

# The Roots, Act Fore... The End?

(Black Thought)

Yeah yeah yeah, yes I, no doubt yes I (P-5-D)

Check it out, yo yo

Areegato, to all my people in Japan

Whether you rockin Cartier or Pierre Cardan

I'm bargin in like excuse, I beg your pardon

To crush carbon copy MC's wit clone jargon

Move the crowd to leave the microphone sparkin

Leave you caught inside the lines of my page beneath the margin

Now we could mud-sling to cease the foul-talkin

I personally would rather keep things peace, but it's your option

I hit the block wit hip-hop, it's like oxen

Stampede wit lyrical heavyweight boxing

Yo, just give thanks it's the new shit

For y'all to ever try to sleep on this is stupid

My thought's deep like the upright acoustic

Bass, Cold Crush like Charlie Chase

To keep the ladies grindin like a slow jam

You just a slow-jam fizz kid, get wit the program

My style hundred proof, I pause for no man

The Fifth Dy-nas-ty, that's the slogan

&gt;From S-P to West-P to Logan

The planet is a parachute, I got em open

Aiyyo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there

Worldwide yo I'm still out there, Roots Crew forever out there

Aiyyo I'm out there, SP to the, out there

Aiyyo I'm out there, what, I'm still out there

Check it out yo (worldwide) I'm still out there check it out

C'mon, yo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there

Roots crew to the to the to the to the

Y'all know the name, I got game like an Evangelist

Relax to my man D'Angel-ist, who could ever cancel this

Music growth, it's cancerous not glamorous

Yo the lifestyle I embrace to some scandalous

I chop joke MC's like choke sandwiches

And backslap the snare drum open-handed wit my vo-cal

So I'm far from lo-cal

My peoples got to keep me in they fo-cal

Perform Al Jerome style, then act like you know now

Surf the internet, inspect my profile

Return to menu if you miss this

Your girlfriend said my music is futuristic

Then kissed me on my neck, left marks of lipstick

Then came to the spot and we got lifted

I rip shit on the solo unassisted

Or wit Malik and the Fifth Click, so y'all should keep your lips zipped

Y'all don't know what it's about, get on route

I hold it down wit no doubt and sip Stout

And got the hot record out

Y'all need to let your necks snap back, check it out, word up

Yo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there

Worldwide son I'm still out there, check it out

Roots crew forever out there, you know I'm still out there

What what what out there, knamsayin

To you out there, P-5-D out there

What what, S-P out there yaknamsayin (S-P forever)

Philly out there, aiyyo I'm still out there (2-1-5th)

S-P to the, to the to the to the

Aiyyo so what's the Fifth then? The Million Dollar Question

We veterans, lyrically threatening freshmen

Y'all lookin at next year, I see the next ten  
And front on me strategically, plan positioning  
Out there, steppin into your world I'm visitin  
Discography time less you keep listenin  
Within the crevices these clones is missing in  
Action, mysterious magnetic attraction wit that thing  
My melody like Nat King, and MC's is so un-inter-esting  
Forever givin y'all the next best thing  
I give it to you like pink champelle and ink bing  
I drink Yuengling, JaRoots and Ginseng  
You testin me, ock? yo what was you thinkin  
You buggin off the energy the king bring  
A delivery that you're forever remembering

Aiyyo I'm out there, aiyyo I'm still out there  
S-P (worldwide) out there, check it out  
It's the Roots, we out there  
Aiyyo I'm still out there, Roots Crew out there  
Check it out, aiyyo I'm out there  
We infinitely out there, worldwide son check it out  
Out there check it out (S-P), aiyyo I'm out there  
Aiyyo I'm still out there, what what (P-5-D, Roots Crew out there)  
Check it out, it's like