

The Roots

"Witness"

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Well well well [x3]

Taskmaster burst
The bionic zit splitter
Breakneck speed
we drown ten pints of bitter
we lean all day
and some say that ain't productive
but that depends upon the demon that you're stuck
with
'cos right now
I see clearer than most
I sit here contented with this cheese on toast
I feel the pain of a third world famine
Segue
we count them blessings and keep jamming
'tis him
scumbag, scum of the earth
his worth was nil
until he gained the skill of tongues
from 15 years young straight to my grey back self
I stay top shelf material
Jerk chicken, jerk fish
Break away slave bliss
Generate G's and then we stash them in the Swiss
Fools can't see this
Audio pistols
a fistful of hip hop donzai
Progressin' in the flesh
Esoteric quotes most frightening
Duppy took hold of my hand while I was writing
Let go me ting Duppy
Let go me hand
I summon up the power of banana clan...

Witness the fitness
The cruffatin liveth
One hope one quest. [Repeat x4]

Swigging that deep root juice
Now we deh 'pon it boost

Set them spirit them loose
Go 'head go slash up the noose
With conclusive proof of both the truth
The right
'cos whether we hitch hike or push bike
or travel kinda trash
manifest that
with wholesome roots rap
manifest that yeah
I do my zing way
Ain't nutten else I know
Gone up in the life
With this I-ragged born flow
Squeeze the pain from my belly and set my soul free
Travel over ocean land and sea
Faced nuff stress and difficulty
Flung back from the brink
Gwan'ing kind of stink
We don't give a frig about what them fools think
Frig your network
Our dett work will speak for itself
Proof of the trophy
And the champion belt
Come sun come rain come hailstone pelt.

[CHORUS]

Bwana Simit
With some old time shit
let the whole world know
we on some off key tip
mega manic
when time the pressure start lick
by the hook or by the crook
by the poop or by the kick
he's sickly cryptic
spitting the code
and most proud to present that cruffatin mode
and it shows that they bro's done
seen a few sleights
life throws scenarios
reality bites
we in collision with the beast
lost we religion and we can't get no peace
idiot weakheart want to take I for chief
stoop to their level and we plotting cold grief
but we should know that
discipline maketh the geez
separation of the DAT from the rat that's a must
proceed set speed with the cruffatin touch
proceed set speed

crufatin yow...

[CHORUS]

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