

The Roots, Hardware

(Do it right.)

Chorus

Pull out the hardware
Let's do it right (right.)

Aiyyo, do it right y'all
Here we go, check it out
Subzero, cold from the Krush intro
The temperature alone shatter weatherproof window
We move at adrenaline rush tempo
And leave y'all rappers screamin' about
Who stepped on toes and cut ya throat
So what, you can't fuck wit though
You know it's me and that poetry to add injury to insult
When Thought begin
The what and the when
The why and the when
A be explained
Music ease the pain
Seize the brain
The flow's like sex in the rain
Hit 'em like they hit the projects wit the crane
Hit 'em like they hit the black man wit the blame
Hit the people like I'm bustin a gauge wit good aim
Tell 'em bang this, dangerous masterpiece
It's not a game to heat, pulsate through each vein
Stimulate the ghetto, that's the reason 'Riq came
It feel so surreal it's hard to keep sane
Unplug me, seems like it's raw, get ugly
I come to operate, just shine the spotlight on me
Just make a little noise if the crowd love me
The way I do it make these other rappers sound funny

Chorus (2x)

Do it right y'all
Yo, do it right y'all
Yo it's like wassup, everybody wanna get nice
But everything come at a price
It's like everybody got they own vice, mine weed and the mic
And women that I need in my life
Some strung out on religion and believing in christ
Next man need the money, stay pullin a heist
While this other wanna fiend, stay huffin the pipe
While this next wanna fiend, stay fuckin ya wife
Try to give the youth advice, and guiding light
Young boys in the street getting high tonight
Young brothers upstate hype, tryin to fight
Real bitter cause they niggas ain't fly my kite
What I do is for them chain cigarette smoke heads wit bad nerves
Old men in the barbershop using bad words
For people in the darkness, unseen and heard, for HIP-HOP
Don't get the meanin slurred
My flow disturbed
Presence is the most preferred
I descend upon Japan in a (?glowing bird?)
Talk hustle, about 4 million served
Still swerve, directing y'all, life spills, word jus.

Chorus (2x)

Do it right y'all
Yo, do it right y'all

Aiyyo, when the fifth come thru it's like amazing grace
Slow motion like you in some shit that may have been laced
Standoff at the door when I step in the place
It's like the law comin' try and pepper spray in your face
If you a weak nigga stay in ya place
My name 'Riq, when I speak
Thoughts travel at alarming rates
Come on, stomp wit The Roots
I step into the vocal booth
Armed to the tooth
Cause the people want truth
We all want clothing and food, and wanna root
So I stand up say what I say in front of you
Comin thru, feelin something new, chill for a few
I know you probably wanna keep it real for ya crew
So pull out the hardware, do what you tryin to do
So I can grab the mic, and do what I'm dyin to do
The turntableist, Krush on the 1 and 2
And it ain't no need to tell you my name, you know 'Riq jus.

Chorus (3x)