

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 papas 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]