
You ain't safe from the danger jack
Made a way before they made the map
Or a GPS this is DEF, leader

I know where I'm goin? even when it's dark
I?m being led down that road
Hello, hello, hello, hello
You don't see that something?s wrong
Earth's spinnin? outta control
Hello, hello, hello, hello

Everything's for sale, even souls
Someone get God on the phone
Hello, hello, hello, hello
Northside, nigga, Southside
Hello, hello, hello
Shit?s poppin? off worldwide
Hello, hello, hello

Between the greenhouse gases and earth spinnin? off
its axis
Got mother nature doin? back flips, the natural
disasters
It's like 80 degrees in Alaska
You in trouble if you not an Onasis

It ain't hard to tell that the conditions is drastic
Just turn on the telly, check for the news flashin?
How you want it bagged, paper or plastic?
Lost in translation or just lost in traffic?

Yo, I don't wanna floss, I done lost my passion
And I ain?t tryin' to climb, yo I lost my traction
They makin' me break, my contents under pressure
Do not shake, I'm workin? while the boss relaxin?

Here come Mr. Taxman, he leavin? a fraction, give me
back some
Matter fact next paycheck it's like that son
I'll fuck around and have to hurt a few men
They probably chalk it up as a disturbin' new trend,
hello

I know where I'm goin? even when it's dark
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Should I say hello or should I say that hell is low?
Am I nigga or a Negro? I'm an African American
They sell drugs in the hood but the man
He move the medicine

He'll prescribe you all-med for everythin'
A little stuffy nose, tell you get some Claritin
You know I'm hip to it and it?s hard to claim the land
When my great, great, great, grands were shipped to it

Look at technology, they call it downloadin'

I call it downsizin', somebody follow me
Does a computer chip have an astrology
And when it fuck up could it give you an apology?

Should it say hello or should it say, ?Goodbye??
Try to understand how smart and how hood am I
It don't matter though
Until we learn that the world don't turn right
We all oughta the scatter though

I know where I'm goin? even when it's dark
And being led down that road
Hello, hello, hello, hello
You don't see that something?s wrong
Earth's spinnin? outta control
Hello, hello, hello, hello

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Someone get God on the phone
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