

# The Roots, Can't Stop This

(Intro)

{&quot;Saved Message. Today at 5.47 PM&quot;}  
&quot;My man, JD, was a true hip hop artist  
... I can't explain the influence that  
his mind and ear have had on my band  
myself and the careers of so many other  
artists. The most humble, modest, worthy  
and gifted beatmaker I've known. And  
definitely the best producer on the mic.  
Never without that signature smile and head  
bouncin' to the beat. JD had a passion for  
life and music, and will never be forgotten.  
He's a brother that was loved by me, and I  
love what he's done for us. And though I'm  
happy he's no longer in the pain he'd been  
recently feelin', I'm crushed by the pain of  
his absence. Name's Dilla Dog and I can only  
rep the real and raw. My man, Dilla, rest in  
peace.&quot;

{\*moans\*}

{&quot;Ooh, but baby youuuu...&quot;}  
{&quot;Who is it ... is it?&quot;}  
{&quot;There comes a time....&quot;}  
(\*Samples repeated throughout the track\*)

(Verse 1 - Black Thought)

Last of the red hot (red hot), lovin' emcees  
Who came up poor, grits and government cheese  
The only thing I ever really loved in my life, was a mic  
Some of my niggaz fell in love with MPs, come on  
Work the bass, nigga, juggle them keys  
I'm tryin'a get a piece of this government green  
And smack 'em in the melon with another LP  
C'mon, help a couple people in the struggle get free  
We from the block, where people stay prepared to rock  
and it's hard, 'cause opportunity be scared to knock  
and mo' people in the 'hood found dead from cops  
than guns that drop, that sprayed off random shots  
But whatcha know good, people say they in the hood fo' good  
You ain't a prisoner, the world got mo' to it  
Sky's the limit, it don't take but a minute  
Don't fear for your people, nigga, my 'hood's yo' 'hood {\*echoes\*}  
Yeah, ... we did it...

(Chorus - Black Thought)

I know in these tryin' times it feels confusin'  
that's why I came to y'all to dance to the music  
unless, we face it first and try not to lose it  
even if it gets worse, they Can't Stop This (stop this)

(Verse 2 - Black Thought)

Can't Stop This, I want my peoples to rock this  
Bang this music in your speakers and boxes  
Legs and users, 'bout as a deep as my thoughts is  
Sit back and I'mma paint you a portrait  
This stuff can make you think you are lost  
This shit can have you exhausted  
Just, picture the planet and imagine it's yours, kid

Don't ever let nobody knock you outta your orbit  
I never seen a bridge we couldn't shuffle across it  
We got a lotta people livin' a life, that's pure trivia  
Real hip hop, I ain't tryin' a get rid of ya  
Can't have that, because here come, the city of Philly  
Put an end to all the trivia, really  
Where I'm walkin' er'ybody ain't pretty or friendly  
It's work, my whole life they ain't give me a penny  
Comin' up between a rock and a hard, watchin' for God  
People, hip hop, and with no option at all  
Yo ... it's how it's goin' down...

(Chorus - Black Thought)

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that's why I came to y'all to dance to the music  
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(Verse 3 - Black Thought)

We bring the (?) part of raps, the special sounds  
The robe's long enough to be considered a gown  
Thought's pen is sharp enough to be considered a crown  
When the plate come, take some, pass it around  
It's the last of the hip hop lovin' emcees  
In front of an audience that never been pleased  
I'm comin' from all the streets that never been cleaned  
and speakin' for any faith that never been seen  
This debeneir style of my words is high-calibre  
Speakin' my mind for every day that's on the calendar  
'cause I'll'a been quiet, about as long as I can handle it  
Walked a mile in these boots that I'm standin' in  
Mellow soul brother with his lyrical dean on  
The stages I'm seen on, mic I fiend on  
When it's all full of soul, that's when it means more  
I never hesitate to give a shoulder to lean on, yo  
... Check it out, man

(Chorus - Black Thought)

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that's why I came to y'all to dance to the music  
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{\*A series of people pay tribute to J Dilla to fade\*}