

# Boom!

## The Roots

Hold your flix, I'm not for the photo op's  
It's Black, code name Yaphet Kotto ock  
My twist like a ratchet in an auto shop  
Since granddaddy old Desoto stopped and he got the Caddie  
I been gladly servin, any y'all cats wanna act determined  
Spit pesticides for rats and vermin  
Seem like none of y'all chumps is learning  
Y'all hopeless, and I'm a little better than dope is  
Far from a brand new kid to show biz  
Tryna hold on, maintain my focus  
Coming out a room with a could of smoke  
Smokers rolling with the punches  
I survive and rock  
Cause I keep the crowd alive  
And the texture of my voice  
Is course and kind of hoarse and cut  
Like I'm throwing a thousand knives  
[Hook:]  
Party people gather round what we have here is a brand new sound  
Reach for my waist you hit the ground  
You better duck when that awful sound goes  
Boom  
Thats what's happenin in the parking lot  
Thats whats happenin on stage  
[Repeat Hook]  
The man at hand that rule the school  
And reach and teach the blind and find a way from A to Z  
And be the most to boast I'm load and proud  
The game and reign that remain  
The heat is on so feel the fire come off the empire or the  
More higher level of depth one step beyond dope  
To suckers all scope and hope to cop a note  
Cause I could never let em on top of me  
I play em out like a game of Monopoly  
Let it speed around the board like an astro  
And send them to jail for tryna pass go  
Shaking them up  
Breaking them up  
Taking no stuff  
But it still ain't loud enough  
So quest love let the fire roast  
So I can flow and we can kill the whole show cause  
[Repeat hook]  
I'm live  
Design a finer rhyme that's right on time  
One step beynd and not behind the line  
That seperates thought from divine  
You can take it as a caution or a warning sign  
Look for antonyms  
Words I'm sending em  
Homonyms, synonyms good like M&M's  
You know the time when it's Riq Gees slicing  
I turn a Mic's last name into Tyson  
My brain like a factory constantly creating  
Materials stitch by stitch for decoration  
My lyrics one fabric the beat is a lining  
My passion of rhyming is fashion designing

Now it get sorted cause people wanna sport it ya bought it  
If you didn't then you couldn't afford it  
Poetry full of surprises it's like a game show  
And my brain go  
I do my thing yo  
[Repeat Hook]