

The Roots

"The Ultimate"

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We are the ultimate
(Rock-rockin' it)
We are the ultimate
(Rock-rockin' it)
We are the ultimate, rock-rockin' it, rock-rockin' it, rock-
rockin' it

We are the ultimate, c'mon
(Rock-rockin' it)
We are the ultimate
(Rock-rockin' it)
We are the ultimate, rock-rockin' it, rock, c'mon y'all

Yo my definition is a lyricist for hire
My vocal's a passport that never expire
The crowd loud like fifty rounds of gun fire
Screamin' out "The Roots" while I balance with the wire

Yo, expert in this profession, the session
In 1987, I linked up with the question
Eleven years later we shared crop wit Geffen
In musical hell, but hip-hop forever heaven

My thoughts, interwoven and deep like Beethoven
This foul world so filled of shit is like a clogged up
colon
Swollen with minds that got stolen
Fake-ass cops, uncontrollable patrol men

Torture, blood flow like bodies of water
Fathers sexually assaultin' they own daughter
Out of sync, outta order like a puzzle
In the land of the unseen hand that hold juggle

In a game of life, yo it's hard to roll a double
Tryin' times, take lives and separate couples
Kids thinkin' they grown, tellin' they moms, "Fuck you"
Under they breath, livin' in the last times left

Peep the imagery strep, across the sky like a canvas
And we're the artists beneath vigorous rough strokes
of darkness

Time to set it off, let's spark this
Switzerland, let's spark this

We are the ultimate
(Rock-rockin' it)
We are the ultimate rock-rockin' it
We are the ultimate, rock-rockin' it, rock-rockin' it, rock-
rockin' it

We are the ultimate
(Rock-rockin' it)
We are the ultimate
(Rock-rockin' it)
We are the ultimate
(Rock-rockin' it)

C'mon
(Rock-rockin' it)
C'mon
(Rock-rockin' it)

Yo my definition is the lyricist for hire
You couldn't have a clue, it's about to transpire
The books I buy live arms I acquire
The Fifth, similar to ghetto gospel choir

We explore the whole states plus record
In flight buds, trip that was a prisoner in war
Four-four the corridor, seal it, no floor
But I could see the drop was a mile aboard

To the bottom, electrical shock for rhymes
I said, "I don't got 'em", Guess it kinda presented a
problem
When I understood, they said, "Let him go"
I woke up, though we descended to London, Heathrow

And now with a past, fuckin' with border patrol
I'm findin' it out, I'm leakin' with my people
Hit the studio, spread this information
In daze of frustration fogged the education

From Illa-Fifth to Switzerland destination
The Roots du journ, go check the translation
The dictionary of devout topics, far from Ebonics
The Fifth Dynast, they can't stop it, yo Zurlich y'all keep
it tight heed
While The Roots Crew smoke weed

Yo, we are the ultimate
(Rock-rockin' it)

We are the ultimate, say what?
(Rock-rockin' it)
We are the ultimate, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon rock-rockin'
it, rock-rockin' it

We are the ultimate
(Rock-rockin' it)
We are the ultimate
(Rock-rockin' it)
We are the ultimate
(Rock-rockin' it)
C'mon rock-rockin' it, rock-rockin' it, they go

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