

## Section

## The Roots

[Chorus: Black Thought: (2X)]

You can't front, we comin with the shots to pump  
We got more cuz it's what you want  
Thump it in your section and throughout your section  
In your area, throughout your whole section, yo...

[Black Thought:]

Y'all know the dynasty, the Roots repertoire  
The lieutenant from the reservoir, serve the spar  
The injurar, preditar of a competitar  
I send MCs where the paramedics are  
At first, I'm like "nah", I'm nonchalant from afar  
Then strike to cut the fake rap star jugular  
With irregular balance of the cat burgla-rar  
Known to parlay with Garcia Vega cigars  
I know the flavor because me and the thugs minds are mutual  
We congruent, lay on the corner with the trauma unit  
I'm from the lab where the bomb's distributed  
So never try to duplicate the skills executed  
Son you'd get electrocuted from the worldwide reputed  
Shine like nickel heat that blow your mind when I shoot it  
Some know me as the man that's from the Roots crew  
Others as the bad lieutenant of Snyder Avenue  
We go an eye for an eye  
Behead like a samurai that'll command the dynasty until he die  
Who will imply that I lack a-biliti?  
Make your words known, amplify the u-tiliti  
I'm crooked like the "I" on a toxic malt liquor  
The land whipper, the Dom Perignon champ sipper  
The fifth'll bring it all together like the zipper on a butter leather  
The bad lieu a bring the bad weather  
So to whoever got riff, let it rest  
Reflect, then recollect on the way it was set  
It's the veteran architect that flows with the rhythm of sex  
Be on the low shotgun in the Lex  
With my man low to flex  
I'm restin where they handle the Tecs  
And the lyrical vandal is next flow  
So my man, my mizza, my man  
M-ilitant, what's the master plan?  
Once again...

[chorus:]

[Malik B.]

Peep the oratory, niggaz bore me with theatrics  
Moms listen to they daughter story about my packets  
The adverse is on your table, stabilize emotion  
A soldier at ease, but on post of up most in  
Brag and boast in my anecdotes that choke  
Invade your whole terrain, you feel the pain provoke  
When I breaststroke your wavelength of intensity  
My alliance bring forth to you an entity  
Your whole vicinity, I contaminate with hate  
Got no time to debate, but hold up wait, sit straight  
It's in mil, the elicit, you violate, you get a ticket  
MCs you can't tell I expel, you get evicted  
From out your misery, serve your ass with my delivery  
Allah makes the ground you steppin on shivery  
Permanent tears run through your thoughts you queers

It's all upstairs, where there's a crowd, table and chairs  
For years, been on the mic, I'm like a dike with stairs  
When I strike, I stay severe, niggaz stay low in they glare  
From over here, my Range Rover square to blast off shots  
Switch the pitch from southpaw to unorthodox  
I shock your brain with the miscellaneous  
Who beez the zaniest...nigga with words that are spontaneous?  
[Black Thought:]  
A yo, the purpose mainly is to generate the Luther Van  
Lyrical contraband, controllin your command and...  
[chorus:]  
[Black Thought:]  
All the way live from 2-1-5, all the way live from the 6-1-0  
Gettin cash, get the gusto  
One time, it's the dynasty flow  
Runnin it down the line, it's another  
Yeah, you in tune to another ill  
5th dynasty production baby [fading out]