

## Proceed III

## The Roots

Rock on, to the break of dawn  
Freak on to the early morn  
Khadafi and Sue-kwon, you got it goin' on  
To my man Big Shawn, you got it goin' on, now, yo  
You got The Roots in the house  
We also got Bahamadia in the house, representin' lovely  
With you ears now proceed  
It's flavor you wouldn't believe as we proceed

[Chorus]

I shall proceed and continue to rock the mic  
I shall proceed and continue to rock the mic

Let's, kill all the small talk, and just elaborate  
The Roots collaborate I see myself as rather great  
How the words generate, whole crews disintegrate  
when I penetrate  
As if in the course flow with intensive force  
You best to go and check your source about my textual course  
Simplicity, it sounds complex, you might miss it  
But after you critique it you can kiss it  
I'm assisting fire force that leaves statistics  
When identify niggaz simplify you'll feel no sympathy  
My lyrics send you on a permanent excursion  
I never would decide when your lifespan was submergin'  
My style is urban not suburban when I'm splurgin'  
Gosh these MC's I wash more than detergent  
I can split the Red Sea but deadly  
Take heed, illadelph style as I proceed

[Chorus ]

Bahamadia hits the melodies mellowly  
Brand new, funk doobie, choosy with the tactics  
when I gets Raw, like Dice, nice  
with the flavor, Do You Want More?!?!?!  
Of the Organix, pure  
Eargasmatic, from Distortion to Statics  
Automatic, systematic  
I'm nasty at it  
So hand me the five micraphones like they did Illmatic  
One time for the mind  
Rhyme be coming from an illadelph state of mind  
The real is not whole or half time  
all the time, and I shall proceed  
I'm movin on baby, I shall proceed  
To remain, on point like an infrared beam  
Succeed, in chasing out the ultraviolet dreams  
No Mas like Shorty, 'cause it's all about me

[Chorus ]

Black and handsome, holdin' MC's for ransom  
Thoughts command some, is this, a phantom?  
Crews I mangle, y'all know my anthem ain't the Star Spangled  
I hit you from the most bizarre angle, rectangular  
visions of papes my mind conceive

Motivatin' me to achieve as I must proceed  
when I ride the train, traumatized to maintain  
but laid back, the tracks can relax the brain  
I got to deal with everything on this intelligent plain  
Servin' as a killer  
to the pain I live a High Life like Miller  
Me and the mic's mechanized  
Respect recognize with mind beyond wise  
Limitless when I bless the mic with speak  
Dialect never weak, y'all niggaz know Tarik  
From seven-fifth Snider Ave. got the flavor you need  
For the ingredients indeed so to the lead I shall proceed

[Chorus]