

# The Roots

## "The Session (Longest Posse Cut In History)"

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[Black Thought]

From the Tunnels in the wee hours of the black morning  
From The Roots sprout the Foreign Objects family tree  
This is mad abstract  
All the way live from Philly, we got the hip-hop coalition  
called the Foreign Objects in effect  
It's like dat, now dig

[?uestion/Ahmir Thompson] Mr. Trotter, a.k.a.

[BT/Tariq Trotter]

Well um, Black Thought from The Roots y'all

[?uestion/Ahmir Thompson] Mr. Simmons, a.k.a.

[AJ/Joseph Simmons]

A.J. Shine, The Dollar Sign, funky bid'nness

[?uestion/Ahmir Thompson] Mr. Pitts, a.k.a.

[LA/Micah Pitts]

Lord Akil, social misfit

[?uestion/Ahmir Thompson] Mr. Greene, a.k.a.

[MM/Tony Greene]

Straight from Sector 6 it's Mr. Manifest

[?uestion/Ahmir Thompson] Ms. Thompson, a.k.a.

[SNM/Terresa Thompson]

Shorty... pussy (Ooooooh!)

[?uestion/Ahmir Thompson] Mr. Cee, a.k.a.

[Myself ? ? ?]

Myself, me Myself and I

[?uestion/Ahmir Thompson] Mr. Dorsey, a.k.a.

[PP/Jamal Dorsey]

Pazi Plant, The Soul Plant

[?uestion/Ahmir Thompson] Mr. Armstead, a.k.a.

[Bo/Conway Armstead]

Bo-watt, The Rhythmic Priest

[?uestion/Ahmir Thompson] Mr. Basset, a.k.a.

[MB/Malik Basset]

Malik Blizzunt, Foreign Objects

[?uestion/Ahmir Thompson] Mr. Thompson, a.k.a.  
[B?/Ahmir Thompson]  
BROther ?uestion, from Square Roots y'all (yeah, ha-  
hah)

[BROther ?uestion]  
And we the Foreign Objects (yeah, yeah)  
And it's like this..

Now get loose, get loose, Malik B get loose  
And just rock heartbeat showin you got juice  
And have fun (HAVE FUN) have fun (HAVE FUN)  
Have, HAVE, HAVE FUN!!!!

[Malik Blunt]  
Yes, I will address and press about my microphone  
me-ssiah, am the best siah? Yes-I am  
most quick to go because I'm equipped to flow a script  
I will just slay and disobey, I will display banana clips  
that slaughter with the words and the herds of the  
verbs  
I gots the urge to splurge, like a Bosnian Serb  
A-drift I means a-draft I means I riff I means I raff  
Rap's ca-tas-trophe, don't want no brass tro-phy  
So okey-dokey folks, most provoke me ? so hold your ?  
was willin, cause I'm strollin with the quotes  
Like Shakespeare, Mark Twain, or Edgar Allan Poe  
But since I'm a ne-gro, I flows like Maya Ange-lou  
No banja-lo was played, I means banjo betrayed  
so the guitar, had to take the bitch off, and slay  
You might think I'm a rookie or an amateur, but put me  
on a panel or a channel I'll dismantle like the vandal-er  
I means to say the scandalous, vandalous, handle this  
like my man Emilio, what y'all should really know  
You couldn't get the picture, if you was in an orchard  
or fortress, (so you niggaz better forfeit)

[BROther ?uestion]  
Now get loose, get loose, ? get loose  
And just rock heartbeat showin you got juice  
And have fun (HAVE FUN) have fun (HAVE FUN)  
Have, HAVE, HAVE FUN!!!!

[? ? ?]  
Picture this as I get rugged with the scrpiture  
Evacuatin scenes, spreadin thoughts like a drifter  
I exit through my state of greater elevation, unifying  
grains through the force of the imagination, you dig  
what I'm saying? But I see your mind's playing tricks

You thought you got the channel but you couldn't get a  
fix  
upon my mental -- I keep it complicated  
Explosion of the spirit cause I opened up my soul and  
created  
So now you dig the flavor, you're tasting what I gave ya  
Seeping through the cellar cause I be the freak of  
nature  
With, the images that I hold in my head  
I be the kid from the Fifth, so y'all holding what I've  
said  
I've said, I be the omnipresent factor from the void  
Fatter is the flow, so my styling is employed  
I'm ragged, pants worn bagged, and umm  
the ghetto be my home so I shouts to the slum  
Come, the misfit's got a tale, take you on a mad trip  
The thoughts unveil  
I'm too deep, you sinks down, I creeps round, the  
lowest  
of the levels, the positive raps that kill devils  
The abstracts, right and exact, knapsack's on the back  
Rip poetical flows upon the track  
My thoughts escape onto a tape, you'll play it back  
and listen, I brought to your mind what's missing

[BROther ?uestion]

Now get loose, get loose, Pazi Plant get loose  
And just rock heartbeat showin you got juice  
And have fun (HAVE FUN) have fun (HAVE FUN)  
Have, HAVE, HAVE FUN!!!!

[Pazi Plant]

I'm hip to release ill units, I displays major soul  
The ? out, so soul stays rhythmic  
to the static when it plays, levels from the bass  
They chase but they'll never catch my patt-er-ns  
Soul surrounds this Plant like the rings upon Sa-tur-n  
Yo, I'm fatter than many, came to kick away any job  
Umm, cat, conniver if it's abstract I'm liable  
take portion cause I'll fly that head ?  
Dig the jazz that's closets from the Paz be-low bugged  
Groovy like the nickel bag of love, slidin  
through the groovy fuzz, Plants is the buzz  
Mad abornmal, is my flow, much confusion, enhanced  
in  
My scenario's too advanced'n, for duplication  
If it's violation, soul power, will shower ya  
defenses now you're falling, and crawling  
Cause your styles are infantile not poetically correct  
to test I'm laughin at ya, lyrical stature, cause my  
status

be that is the coolest kid to do a bid on fakers  
with the grammar that be blamma, back in eighty-three  
I was the Grand Fruit Jammer, but now I gets down  
and wreck shit with the Foreign Objects..  
Yeah that's right, the Foreign Objects

[BROther ?uestion]

Ahhh yeah, now two check, two check  
Now check it out, now check it out  
Get loose, get loose, Myself ? ? ? get loose  
And just rock heartbeat showin you got juice  
And have fun (HAVE FUN) have fun (HAVE FUN)  
Have, HAVE, HAVE FUN!!!!

[Myself ? ? ?]

Kinda like, ? catch, of the day is mad wreck  
I raise heck, no raise hell, you plays back, your tape's ill  
Show me just exactly what it is you want, I give you  
what we got  
We got flow, we got soul, we get off, a lot  
So lock up, your doors, cause I'm  
Busting Loose like Richard Pryor, setting stuff on fire  
We got funky, rhymes  
Stuff you had swinging, like a monkey, I'm  
always hanging 'round, living off of Vine  
as in West Philly, 56th Street  
The kids be getting jay'd on the corner  
Swing my hat to the back, Kangol, no maybe 5 Soul  
Not no bootleg treat, you get from 52nd Street, word  
up  
Word to life, word is bond, word to God  
I'm like the bean he's like a bean  
I guess the stage is like a pod, ain't with  
no metamorphosistically I kiss a licorice  
and any miss I wish to kiss or else I diss like this  
So I step to the left, drop the mic, catch my breath  
then, watch the Foreign Object catch wreck, uhh

[BROther ?uestion]

Get loose, get loose, Shorty get loose  
And just rock heartbeat showin you got juice  
And have fun (HAVE FUN) have fun (HAVE FUN)  
Have, HAVE, HAVE FUN!!!!

[Shorty No Mas]

Can I kicks it?  
I kicks it for the others so I kick it for you  
I gotta nag a dog and note to Billy - I gets down  
Sound's got a lot I got my own I'm throwin passes  
Asses are grabbed, when I swing with The Roots  
Suits, I got none, but throwin off that accoutrements

ever since I winced at the thought of a dress  
Yes you might be wantin to consider me a tomboy  
Boy get it right, I'm still strictly lovin men  
Send me your love, don't ever think I don't need it  
Shit I got problems, can you help me out?  
Shout a little louder if you're sure that you hear me  
Fear me not, I'm just another average girl  
Curls in my head, and yeah I think I look good  
Should I be the one, to break the bad news?  
Snooze when I'm tired, not when I'm hype, your type  
Yo I just came off!

[BROther ?uestion]

Get loose, get loose, Manifest get loose  
And just rock heartbeat showin you got juice  
And have fun (HAVE FUN) have fun (HAVE FUN)  
Have, HAVE, HAVE FUN!!!!

[Mr. Manifest]

Introducing lyrics for the year of ninety-three  
The black brainchild is about to kick the groovy  
speak out the head, provided for the hardrocks  
Here to resurrect the ghetto beats for the blocks  
You can dig the styles cause the styles are for the  
digging  
A fat sack of soul, that's how the Sector roll  
Never making fake material, why should I?  
The mind is so equipped to rip, so why would I  
give you less than that, you in fact, this is where it's at  
cause lyrics I've provided is about to swing the bat  
and shake up the levels from New York to Montego  
It's all about the lyrics, it's not about the ego  
Quick to make a jam and slam sound like the pro that I  
am  
It's profound, like the kids from the underground  
Every single lyric is prepared, in the hunt for the metro  
with scoops of fat loops and funky lingo  
Level's being felt, all over in the fifty states  
Breaking more beats than my moms breaks the china  
plates  
Transmitting, hitting areas we freak with funk  
when we come to planet Earth, with a trunk of fat, soul  
Alert doing work on the everyday  
Here to bring the swing like my man Donny Hathaway  
Just, follow the dotted line, and do what we do  
Because you gotta get a grip, if you want your shit

[BROther ?uestion]

Now get loose, get loose, Lord Akil get loose  
And just rock heartbeat showin you got juice  
And have fun (HAVE FUN) have fun (HAVE FUN)

Have, HAVE, HAVE FUN!!!!

[Lord Akil]

Umm, from the Southern side of Philly yet of The Roots  
there comes me, who?

The janky little brother of Mr. Bruce

A jazz kickin kid who flows, like the river Jordan

Not fond of Honda scooters, but I'll take an Accord and  
zoom right through your borough, because I'm crazy  
thorough

No offspring running 'round but no my penile is not  
sterile

Collects the crazy papas from, selling crazy tapes,  
umm

Big heads be gettin swollen, I crush em just like grapes

The level that I'm zoning, the one that's on the third  
Eatin buds or mad grass that gets you HIGHER than a  
bird

Kinks, be in the head, cause I leave the curls to Jheri

Got mad souls out the ass with shit, fat like William  
Perry

A poor black kid with rhythm, a eye for jazzy beats

Straight from the underground, found new life on the  
South Streets

We ? off the jams that will uplift the people's souls

Cause the Objects that are Foreign, the kids with baggy  
clothes

are the cats that I'm coolin with, when we be together

Two and two equals four but Foreign Objects be forever

So, just let me flow as I reach up to the next plateau

And then you'll give me my respect

Uhh, cause I'm a Foreign Object

[BROther ?uestion]

Now get loose, get loose, A.J. Shine get loose

And just rock heart-beat showin you got the juice

And have fun (HAVE FUN) have fun (HAVE FUN)

Have, HAVE, HAVE FUN!!!!

[A.J. Shine]

First off, I'm burstin off shots of gab

and gettin lifted by the gift, I start to jab

The rhymes that I grab send schools to the slab

As I write scores, the funky orator's gone

on some next ish lookin

for the next fish with a wish that used to be a duck

but now you're stuck dumbstruck

Trying to hang but you can't swim I think you're fucked

You traded in your blues for boom, tap shoes

I do shows and change all opposing views

I get down, I go up as I blow up

cause I got this O.M.B. rhyme you can't defuse  
Yeahhh, here to rock all of you rockers  
When I carry the ball, I stay be-hind my blockers  
I move swift, I needs no lift  
I don't have to riff because I shift the gift  
and now my name is Joseph Simmons, but I'm not Run  
With the mic in my hand, I've only just begun  
to hold mine, I'ma goldmine plus a ton  
The way I shine, I be the rising sun, huh!  
How many times must I have to say  
this I never miss yo when I display?  
From styles I paint the funky picture I portray and  
before I hit the court I made it my forte  
cause I got this, you can come and get this, cause my  
method is the most and I boast so you can bet this  
is like the best of the rest of the flock  
And now you're walkin down the hallways of the Always  
Jock  
Abbreviated A.J. here for the day  
Bustin rhymes in your face while I'm fadin away  
It's like that y'all, and ya don't stop  
The funky Bid on the root with the hip-hop

[Black Thought]

Now.. get loose, get loose, ?uestion get loose  
And, rock heart-beat showin YOU got juice  
And have fun (HAVE FUN) have fun (HAVE FUN)  
Have, HAVE, HAVE FUN!!!!

[BROther ?uestion]

It's me the BROther ?uestion on the M-I-C to flow  
To bust a fat rat-a-tat rhyme one mo' gen'  
I'm flexin with my mental verbalistic chocolate  
Sucker know you're listenin so please get off of it  
A score and two years ago began the ?uestion's  
mission  
South of 52nd Street, on ?  
and anybody wanna diss the sure shot body rock  
fresh flowin dude, we can take it to the stage  
Sucker, Foreign Objects coming soon  
From the rat cave to a room with a view  
My brother's B.G., and my band is Josh U  
And the stank whole rhythmic funk, plus my nuc'  
You can comprehend the verbal letters that I send  
Ahh, ooooh, ahhhh, like Boyz II Men  
I don't have a Benz-y shoes are walkin like Jimmy  
Make em say, "Yo ?uestion's demi," make em squeal  
like ?  
Man, yo, I jams on every gram  
Move out the way, I gets on, rockin round the clock  
In school I used to doodle, nowadays I use my noodle

And I'll be rockin planets, and soon I'm livin fatter  
I'm a levelheaded son who knows where I came from  
Umm, lights, camera... ?uestion

[? ? ?]

Get loose, get loose, Black Thought get loose  
And just rock heartbeat showin you got the juice  
And have fun (HAVE FUN) have fun (HAVE FUN)  
Have, HAVE, HAVE FUN!!!!

[Black Thought]

Well umm, yik-yik yak-yak, chi-chi-chi-ka-SPLACK  
Thoughts that I stutter and brother that I left back  
behind  
Lines of swine I'm qualified for groovy stew achoo  
I caught the boogie like the flu and God Bless the Black  
Cardiac cerebral abstract cathedral  
The mental is the temple and the central sees you tryin  
to flam!  
Man I catch a lift like Bob Mar-ley, and par-lay  
On airy clouds I drop, bombs like a Sau-di, Arabian  
Flocks I rocks like Fabian  
It's the nipple sex upon the grits that call me baby and  
run a finger, through the knaps of the rap, singer that  
pull a scat, from the stack, that I keep in the shack  
of my soul, bring the bowl I got the flat out good  
That's why I'm dug by the hippies plus the pimps and  
hoods  
in the slum, could I umm, come, should I umm, come  
Yes I does, and gets down said I wasn't know that I was  
but they gel, that's why they blow up cause they didn't  
give spect  
to the erector of the Foreign Object, I collect, to  
preserve  
Plus develop and envelop in The Roots of rhyme  
Yo that's the end of the line, I got mine, and I'm out

[Brother ?uestion]

A-ha! Ahh, suki suki now  
It's the Brother ?uestion  
and now you know how it is  
when the Foreign Objects get wreck  
Like that, yeah, ha ha ha  
And we out y'all, and we out y'all  
And we out y'all, and we out y'all  
And we out y'all...

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