

## The Roots

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[Part Two]

[Malik B]

It' the R-to the, double-O to the, T-S an'  
Yo yo, it's the R to the, double-O to the, T-S an' yo  
When I strike to excite, I just aim, I never miss  
Embrace you wit a hug of death, give your ass a slight  
kiss  
Toxic words that spill over pages, for ages  
Impacts like M-16's to twelve gauges  
The rage is still in me, never act too friendly  
Scully down creepin while you tilted off Henny  
Many man begin pure but in this world of sin your  
Holdin tight my mor-al by in-jure  
We scramble, because this game life is the gamble  
Vandalize your terrain, go against the grain  
Invade your brain wit the collision causing division  
Sweep your sector, leavin you niggaz for stool-pigeons  
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Sweep your sector, leavin you niggaz for stool-pigeons  
My religion is a way of life, but the trife replays  
'cause niggaz actin shiest these days  
Wagin wars, usin dynamics 'cause I'ma slam it  
You talkin all this out out your mouth, you satanic  
Roam the planet, always takin bullshit for granted  
Just a cool type of cat but you still can't understand it  
You told to sit back, stand still and chill  
Niggaz bound to clap shots 'cause they all act ill  
Wit a sour-ass taste smilin up in your face  
I'm like trust, never leavin no trial or no trace  
Disappear wit the wind, ? shows the discipline  
Twenty-five years of my life I learned to ?miss amend?  
Peep the structure of a whole empire  
Smuggled sealed tai, pack lyrics like Kya  
Verbal messiah, when I cross I set a fire  
Wacker MC went in doubt 'cause I'm for hire \*echoes\*

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