

Star / Pointro

The Roots

[40 seconds of instrumental to start]

[Black Thought]

Get 'em up high - okay, yeah

[Chorus]

Go all-star, and get down for yours

To the ladies in the house, be proud of yours

You got the, Roots crew with the sound of course

High, lift 'em up high, okay

[Black Thought]

When that adrenaline get in they system

It get 'em out on a quest for stardom, could be a motherfuckin problem

in Philly, Cincinatti, Los Angeles or Harlem

Kids call theyself killers let they hammers do the talkin

Don't even know the meaning of life, ain't seen a thing

and you dream of floodin the scenery with, llello and greenery

But for now, you stickin her with the heavy machinery

Wonder how, you lift it up, be only 17

And like e'rybody he wanna shine, young brothers on the grind

Holdin somethin in they spine,