

The Roots, Distortion To Static (Freestyle Mix)

(Black Thought)

Ayo I'm just a lyracist, marijuana commenced
My persona is blissed, the most pure connoisseur
Of literature, that beast on the mic, like a dinosaur
Making y'all want more as we enter the encore
Kid I'm every MC, it's all in me
For all eternity I represent in southern Philly
Indeed as I thought I proceed and make MC's bleed
Fake MC's need to take heed
The essence of my presence is a seed
Kid I got styles you wouldn't believe
?Impress my rap league?
The Roots poetic and you're pathetic
I'm laughing at MC's paragraph, illiterates can't read
Or can't seem to conceive, or construct a product
That don't suck, but record companies do not give a FUCK
That's why forever after you will hear the laughter
As I flip the rap chapter you'll be on your back after
It's the master microphone magician
Do work that make the people listen
Thoughts in mind glisten as your rhyme's missing
Hold tight, let's do this right
Cause I can see we got a lot of MC's that need insight tonight
It's like...

"Ayo I'm every MC, it's all in me" *vocally scratched by Rahzel*

(Malik B)

Now if your vision's still blurry, I'm a underline the turns
Flip the page, synonyms, your minimum, wage
So I's a cash it, Black Thought, my squad so niggas blast it
In sections, no questions get asked
Still no sequel, equality means equal
Cause equality is we
I enter your dimension with my tension
Cause I rhyme in such a non-tense, niggas will mind this
Illadelphatic, my culture might approach ya when I distort to static
If it's drama let's have it
Broke, you're selling coke, then you know my staff will grab it
Then drive off in traffic, with the paper mathematic
But back to the topic, The Roots dropping shit upon your optic
Quite clever, like the right weather
Every (every) body (body) it's not like the Hills of Beverly
These creeps you niggas never see
Get the picture? Here's a mixture of a medly
Peace to the players on Smedely
Baby, they say weak threats and you wonder what's next

"Ayo I'm every MC, it's all in me" *vocally manipulated by Rahzel*

(Dice Raw)

One time, for the mind when I exact
The lyrical styles of a contact like karate
I'm driving down the streets in a Mazeratti pimping your hottie
I'm living snotty, buying the clothes of John Gotti
An ill brother, want to test me kid? I'm an ill nigga
Wear only Tommy Illfiger, so go figure
I'm a bad brother, word to mother
You can never touch me with lyrics that's sloppy
I'm like a prophet and you can't stop me
I prohecy my prophecil is prophecized by D.Z.
I see he, R-A-W, who the fuck are you?
Any other way I roast your ass at a barbeque
Split Skittles, my dick on you will get split from your toes to

Your wig, aww shit, here comes Dice Raw
The kid who never took a bad fall
On "The Lesson," rapping is my profession
You can never censor me out with parental discretion
Lyrically I get toxic with rappers
My nuclear weapon a missile, keep it over my back
In a holster, pimping the wack MC's like hoes to
I'm broke like your mom's toaster
You can't fade me or degrade me, lyrically I get excellent, B
You want to reach my planet where I'm hard like granite?
Packing motherfuckers up, and freaky like Janet
You could never touch me, son
When I always represent and get the job done
Logan Valley represent, peace to my niggas M.A.R.S.
I'm hitting you over your head making you see stars
So back up, don't make me act up, you'll get smacked up
Physically backed up and sold to grey bands in Southville
Well I mean Northville
I get ill, and I kill at WILL!

"Ayo I'm every MC, it's all in me" *Rahzel does his thing*

"Dice rigged Raw!" *scratched by the one and only Rahzel*