

## Good Music

The Roots

[?uestlove]

Peace to all the hip cats, all the nappy sweets  
This is the BROther ?uestion, broadcasting live  
via satellite, from the Never Never Tunnels  
Now dig.. the rituals for today, is good music  
So sit back, relax.. and dig the groove

[Black Thought]

Yo bust it, I digs hip-hop, and rocks for hip-hop  
Not R&B because to me that's not my style and  
the R-double-O-quotes ain't for radio, but major soul  
the ones that's hip won't change the dial and  
I remember one morning at the Soul Shack, coolin  
in the outback, on the songwritin ship  
Blizz a five, off a Bob Marley spliff  
On the cloud I be relaxin from last night and shit  
In studio today but hey BROther ?uestion  
was on the Westside asleep without a clue when  
I hollered down to Crumbs to pick up the phone  
and tell him to get ready (?uestion, what ya doin?)  
(Ain't no thing) Yeah,  
Buttered chicken wings, so I met him in the West  
where we had to 'lax and wait for Rubber Band and Bes'  
Basseyy broke down on the other side of town  
Yo you know what it's about, The Roots is out  
to the subway

Does anybody like good music?  
Sweet music, soul music?  
You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it  
just to use it, to make you move it, yeah  
[repeat 2X except 'yeah']

[Black Thought]

From the subway to the studio  
Gots to break fast if we wanna get, to the bus  
Runnin like a Mex for the border  
(Umm, yo, oh umm, was it a bunch of yas?)  
Nah, just the four of us  
Nuff nappy sweets on the transit, two fine  
(three fine) fo' five mo' fine, UHH!  
A girl says, "Hey ain't y'all The Square Roots?"  
and I'm like, "Heh, worrrrd,"  
and then the shorty passed the sign  
Now we got to make out exit (where?)  
to the pavement (to what?) Crushin trail mix  
(oh word man, yo look out) Say what? (look out!)  
?uestion dropped a whole bag of drumsticks  
(Ain't no thing) but a chicken wing, so  
he bends down to pick up the sticks  
and his pants fall down (dang!)  
In my face, ?uestion didn't frown, turned around  
and thought he felt a draft, so I laughed  
(HAHAHAHAHAH!)

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[Kid Crumbs]  
Here comes the Crumbs, from the chums of the P.O.  
Sprouted from The Roots and I was added to the trio  
Now I'm cahoots and got a reason for my ego  
In the words of, Los Lobos, ad-ios, a-migo

[Black Thought]  
At the Rat Cave, mic I'm hand, I'm flowin  
Tellin ?uestion, to keep it, goin  
What I'm doin, I'm not really knowin  
but umm, to me see it sounds oh-and-kay'n (it sounds OK)  
layin, to the sounds playin  
Umm, hi to hoe and, yeah, hey to hay'n (uh-huh)  
Trippin, I'm tryin, not to laugh, bust it  
It's the last paragraph, and I'm done half  
But ?uestion's jokin, and I'm like hopin  
that nobody comes in and opens, the door...  
(Ah man, what is up with you man?  
I'm leavin, what why you scratchin your face like that man?  
Look ugly, self-righteous, do-gooder)

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[repeat 2X except]