

## Table Of Contents - (Part 3)

The Roots

[Black Thought]

Hit the flo' ah, 'cause it's bout to blow ah  
C'mon, hit the flo' ah, it's bout to blow ah  
Hit the flo' ah, it's about to blow ah  
Hit the flo' ah, 'cause it's about to blow ah  
Lyrical landslide, bonafide worldwide live  
Shit to make my niggas in the west just vibe  
Comin out the numero that don't divide  
That's 5, talk hustle that's the way we survive  
My alter-ego, Five-Hundred Fifty-Five people collide  
Beneath a ?counter-locks? last like a thousand shots  
Black Thought, SP side-clout to strut on sidewalk  
Dip like high drug, spit fire fly third eye talk  
That leave your mind struck  
What, Miss Kinda you fuckin the rhyme up  
Yo my man OC told ya Time's Up  
React/Respond what, y'all MC's is awe-struck  
Pull a seat up at my Table of Contents  
But kill all the nonsense, I'm readin your contents, you hate it  
The CEO, SP Incorporated  
Supreme rap manuevers dat deleted orchestrated  
Yamsayin, the most awaited back again  
Shorty said "Where ya been?"  
That I can't divulge, you can check for the bulge  
Or roll over in dough  
Yamsayin get overwhelmed, develop like film  
Step up Into The Realm, what Into The Realm  
Yamean, P-P, fam Malik B \*scatting\*  
Yamsayin, word up you gone lose CONTROL  
Yamsayin, MC's you got BIT the FLOW  
Yamean, it's bout to BLOW  
Check it out, c'mon wit the FLOW  
Yo yo, aight playa, I got whatever kind of flavor  
Rock from LA to Colorado to Decatur  
Wherever I walk stay smoked for hours later  
I stumble into some trees to scuff up your gators  
Now what you and your lady know, don't she tell you how she A this nigga?  
She hit me up wit like fifty-five pages  
My sound take you from conception to death stages  
Introducín Adrenaline, it's outrageous  
Lift you up like you're weightless  
Yo sit down it's hard to take this bad news to spread around  
Now I'm about to let you know what's up now  
You'll be like "That's what's up now"  
I'm Black Thought, I'll pull the ground up from under your feet  
Like it's a throw rug, my vocal impact that of a fo-fo slug  
You hold your chest like "Hold up, I need time to think"  
And detonate don't blink  
Yamsayin, hit the floor again now you extinct  
Check it out, when we warrin in we on the brink  
Insanity, niggas is panickin, ya tryin to run  
Check it out, ayyo yo the fearsome  
What, hit the flo'  
Hold up yamean, you just don't know (check it out)  
We bout to let this go (check it out)  
\*scatting\* Aight, yo HIT THE FLO'!  
Check it out, IT'S BOUT TO BLOW wop bop

Check it out, HIT THE FLO' wop wop  
Check it out, SHIT'S BOUT TO BLOW wop wop and a c'mon  
HIT THE FLO' wop wop we-wop c'mon  
BOUT TO BLOW wop bop check it out  
C'mon hit the flo' wop, and ah  
It's ya yamean, R-double-O-T-S yes step  
Yes, the Lieutent, Table of Contents yo  
And the Table of Contents yamean?