

The Roots

"Somebody's Gotta Do It"

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Somebody's gotta be there when it gets ugly
Somebody's gotta be there when it gets bloody
Somebody's gotta get their hands dirty
Yo, it's a fucked up job but somebody's gotta do it

Somebody's gotta come up with a plan
And be there when the shit hits the fan
I hope ya'll out there understand
Look man it's a fucked up job, but somebody's gotta do
it

Yeah ya'll, ideal for a lyrical perfectionist
Raw, that's what every soldier in my collective is
Thought, control level is that of a gold medalist
My level headedness make it come off so effortless

The rebel is a opposite extreme of devilish
Back setting it with the answer to your deficit
My track record is hot shit, consecutive
Smug, I got game just like a record executive

A kiss to the feminine girls loving a gentlemen
A genius slash gangsta with a skill for swindling
Bet on black, bet these cats that's all gelatin
Will fall back spittin' them raps that's unintelligent

Raps that cap, rabid rattlin' out the gattlin'
Crippling rhymes whistlin' past, blow you back in
Smellin' your blood now I'm huntin'
Blowin' your front in for frontin' what up cousin?
Oh, now it's nothin'

Yo, you can't go beyond a point of no returning
I flip like my name Turner
That's for certain nigga, Ted Turner, Nat Turner, nigga
Ike Turner
The raw sojourner for truth, the mic burner, yeah

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Mic malevolence defies violence I inherited
Others just rentin' it like rooms at the Sheraton
I gotta jones like Vanessa in the devil in
And y'all cold like a show in the Netherlands

Cold shoulders and frozen aortic valves
So I don't form pals, conform to norms, morals
different
Gifted, use it to shift shit
A mutant shape shifter when I spit it I'm liquid

You could lick a million shots at the character of the
body shell
They'll just ricochette nigga aura's hard as hell
Before there was ain't hard to tell
The mic's cycle coincided right with mine as well

Since a minor I walked with the spine upstraight
I learned to rhyme to feed the dinner plate
I scraped barrel, even dined up on wine and steaks
'Cuz in the bone same marrow that apartheid chased

The narrow margin with the haves and the have nots
Will get smaller as I approach, so watch your stash box
Fox logo if your fave is local
Get bruised till you're the color of the Laker's logo, this
is work niggas

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I made it, ain't nobody believe in me
But this rap game is like selling coke legally
Ain't no innovations, that takes concentration
Nigga's celebrating not knowing the time they wasting

Killin' mics is one of my aesthetics
Rip very live so I'm an entertainer like Cedric
Shit they play on radio's now give me a headache
Can't slow me down I know where I'm headed

The profit on kill if you let it nigga's feeling energetic
Wanna rumble, guns will come out here come the
paramedics
I'm just trying to live like I've Devin tired of my people
failin'
We all sin, the devil, what did I tell 'em

Somebody gotta get their hands dirty and shoes
muddy
I see things vividly, ya'll vision is blurry
Even if you hate, through my music you gone love
Everybody with me and they was with me when it was
ugly

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