

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 casette 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]