

## **The Roots**

### **"The Lesson, Pt. 1"**

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Lyrical versatile  
My rap definition is wild  
I wrote graffiti as a juvenile  
Restin' on deuce trey  
And used to boost gray Kangols  
With 555 souls from the streets  
Of the Ill-a-delphiadaic insane

For monetary gain  
Niggaz is slain on the train  
It's homicide for wealth  
Stealth missions for crack  
In the alleyways  
Where niggaz get grazed in the back  
From stray shots

Clips with hollow tips for your spine  
Or either remain calm  
Catch a rhyme, to your mind  
Niggaz, ya know my style  
I run a motherfuckin' rap muk  
With Malik in a U- Haul truck  
I stand, five foot seven in command of the party  
And scam like Uncle Sam

I'm never caught up in the glass eye  
Of your action cam  
'Cause I'm down low  
Artistic exquisite rap pro  
That get the dough  
It's the Philly borough  
Dread thoroughbred for dolo  
I bag solo like a nigga that boost Polo

Steppin' through the corridor of metaphors  
Lookin' over  
My left shoulder the mic  
Still feel colder than before  
With this jazz shit  
I hit your jaw Dice Raw  
Get up on the mic  
My young poor

I be the nigga blowin' up the spot on tour  
Surely real to the core, old school  
Like eighty-four, I'll never die  
Raps till my lungs collapse  
Then relax, until my knack for tracks  
Bring it back on time  
When I rhyme my rep remain  
Either go against the grain or your ass is found slain

I overcome  
Niggaz want styles  
Then I throw you some  
Show you some, get on the mic  
And take it over, son  
Dice Raw, the motherfuckin' Wild Noid  
Get on the mic  
And perpetratin' is void

Ya leave niggaz missin' in action  
Like their dads in the projects  
My style like an old mac  
Travel round and catch wreck  
I'm ill versatile  
With the skill no more  
Wack MC's wanna flex  
But their styles they bore

Got to know the real meaning  
Of the ill shit, kid  
I do mad damage  
But never will catch a bid  
With my knapsack full of ill shit  
That I just boosted  
From the corner store  
When I let loose more

Flavor that's me  
Rippin' heads off from the seams  
Niggaz didn't play  
Like Jeru and Come Clean  
I beat down on they heads  
Like drum machines  
Or 808's, 'cause my style flows out great

And superspectac  
With all the raw rap  
Pull a metal chair out my knapsack  
Across your back ka crack  
Now, "Do you feel the pain?"  
"Of course

I guess you're believin'  
That I'm insane"

When I'm taggin' my name  
Upon the train, I got so much pride  
I got so much soul with lyrics high  
To make niggaz  
Stop drop and roll now  
Check me out one time  
For your ass fat styles equivalent of an  
AIDS infected Glock Blast

Niggaz know my style  
Plus they know they want more  
Props from Mount Vernon  
To Mount Rushmore  
Okay kid, you know my style  
Is buck wild literature  
That you can never get  
When I'm thinkin' your particular

Flavor that you want  
I sit back and smoke  
A fat blunt in class  
Teachers can kiss my ass  
I'm twice, Dice  
Nigga de Raw  
Never take a bad fall  
Smack your head up against the wall

Like playin' handball  
My style's ill  
I slam like Hulk Hogan  
Dice Raw bettin' on my arm  
Niggaz know my slogan  
While I breathe your last breath  
Niggaz better watch they step  
Fat bull catch wreck

Ill got's ta keep you in check  
With the hellified beats and hard rhymes  
Niggaz know my style, when I go the whole nine  
I beat down punks cut 'em up into fruit chunks  
Like fruit salad, my style's smooth like knowledge  
Blunts, so whatcha want  
If you got beef then come get it  
If ya don't well then forget it

My rap style's exquisite  
I'm Raw Daddy  
Like niggaz with no Trojans

On the stage when I rhyme  
I got's ta keep my composure  
Where I'm from it's like a whole different world  
Hoppin' a train honey dippin'  
And I'ma snatch your squirrel

Most corrupt motherfucker  
In the tenth grade  
Juvenile 'cause Jeff McKay  
Could not fade  
Don't ask me honey  
I'm not the one for stressin'  
If you wanna know  
Better ask Brother [Incomprehensible]

'Cause he know the time  
Like I know the time  
When I grab the microphone  
It's like summertime  
Laid back to recline  
In my La-Z-Boy chair  
Dice Raw, the Wild Noid  
I'm the fuck up outta here

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