

WAOK (Ay) Rollcall

The Roots

(Chorus: Kweli & Dice Raw)

Downtown everybody move to the beat

Uptown everybody moving the heat

Cross-town the party where both sides meet

Eastside, westside, there's always beef (X2)

(Kweli)

I tattoo the page with the permanent ink

Mr. Rourke on your Fantasy Island

The umbrella in your tropical drinks

Still run it up it, liquor in your cup

Fucking you up

Hang over the banister

You feel the rush of the blood going straight to your brain

Ain't no love, you only love bringing hate to the game

Taking my name in vain, mistaking license for freedom

He make music for the people, people dying to meet him

People!

We still abuse it, while the rich is made of music

He probably driving a Buick and be rocking van--?

G-U-E relevant, see how his man do it

Fucking with niggas from illa fifth, see how we ran through it

The river in the valley

The nigga in the alley

Rolling with the heat from BK to killer Cali

The hands will fake the clapping

You'll be collasping

You softer than the land on legs

Transforming the landscape

Like a sandstorm in the Sahara

I am the truest nigga

I do more shows than The Roots to Carol Lewis

Creative artist, never play the targets of game hunters

You may want to test this product like cane smugglers

Dis disco shit

Popping like Crisco

Hitting your face

Spit in your face like pistol shit

My style, wild like wipple whip

I go back like a pistol grip

It's pro-black, Kweli!

(Chorus w/o Kweli)

(Black Thought)

I'm a FED like Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms

Willy gank, spit the killer dank dialogue

Pyro-maniac like Dr. Molotov

I knock the bottle off

And knock the model off

Gots some non-believers here

Some how I'll save y'all

Or stop y'all worries, you makin me vexed

Hit up gekko, this ain't got gold correct

I'll fucking bounty hunt your body like I'm Boba Fett

Cause you a toy not a soldier yet

You better hold your neck

You dick smokers get no respect

With the blood, ice your watch, rock your rocks

Better rock it on the screen and not the blocks

Cuz them crews don't stop them shots
It's so many that fly, they chase down, I just stop and watch
I'm from the south side of philly, it's known to get gruesome
Heavy hitter villians these alleyways produce them
Heavy hitter on a pocket we find a way to juice them
They may as well pay, schmuck
Introducing the B-to L-A see me the king splitter
Then analyze this dime, the main thing glitter
Then analyze the taste in your mouth, it seem bitter
Ganster, valid dick torian, graduate of I dare you
If you are paper thin I'm a tear you
I'm a come take care of you put a part in your hairdo
You barking like I'm a starting to scare you
But speak up like a man nigga so your body guards can hear you