

The Roots

"The Other Side"

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Baby come back

[Verse 1: Black Thought]

Yo, we obviously need to tone it down a bit
Running round town spending time like it's counterfeit
Everybody catching hay fever like sinuses
Step in my arena let me show y'all who the highness is
You might say I could be doing something positive
Humbled head down low and broke like promises
Soaking and broken in a joke like comics is
Not enough paper to be paying folks compliments
But when that paper got low so did my tolerance
And it ain't no truth in a dare without the consequence
Listen if it not for these hood inventions
I'd just be another kid from the block with no intentions
On the dock of that bay serving a life sentence
Even if I'm going to hell I'm gonna make an entrance
Yeah let em know I'm getting cheese like omelets is
But I'm the toast of the town like Thomas is

[Hook: Bilal]

We're all on a journey
Down the hall of memories
Don't worry bout what you ain't got
Leave with a little bit of dignity
Never loved what I had
Always felt like I deserved more
But when I
Make it to the other side
Make it to the other side
That's when we'll settle up the score

[Verse 2: Black Thought]

Yo, we did this in remembrance of
Faces from the past
We no longer have an image of
Carrying cold blood hearts
That never been for love
Brothers keep going for theirs but never get enough
World travelers that seen it all
And did enough

Only to return to learn
The world wasn't big enough
Damn, how long has it been?
I guess the jig is up
Now all I know is I'm about to wake this n*gga up
Yeah that hindsight 20/20 now n*ggas dead on the
money
Trying to take something from me
It's a wrap like mummy
Undone I am becoming and,
When he's tired of running
Through the layers of the onion
He'll probably she'd a tear
Cause they'll be no more fast times
Just his weak mind scrolled out like a bad sign
He never had enough and got confused when they
asked why
Life is only a moment in time and it passed by

[Hook: Bilal]

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[Verse 3: Greg Porn]

I'm sitting on top of the world ready to jump off
Thinking of various ways to break law
Thinking that enough is enough but still I want more
Thinking of how I'm playing with fire that burned my
young boy
By any means necessary, don't give a damn
So every night I'm on a flight that never lands
Be an asshole when the shit hits the fan
Or bet your life on a bluff and a bad hand
Can't win, can't lose
Get 'em gassed leave em leaking fuel
Either way the market moves
Cash rules kings, queens, prince and princess
Every night I'm crossing a line that ain't the finish
Every thought is dark as a glass of f*cking Guinness
Too far gone to come back to my senses
Now I'm on the edge of my bed making love to my
meds
Every moments like a pistol to my head

When I'm getting mine

[Hook: Bilal]

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