

## The Roots

### "The Lesson Part 3 (It's Over Now)"

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Well it's the raw regees, thoroughbred from Philly  
My name Black Thought, my girl's the Black Lilies  
Some people try to front like, ?I ain't feeling it, really"  
But that's silly 'cuz how the fuck you can't feel me?

When I first felt it, I knew it had to be dealt wit  
A lot of ice grilling in the house got melted  
Some tried to put up a fight but they was helpless  
You ain't try to turn that loose, you too selfish

Gimme that, guess who bringing the 'Get Busy' back?  
Women say the sound of my voice, the Afro-disiac  
Okayplayer.com, where you can hit me at  
E-me and when I'm in your town, come see me

'The Real World' for real, this ain't your MTV  
The illest innervations since Stevie on wax  
My vocal like serve-o forty-eight tracks  
The fact of the matter is a matter of fact

That it's the Black Thought, controlling like Ike Turner  
You wanna get wise, you best to be a fast learner  
Or just relax and peep how it's done  
And boogie ya ass to what's about to come because

The lesson, now it's now, we close shop  
We got it locked, it's over now

Aiyyo, Dice's flows hit idiots like crossbows  
Knock 'em out the Atlas, push 'em off the Atlas  
I'm laughing, looking down from off top the totem  
Hop off my pedestal, grab my scrotum

Aiyyo, y'all niggas ain't fucking wit this shit  
(I told 'em)  
Aiyyo, y'all ain't fucking wit the Roots crew  
(I told 'em)  
The rap is a riot, yeah 'cuz my family bouncing  
Soon as the name, Dice Raw is announced in

The arena, the grass is greener on the other side  
I hit the stores, twenty-five thousand die

Now tell who the best in off the top in the world  
I'll give you a hint, the same guy that's fucking your girl

I just didn't have parents, The Roots found me in the  
trash  
But still a nigga got a lot of class  
Trick wit my pinky finger up off the glass  
Keep talking shit, homeboy, that's your ass

The lesson, now it's now, we close shop  
We got it locked, it's over now

It's just the simple part of the game  
I guess it's just the art of the scam  
Check for your soul 'cuz it departed again  
Militant is atomic, you fall from the sky just like a comet

Move out 'til the bottom of my shoes out  
How many tracks do you 'bout?  
How many of these niggas you doubt?  
How many of these ladies making you shout?

You on a mission, so listen to this  
Ask yourself what condition is this  
Sick in the [unverified], I rap on a satellite disk  
You gotta like this, asking me about the way that I stroll

About the way I enfold in scrambling mode  
You're like that, don't bark, cat, bite back  
What up, Blood? Is things still the same in the hood?

While I sit, I gotta get dub and wish I could plug  
They thoughts'll leave 'em stiff in the mud, you  
wannabe thug  
In section eight, houses were hush up under the rug  
The shit I spit is humming wit slugs, get soaked in the  
suds

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