

The Roots F/ Dice Raw "Adrenaline"

Visit "[Adrenaline](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Scratch intro]

Chorus [Black Thought and Scratch] 2x

Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain 'gain ladies and gentlemen
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain 'gain
Yo, Adrenaline

[Black Thought]

Yo I'm in the eye of the storm, where the pressure's on
And MC's is dressed funny like a leprechuan
I chop rappers up like chicken seczuan
Sells a squads off like a slave auction
Ayyo my zodiac sign read caution
On stage, I make your seed to an or-phan
Yo, my age an algebraic equation
Niggas want some? I hit em wit a portion
Son, The Fifth foursome, armed at the door son
M-illi-tilla, Dice Raw, quick draw son
You don't want no more son? That's when more come
And drag a nigga Eerie Avenue to Oregon, you're all
done
Ladies and gentlemen
Select the weapon at the gate upon entering, The Roots
instrumentaling
Spark shit, them niggas try to talk shit
We hit em like the L at 60th and Market
South Philly clip a hold into a nigga park it
Take sneaks, chains and rings and bracelets
Split back this like we the therapist
Adrenaline, Fifth mic terrorist, once again

Chorus

[Malik B]

Zigga zigga zigga tryin to get a grip but still slip, so lift
me up
Ever since I was a pup I was designed to erupt

You get to know me, you poke me slowly, when caught
puzzin
Some niggas thought they was, when of course they
wasn't
Punked em wit a dozen of pellets all in they skelet
Transform, from the norm, start to brainstorm
Yeah Malik B from The Roots, he ain't gone
I took the wrong exit, the sign said Langhorne
I'm trapped up in about five worlds wit live pearls
Shouts to Armour Akquan who's name is Jalil
The moat is deep water so let your hand expand it
Demandin, takin you back like Knotts Landing
I'm Ralph Cramdon, we out, you'll see in Hampton
Yo what the what the what the, what the what the what
the
Pivot on this concrete earth until I rot
Didn't figure how to conquer it yet but still I plot, once
again

Chorus

[Dice Raw]

Beans passed the mack and we held em, like hostages
Rappers see me, hide they face like ostriches
Dice'll grind your brain into little sausages
Underwater rap, you know who the bosses is
North Philly baby, that's where that Raw shit is
You'll get blown out the sky once you get talkative
A-D devise rise, I fathered it
So when you see me on the street, don't bother kid
Just be on your merry way, or you might get slit
Ask around, wonderin what Dice Raw did
Lay you on floors like ya gettin carpeted
You need a special kind of mic for retarded kids
Me against you's like Kane verse the Partridges
You wanna battle, change your name to The Forfeiterers
Cuz that's what you do, face to face wit raw niggas
I give you a bad case of the fucked-up jitters, once
again

Chorus

[Beanie Siegal]

They used to talk shit, but I'ma quiet them
Kick in the door wit my boys stick to riotin
First nigga that flinch, I'ma fire em
Tape em up, grip his hands, and plyer em
Know the bricks is in here, where you hidin em?
Don't die in the shit that you lyin in
Used to get fronted bricks, now I'm buyin em
Used to cop off my man, now I'm supplyin him

Paid the front row seat watchin Iverson
First class air crafts what I'm flyin in
To L.A., Shaq, Eddie, Kobe Bryant and them
Save the jokes for Chris Tucker, Richard Pryor and
them
Used to shotgun in cars, now I'm drivin em
Used to hustle 'round bars, y'all was robbin them
Ran up in y'all spot wit Rob and them
Grew up, two-four, wit Pie and em
But do my dirt, 21st, wit Kyle and them
Nigga Pop, nigga Buzz, little Mark and them
Brother news, nigga schooled Marley Park and them
Nigga jump, pull a pump, low sparkin em
I know shit right now gettin dark to them
Tore they body all up, ain't no chalkin em
Too sharp for them, move out in the dark on em
These Illadel foul streets what I'm stompin in once
again

Chorus

[Scratch outro]

Visit [The Roots F/ Dice Raw](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.