

## **Roots Manuva "Join The Dots"**

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2na Manuva get gettin' the got  
Good God ah, yes, man, its auspicious man  
Oh God, good night  
Who's that?

Yeah, my escapades exceed Caddy Escalades  
I best behave to the rhythm of justice slaves  
Selected brave, ah, lecture me extra waves  
Doggin' your sounds causing you clowns just to cave

Address the rage, rush the stage just to blaze  
Glorify your glamor and gorers just to faze  
Cuttin' down the rain forest for cows just to graze  
It's killin' the populous while you clone test tube babes

Test the change, 'cuz of the fantasies they try to feed  
us  
Under the bridge drummin' for flea an Anthony Kiedis  
I ran from elitist who got the truth confused  
It's the Manphibian and the one Roots Manuva

Yo, Mystic Mindset travel at warp 8  
Flashback to my very first taste of hash cake  
Oh, Lord, I feel so sensual  
And every now and then I get a great sense of wha

Synchronization of the hip, gyration of the old time  
New Right, Back to Back, man or no man no matter oh  
man  
Boy or boy, girl or girl  
Steppin' out of place with the light of the world I'm  
locked up

Weed grass rushing through my veins  
Slip over the rocky terrain and maintain  
Like a weed whore checkin' that hydroponic bud  
Earth child, come see me rollin' in the mud

He there go ever so civilized while I unrobe  
No played out to catch wives  
Don't wanna get knicks up in their mix up  
Wanna just fix up mind soul and mental plane

Join the dots, block blood in the block  
Knock knockin' the not, the which, the where, the what  
2na Manuva get gettin' the got  
Stewed chicken in the dust pot runnin' it hot

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Yo, some of these fellas be over zealous  
We have them darks jealous in dark cellas  
Blowin' like Branford Marsalis  
We park dwellers rhythm rebellers

We spark letters, we art sellers  
Pleadin' the waters, the sharks fell us  
Be quick with your camcorder in no particular plan  
order  
We go hit like vehicular man slaughter sing

In ding bring a fling of bringin' it on  
Refuse to get lost in the quest for one

Although we trans-atlantic we never pedantic  
Check my antic, we most romantic  
We plan shit new for self Quantumly  
We killin' the saw, man, we killin' the sea

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No Sir Mr. 2na, I can't burn the blunt  
I remember the last time and have a good time

Yo Yo, You ran slower while my clan grow chance'll  
Let the man know my pen brush stroke like Van Gogh  
I disappear like his missing ear when I'm switchin'  
gears  
Shinin' like your kitchen ware, rhymes rich and rare

Get your picture clear, 2na the stealth reporter  
I melt your order like sugar and seltzer water

Whoever felt the horror but knows that their chance  
vague  
Surround your sound like a spandex pants leg  
Spread like an advanced plague worms never dance  
may  
Shout the F and F that beats my man Craig

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