

## The Spark

## The Roots

["You'll soon depart.." echoes from the last track]

[Chorus: Malik B (2X)]

Yo, the feet that I walk with  
The ears that I hear with, the eyes that I see with  
The mouth that I talk with, the terror that I stalk with  
Now it's time to spark shit  
[Malik B]  
Look God, I walk around a little edgy already  
Y'all MC's come into my face, but my aim's steady  
M-illitant is skilled in most strategic plan  
I float across seas and, breezed across land  
Standin, in these thoughts of murder within  
The structure of this world that's corrupted with sin  
I'm always hittin, to leave MC's guessin  
For any transgression, in my perimeter  
there will be a blessing, and your explicit intoxicated  
buddha session, to stop stressin  
me with the madness, puttin niggaz on my had list  
No sadness is felt, you shuffled and your cards get dealt  
Jim Carrey ass niggaz start to melt  
Impact like a buckle bein swung from off a belt  
Any help for shelter, when in the realms of a welter  
My weight will tilt ya, hold alignments and change your filter  
My attitude a product of society  
So sometimes for gratitude, you know you can't rely on me  
Niggaz eyein me, with looks of they anxiety  
Wonderin what's in my heart, velocity or piety  
Yo, it depends on which one, you bring to surface  
At times I get trife, but what to worship is my purpose  
Malik B blend with the tree, to spot an enemy  
You cloggin me up cat, now vacant the vicinity  
[Chorus]  
[Malik B]  
I'm symbolic to a ballot, it's Abdul Malik  
Don't approach with bullshit, I'm quick to call it invalid  
Route through your district, we keep it simplistic  
No need for the rapper to talk, put it on halt  
Show me the vault, or the safe, cause I'm on the paper chase  
Wade through route states for bout thirty down my waist  
I'm tryin to get it, these rain bottlin thoughts become acidic  
With one in the chamber, ready to aim and spit it  
A girlfriend and team made nigga cash just splintered  
I take what you got to give, cause I got to live  
The last hour, I bet your ass ?  
Might act up, but I still can pass dowa  
I'm usin new ways to try to reach these better days  
Instead of tryin to take you under I just make you wonder  
I still fast, make salaah, and pay zakaat  
I didn't make Haj yet, but that's my next project  
Livin two lives, one of turn and one with true lies  
Keepin a hoe, knowin these hands into my du'a  
In the quarters livin modest with my nigga Trotter  
I circle my foes, like tawaf around the kaba  
I used to live life, like there was no manana  
Now I'm treatin every breath, like it was your honor  
I'm Mill-itill-itant with the Fifth that stand firm  
like a pillar, I'm I and T-L like Manilla

[Chorus 2X]

This is what it's all about [7X]