

# The Roots, I'm Out Deah

[Black Thought]

Uhh.. the molecular mass  
of that rhythmic ass grass  
is organic hip-hop jazz  
that you are all about to witness  
Groovy units check it owwwwt..

The nappy cat, Black Thought, digs the NasteeFatJazz  
Artifacts and cardiac cerebral action  
Retro is my Roots for my peoples with the plats and  
braids are twist clean, cuts or fros beneath the hats and  
do the dance, does I boogie backs to relax -- I does  
Concentrate, it's not be natural as the grass  
Hail the exit-in and let's begin yo take a dip and soul  
I spill the normal knot yo kid I got that for your ass  
Slips and I drips like butta  
Melodic mad noise if you dig it peace to ya  
If not, catch a lift to the level of my mental for a smidgen  
of my spirit just a little dab'll do ya  
Your butts to the cuts dig the buds of my killa  
Rememberin the hot, dolla parties of the cellar  
I'm deep, ghetto child of some chocolate, complected  
groovy head to toe, plus crazy cooler than vanilla  
I catch a slap five from my man, that's my mellow  
Unique style I speak be the goods that I petal  
I'm stoned blam, to the known, known around the city  
of Philly that's my home, for makin wack rappers settle  
It bein that I'm blem, kid I kicks, in the mix  
Rhythm be the quick, fix from the sticks of my Brother  
A lot of kids, diss these days I'm not amazed  
cause I pays no, mind and lift the roof off the, mutha

Just because I'm out deah  
I say peace to all my peoples who be out deah  
To hip cats and nappy sweets you're crazy out deah  
Just like my Foreign Objects because you're out deah  
Just like that sister ? you know you're out deah  
Just like the man, Manifest, you know you're out deah  
Just like my cousin Shawn G, you're crazy out deah  
To Butterfly like dat, you know you're out deah  
to get up out!

Brainiac, Black's the mind, color funk, fuse the gut  
I catch the what's when I kick it  
Mysterious the maker of the raps crazy naps so I lacks  
the cut, and got a fro but can't pick it  
C-Not's my nigga knows the news of the nappy cats  
Crowns and kicks, and how it ease the mind  
Yo freak freak ya don't ya don't stop  
Cause The Roots got the body rock shit  
with the twist for your spine, bring it back, UHH!  
Fat is my flow that's fluidic  
The critics ain't with it, then their domes is beneath  
We be the Funk, Four mind as one umm, Crumbs umm  
he told us peace, it was against his beliefs  
We couldn't live with him cool, with that out we gon' sprout  
the record of The Roots to show my attitude is out  
I'm on some crazy linear shit, takin a hit during my set  
to let, these niggaz know what I'm about  
I'm all about the funk, that's relaxed for your state of mind  
Snaps is cool, if layin back is the ever  
The unity of Bootsee's grin, growin, cause the juice began  
as just deuce, groovy flaves that taste, blam together  
I likes that, so doin Bobby Mick, ain't ridic', to this

In fact, that's the pen, hey yo direct  
from The Tunnels Never Never via satellite  
Here comes The Roots, now dig the shits I said

To all my peoples, cause I'm out deah  
Just like the group The Rhythmic Tricks because you're out deah  
And the group The Soul Plants yeah you're out deah  
Just like I said, Remedy is crazy out deah  
To ? and Tin-Tin, I think you're out deah  
And to my son whose name is Crumbs you know you're out deah  
I'm Black Thought to the beat and yo I'm out deah  
And yo my group is called The Roots because we're out deah  
to get up out

Uhh, abstract organic artistry  
Thought is he, that I be  
Gravity does not hold me down  
As I rise from the ground into sound  
Melting browns drip like wax  
Building blocks, nappy cat  
Blazes acts, filling facts  
Mental sax, sweet mental sax  
Sweet mental horn, taking the physical form  
of a storm of abnorm-ality, re-ality's  
lo-cality, vo-cality, low calorie NOT  
I got the fat shit y'all  
I got the fat shit y'all  
I got the fat shit y'all  
I got the fat, shit, y'all..