

# The Roots, 100% Dundee

One one one one two

P-P-5-D

Yeah, yeah, P-P-5-D

I'm sayin, yo

Touch this yo, knahmsayin what?

Yo-yo, yo, 100%..

[Black Thought]

Yo! On these seventy-three keys, of ivory and ebony

I swear solemnly that I'll forever rock steadily

People wanna know where Malik? He right next to me

The weaponry, the secret recipe

Hard to peep this, deep shit, shows I eat with

Contaminated thoughts I walk the street with

I bayonnet cassettes and chop beats with

this olympic lyricism you can't, compete with

Globe travellin, throwin your verse like a javelin

Things Fall Apart and MC's unravellin

Backstage whisperin to management like

&quot;change the order, it's no way that we can rock after them&quot;

My man sport the 'fro like \_What's Happenin?\_

From the latest hi-atus, The Roots back again

Your crew practicin to catch this natural blend

They packages read &quot;care when handlin&quot;

It's all soft shit, batteries not included with

Matter of fact, your whole front's a re-enactment

I blow your ba-tty ass into fragments, P-5-D

The new testament, mic specialist, what?

Yeah

Check it out, yo (3X)

Yo yo, Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty

Lyrical click, 100% Dundee

[Malik B]

Malik B, I represent the P-5-D

Guerilla click, 100% Dundee

[Black Thought]

Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty

Lyrical click, 100% Dundee

[Malik B]

Malik B, I represent the P-5-D

Guerilla click, 100% Dundee

The Milli-illitant-tant, 'pon cock, ready to rock

Power out, in the clout, it seems out, all through your block

Posse don't play the cut, but what, you get sheist

Got the personality named trife, ready to heist

Smashin 'graphs, snatch the ice, crush your mental device

Thought twice, shoulda thought once, got played for the dunce

Dialogues I moderate, cool out, we outta state

Just blendin in the great, give me room to ventilate

Most niggaz is fraudulent, the rap seargeant

Bargin, through your regiment, call your president

Hittin all targets cuz it's a cause that's lost

Between the killers when they probably Teddy Ruxpin talk

Droppin tears of steel, two drops up in the bucket

Facin three ? and a cop so yo fuck it

If I get abducted, trapped up in the belly

Wacked up my celly, get known like Dawn Stanley

You know the deally on the daily in the ?

If I sense you got a bend to your kite, then send it up

We press up on your corner with windows they're tinted up

Lay our props face down on the ground and get it up, what?

Face on the ground and get it up

[Black Thought]

Yo yo, Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty

Lyrical click, 100% Dundee

[Malik B]  
Malik B, I represent the P-5-D  
Guerilla click, 100% Dundee  
[Black Thought]  
Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty  
Lyrical click, 100% Dundee  
[Malik B]  
Malik B, I represent the P-5-D  
Guerilla click, 100% Dundee  
[Black Thought]  
Check it out  
While you pose for pictures, I'm the invisible enigma  
Down low, scope you off the roof like the fiddler  
Cage you up in the vocal booth, you're held prisoner  
Watch, while I'm bangin out this hot shit from Sigma  
Illa-del-P-A, live without a DJ  
And it's been that way, since Sergio Vallente  
Yo, The Roots holdin it down, is all you can say  
Plus the Black Thought em-cey, professional-lay  
Push pen to paper like Chinua Achebe  
Thumpin, what was your assumption  
I lace your function, make it a Black Thought production  
Word up I'm on somethin, stellar hold off course  
I'm gone bluntin, travel light and broadcast  
via satellite, Illa-Fifth Dynamite  
Lyrical calculus in this arithmetic hip-hop metropolis  
But loyal fiends coppin this hot shit  
Yaknahmsayin? Hot shit, word up  
Illa-Fifth hot shit y'all  
Black Thought, I represent the Fifth Dynasty  
Lyrical click, 100% Dundee  
[Malik B]  
Malik B, I represent the P-5-D  
Guerilla click, 100% Dundee  
[Black Thought]  
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