

## The Roots "Universe at War"

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U.N.I.Verse at war  
U.N.I.Verse at war, motherfucker  
We gonna do this Chi-town style, Illadelph  
You know how we get down, you know the business  
Bringin' it straight to your chest  
Yessah, hah, yeah, break it down, one, two

When you and I verse at war  
And your verse at core for what you thought before  
Steppin' up into a zone you should never explore  
The next level or level of the whole conceptor

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Check it, 1, 2  
Rappers

Get on the mic, talk about cars and clothes sounding  
like hoes  
Ain't been exposed to the foes of most disciples  
I'm from the state that is Ill, the rap son of man rotated  
down to Phil  
To say what I feel, get it off my burnt chest, my word  
becomes flesh  
War going on between the West and the East  
Of the land niggaz don't own a piece

Grease is the word, Murray slides some pimp oil to me  
My lady friend sneaks my beer in the movie  
Throw your hands in the air if you the true and living  
Beware the new world order, the Devil's new religion  
Sent my homey to the number two division

Sellin' bootleg movies, got my VCR on a evasive  
maneuver  
Be that as I chooses, drinkin' tropical  
It's just sittin' at a table with sophisticated bitches  
Nah, that ain't nothin', I would call my mother  
Nor do I call every nigga, my brother

Gotta have Black Thought, it's sorta B like Malik  
So don't Question a Brother to the Roots, I get deep

Yo enter the last era  
Your scholarship into the world of politics and mascara  
We operate within this artificial opera  
I bring hip hop terror like the Fuhrer, the Ace Ventura  
into the horror  
Laboratory laborer, venture beyond the border  
I'll structure a style, destroy your whole aura  
Plus you're adrenalin'll rise before your eyes and  
mortalize  
My image hit the skies, deceive the Devil in disguise  
My music, I parenthesize, represent the wise  
Do this, be how we enterprise, kid, no compromise

I'm thinkin' fast like drama, dyin', I wear your mind  
away like Alzheimer  
I pull a mic up out my bomber big up to Bahama  
The A O, this year we leavin' 'em in trauma  
Then after me, I plan to leave behind, the legacy or  
history of the family The fifth dynasty for humanity to  
bear witness to this  
Del-val-syllable stylist

You know the time, kid

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Yo, the general flows, kids compose on tablet  
Expose how they was average and they thoughts not  
rapid  
Here comes the hot package, through your block like  
traffic  
The rock was typed graphic, now watch the mic blast it

Shootin' at the stars with emphatic rap static  
See the mirror shatter from thoughts, I'm bustin' back  
at it  
The Lieutenant, the elephant, sippin' automatic  
Mic, rippin' Asiatic, architects out to have it  
The turn of the century, the planet's like a penitentiary  
Exaggerated, niggaz is livin' highly medicated

I used to love but now she violated  
Hip-hop holocaust and camps, old champs are  
concentrated  
They outdated and incarcerated  
Loved and appreciated, hated and very debated  
For every career created was eliminated  
And that's the way the balance of yin and yang related

As the block is divine, niggaz swing on in a safari  
Wild niggaz like I'm high on latari  
Some let the block block they mind if they could see  
what I see  
Get out the city for a sec, be at the places I be

Hey, I'ma be back on the deck  
Opening business in places for you to cash your check  
My neck of the woods ain't all good, ain't all bad  
You can live in the burbs and still get had

The sad part about it, niggaz had houses on the lake  
They tryin' to move us out, the land we ain't appreciate  
For peace we skate, crackers we roll or player hate  
Call each other 'cause, 'cause of how we relate  
I see way too many Cadillacs with dope man plates  
Through the wind and blow ups is how niggaz  
communicate  
Harmonizing through beepers and reefer  
The city got my peoples in a sleeper, talk is getting  
cheaper

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The next level or level of the whole shit, bro, yeah

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