

# Without a Doubt

The Roots

(feat. Lady B)

Hey, hey, hey hey

Hey, yes, yes I

C'mon, c'mon uh, uh.. uh

[Lady B] Another one of those Saturday Nights y'all

Yo y'all, take heed

Yeah, check it out, c'mon

You're now rockin with the best.. uh

[Lady B] Without a doubt, take heed y'all

C'mon, yeah, uh

Uh, yo, about to give you what you need y'all

[Lady B] Without a doubt

[Black Thought]

Check it out now, it's the type cerebral

World renowned, illustrious, ille-gal

My musical affection, bubblin within your zone

like champagne, known as the Fifth campaign

Thought be doin his damn thang

Bent like, a boomerang, tryin to maintain

I'm both yin and yang from Mi Kan Lang

What your lady gettin me up? I'm never answering

Let her miss me, see me then she off tryin to kiss me

Talkin bout, "I dig you Tariq, the way you twist me"

Meanwhile, she comin home tipsy, all grinnin

And what you used to fit em before, you now swimmin

Just take a dive P-5 deep, the team winnin

Takin hip-hop back to, the beginnin

Cause MC's are pretendin, I slap your sound

out the sky like I'm goaltendin, bring your career

to an endin, enter the next era trascendin for real

Knahmsayin? If not, then man listen

For you to try to fuck with the Fifth, that's ambition

I let y'all know the time indeed, y'all need to

take heed y'all

[Lady B] Get a little P-5-D y'all

Straight from the town of Phil-ly y'all

But we about to give you what you need y'all

Without a doubt

[Lady B] Take heed y'all, get a little P-5-D y'all

Straight from the town of Phil-ly y'all

But we about to give you what you need y'all

Without a doubt

[Black Thought]

Yo, I control the stadium like the law long arm

Warn, ring the alarm, cause here The Roots come

The funk's all ready for whoever want some

Your album get split like, a lump sum

No doubt, under this influencin of outcome

Millenium spaceship, totally wasted

Schoolly D classic, though I vocally laced it

Taste this swerve on a regular basis

Servin y'all whatever the place is

Blowin conniseur quality in my competitor's faces

This is without doubt, your lady pass out

This Illa-Fifth Twilight Zone, you ass out

Shout, to my brothers on back route

Whippin the short that's smacked out, dig it

Strump this in your cassette deck, hip-hop has not left yet  
I sent a verse in the mail like, a death threat  
The critically acclaimed composer, stand over  
whichever mute miniscule mic holder  
You never knew the real before, yo I show ya  
You need to make your thoughts more sober, think it over  
[Lady B] Take heed y'all, get a little P-5-D y'all  
Straight from the town of Phil-ly y'all  
But we about to give you what you need y'all  
Without a doubt [repeat 4X]