

The Roots "Without A Doubt"

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Hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, yes, yes I
C'mon, c'mon uh, uh uh
Another one of those Saturday nights y'all

Yo y'all, take heed
Yeah, check it out, c'mon
You're now rockin' with the best uh
Without a doubt
Take heed y'all
C'mon, yeah, uh
Uh, yo, about to give you what you need y'all
Without a doubt

Check it out now, it's the type cerebral
World renowned, illustrious, ille-gal
My musical affection, bubblin' within your zone
Like champagne, known as the Fifth campaign
Thought be doin' his damn thang
Bent like, a boomerang, tryin' to maintain
I'm both yin and yang from Mi Kan Lang
What your lady gettin' me up? I'm never answering

Let her miss me, see me then she off tryin' to kiss me
Talkin' 'bout, "I dig you Tariq, the way you twist me"
Meanwhile, she comin' home tipsy, all grinnin'
And what you used to fit em before, you now swimmin'
Just take a dive P-5 deep, the team winnin'
Takin' hip-hop back to, the beginnin'
'Cause MC's are pretendin', I slap your sound
Out the sky like I'm goaltendin', bring your career

To an endin', enter the next era trascendin' for real
Knahmsayin' if not, then man listen
For you to try to fuck with the Fifth, that's ambition
I let y'all know the time indeed, y'all need to

Take heed y'all
Get a little P 5 D y'all
Straight from the town of Phil-ly y'all
But we about to give you what you need y'all
Without a doubt

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Yo, I control the stadium like the law long arm
Warn, ring the alarm, 'cause here The Roots come
The funk's all ready for whoever want some
Your album get split like, a lump sum
No doubt, under this influencin' of outcome
Millennium spaceship, totally wasted
Schoolly D classic, though I vocally laced it
Taste this swerve on a regular basis

Servin' y'all whatever the place is
Blowin' conniseur quality in my competitor's faces
This is without doubt, your lady pass out
This Illa-Fifth Twilight Zone, you ass out
Shout, to my brothers on back route
Whippin' the short that's smacked out, dig it
Strump this in your cassette deck, hip-hop has not left
yet
I sent a verse in the mail like, a death threat

The critically acclaimed composer, stand over
Whichever mute minuscule mic holder
You never knew the real before, yo I show ya
You need to make your thoughts more sober, think it
over

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