

Thought @ Work

The Roots

[Black Thought]

Yo, where the freaks at? Lookin' at me
You wanna see Black? Then jump on it
And to the chumps who think they might want it
I might spot your ride and dump on it
And send a couple of boys to that corner of yours
And role out with a nigga slumped on it
You see Black fall back son
Me and Shock up in a black Regal no insurance
We like DEA serving warrants
So tell the freaks you know to stop whorin
We gon' grab the mics and get 'em off the wall
so e'rybody in here can stop snorin
Yo where the safe Money unlock it, pull it out your pocket
Ben Banniker Bay with the Al Morrocan
Black Thought on capitals like the sovereign
Girls get your eyes back up out the sockets
Focus, flawless. New York to Europe
To lands where my feet ain't even touch the soil yet
What a movement, the rap solution
It thumps so hard we got 'em world wide usin them
Tracks from Black for satisfaction
The role of captain played by Samuel L. Jackson
Yo ill insanity that's cold and morbid
but when I'm in your orbit you soul absorb it
A real raw nigga wont fold or forfeit
A thorough bred gonna enforce it
Tariq's where the beats at
And where the people out their seats at
For what? Cause y'all on it
I'm like Aqua man and Brown Hornet
I'm like Imhotep but don't flaunt it
Dog, reintroducing master thespian
Ho-telling-est, elin-est, emceein
Fuck getting money for real, get freedom
Black on the grind from AM to the PM
Splash up crash up the X-5 B.M.
Motive entertainment the philly mob we in
Weak hearts, yo we not them
Waddup nigga T3 nigga bahtem
When the M-Ill get home we're gonna win
First one to fall cats with no chin
The mic the black hold remain smokin'
And ladies up in the place is wide open
For real you know what I'm talking about
Pull it out your pocket (3x)

[Chorus]

You feel this shit soon as they throw it on
You feel this joint this is your new favorite song
You at the dancehall, you got it going on
It's time to show it off so throw your hands up
Check it out yo
You feel this shit soon as they throw it on
You feel this joint this is your new favorite song
You at the dancehall, you got it going on
It's time to show it off yall niggas know whats up

[Black Thought]

Yo here go the rapper of the year, year of the rap
Come from South Philly where the hammers are clapped huh?
Violate and you will answer to Black
You a thug not really there's the answer to that
Lee ya, boxed silly with the hands skill attack
Cancel your check flip, dismantle your trap huh?
Wanna pack can't handle your strap
You a schmuck type, shoot your man in the back
Meanwhile I'm outstanding and I'm outspoken
Wild out take fools out without joking
If I run out of shots I'm going out poking
On a date with sis we going out stroking
And the shot is fantastic
The fantastic is the romantic
And to the freaks in the house if you're ready to bounce
we can go to the flat then get tantric
Yeah. you pronounce the name Tariq, any questions?
Street hip-hop I bring forth the essence
You see pulling up five deep
with nothing but dimes inside of my jeep
I'm not arguing to get in VIP cocksucker prick
Suck a dick I'ma floss for the fuck of it
Girls say the baw Black be on some other shit
Nigga talk like you work for the government
My words worth like Barnes & Noble
Spit hot flames that'll harm your vocal
Spit thought name I'm a bomb your local
neighborhood, for a ten mile radius
Well every ghetto craving this new anthem
My brain unstable and I'm just too handsome
I bang with the best around
Who can test the ground when I finesse the sound
Here come the controller

[Chorus]

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Y'all niggas know what's up