

The Roots, Rising Down

[Intro]

Hello, hello, hello, hello
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[Verse 1 - Mos Def]

Every anywhere; heights, plains, peaks and valleys
Entrances, exits, vestibules and alleys
Winding roads that test the firm nerve
Fortune or fatal behind the blind curve
The engine oil purr, lights flash to a blur
Speed work through the earth, make your motor go "skrrt"
Tonight at noon, watch a bad moon risin'
Identities in crisis and conflict diamonds blindin'
Staring at lights till they cryin'
Bone gristle poppin' from continuous grindin'
Grapes of Wrath in a shapely glass
Ingredients influential on your ways and acts
Zero tolerance to raise the tax
It don't matter how your gates is latched
You ain't safe from the danger, Jack
Made a way before they made the map
Or a GPS, this is D-E-F, leader

[Chorus Dice Raw]

I know where I'm goin,' even when it's dark
And being led down that road (Hello, hello, hello, hello)
You don't see that something's wrong,
Earth's spinnin' outta control? (Hello, hello, hello, hello)
Everything's for sale, even souls
Someone get God on the phone! (Hello, hello, hello, hello)
Northside, nigga, Southside (Hello hello hello)
Shits poppin' off worldwide (Hello hello hello)

[Verse 2 Black Thought]

Yo, between the greenhouse gases, and Earth spinnin' off its axis
Got Mother Nature doin' back flips, the natural disasters
It's like 80 degrees in Alaska, you in trouble if you're not an Onassis
It ain't hard to tell that the conditions is drastic
Just turn on the telly, check for the news flashin'
How you want it bagged, paper or plastic?
Lost in translation or just lost in traffic?
Yo, I don't wanna floss, I done lost my passion
And I ain't tryin' to climb, yo I lost my traction
They makin' me break, my contents under pressure, do not shake
I'm workin' while the boss relaxin'
Here come Mr. Taxman, he leavin' a fraction, give me back some
Matter fact, next paycheck, it's like that, son!
I'll fuck around and have to hurt a few men
They'll probably chalk it up as a disturbing new trend, hello

[Chorus Dice Raw]

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[Verse 2 Styles P]

Should I say hello or should I say that hell is low?
Am I a nigga or a negro? (Tell me) I'm an African American (Yeah)
They sell drugs in the hood, but The Man, he move the medicine (He move the medicine)
He'll prescribe you an augment for everything (For everything)
A little stuffy nose, tell you get some Claritin (Ha ha)
You know I'm hip to it
And it's hard to claim the land when my great-great-great grands were shipped to it
Look at technology: they call it downloading (Pssh)
I call it downsizing, somebody follow me (Follow me)□
Does a computer chip have an astrology (Does it?)
And when it fuck up, could it give you an apology? (Could it?)
Should it say hello or should it say goodbye (Goodbye)
Try to understand how smart and how hood am I?
It don't matter, though
Until we learn that the world don't turn right, we all oughtta scatter, though

[Chorus Dice Raw]
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