

Rhymes And Ammo

The Roots

SOUND (sound) BOMBING (bombing)
[Light faded voice of Black Thought]
Cause when I put rhymes in they minds yo
For all y'all folks who were hopin and wishin
And I can assault, tryin'a take my position
Stop wishin, and sit yourself back and listen to
A'yo, cause when I put rhymes in they minds yo
For all y'all folks who were hopin and wishin
And I can assault, tryin'a take my position
Stop wishin, and sit your ass back
[Chorus: Black Thought]
A'yo when I say pump that, y'all say shit up
Pump that! (Shit up)
Pump that! (Shit up)
When I say stand up, y'all say get up
Stand up! (Get Up)
Stand up! (Get Up)
When I say rise up, y'all say now
Rise up! (Now)
Rise up! (Now)
When I say lick a shot, say blaow
Lick a shot! (blaow)
Lick a shot! (blaow)
[Verse 1: Black Thought]
A'yo everybody on they jawns
Cartoons is hardcore porn
It ain't no afterschool paper routes and mowin lawns
Kids got backpacks full of yayo and heron
Coming to school shootin up the auditorium
Yo it's anthrax maniacs on the TV
The least of y'all worries should be Thought's cd
The chairman of the board coppin twice weekly
They done caught the minister with a pork b.l.t.
If my shit ain't hot, it probly try to drive me
Psyhce, it's somethin I can never let myself see
Can't see, I'm thorough-bread, nothin fancy
The maker, no matter what the circumstance be
It's the principle, pillowcase full of nickel
Smacked like I'm [?], leave him crippled
Keep talkin greasey I'm a big lip you
A'yo your man'll can get slid with you
You and the squad takin to galoshes
I hold the engineer for hostage
And spit from a dirty cartridge
It's L for whoever try to front on Thought's shit
I'm sendin them goons to your mom's apartment
[Chorus]
[Verse 2: Dice Raw]
A'yo I'm dancin, on the edge of insanity
And rhymin like it's the end of humanity
Still people from the old neighborhood can't stand to see me
Turn around and tell girls we like family
What up with all that, jokin, and collamity
Behind the laughter they thinkin about jammin me
But they don't know, I got somethin for them
But I ain't with that negative vibe, so fuck all that
I've earned alot from this game, and sacrificed more

Stand here a new man, but I'm still the old boy
They claimin they sell but I'm still the old boss
Sometimes wings get clipped, we all hit the floor
But today though, it's Black Thought, Kwei and Raw
You can be sure that we got our eyes on y'all
Watchin different artists rise and fall
Mother fuckers jumpin ship like we came to rob at y'all
[Chorus]
[Verse 3: Talib Kwei]
Kwei, sittin back in the cut like Reese
In a constant peace, call me fantastic like I cut the grease
Baracudas movin and canoein sippin amaretto
I'm a ruler of my temple, what I do to instrumentals
Instrumentals is the development of these niggas mentals
Tears in your eyes like this moment is sentimental
Your fundamentally floored, philosophically bored
Disturbed like the eighth floor of your hospital ward
You've GOT to appoint niggas to raise the bar
Muslims praise Allah, Christians praise the God
Rastas, they say Jah
They find a way to rhyme with the pallet like fine wine
And make you say ahhh
Guess who's back?
The game needed improvement
Can't fit the bullshit no more, you sound stupid
I'm a shark in the water with constant movement
Influenced by music since a truant yo
This is how we do it yo
[Chorus x2]