

Join The Dots

Roots Manuva

2na manuva get gettin the got
Good god ah, yes man, its auspicious man
Oh God (good night).....
Who's that?

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 glamour and gorers just to faze
Cutting down the rainforest for cows just to graze
It's killin the populous while you clone test tube babes
Test the change 'cause of the fantasies they try to feed us
Under the bridge drumming 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 work 8
Flashback to my very first taste of hash cane
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 im locked up
Weed grass rushing thru my veins slip over the rocky terrain and maintain
Like a weed whore checkin that hydroponic buck
Earth child, come see me rolling in the muck
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

(Chorus 2x Both)

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

Yo some of these fellas be over zealous
We have them darks jealous in dark cellas
Blowing 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 dissapear like his missing ear when I'm switchin gears
Shining 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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