

# The Roots, Good Music (Preclude)

(Black Thought)

On the actual, I swings like I'm Satchel  
And brings groovy things to my peoples on the natural  
Inclined to align, index to other flow and through beats  
the butta kid got yet another bid to serve  
in groovy stew, peace to all the kids who smuggle buddha  
cross the border cause it beez a remedy to ?cola roda?  
Recruiter of refugees, the urbanite objects  
Wreck to catch the gravy, grass be the po' baby  
that I planted in the long run, dig the rhythmic song from  
the one who goes left see, how many brothers test me?  
Touch, the texture of the weak and yo I wrecks the comb  
from picking cause I'm cool and umm, kicks 'pon the dome  
I'm kicking, on the regular I puts masses in motions  
Shit'll split your mind open like a canteloupe then  
The Roots and the boots Don boost to stomp potholes  
Mr. Job Kicker, ease off, cause I got soul enough  
to sell it, yo let spell it, B-L-A-C-K  
T-H-O-U-G-H-T don't play  
When I skits off a land funk that boogies up your pants and  
kicks flavor dug by your gramps in Johansen  
Jazz cats that's hip, plus them brothers who scramble  
Your uncle and your cousins and the wino who gamble..

Hahaha, and for my next trick