

# The Roots, Table Of Contents, Parts 1 & 2

(Part One)

(Black Thought)

\*Background\*

Is this fast or normal speed?

Yea, knawsayin?, yea, Table of Contents

Fuckin wit it, one two, it's the Table of Contents, come on (2x)

Uh yea, uh huh, yo

Check it out, you're now intuned to the sounds of the  
R to the, double-O to the, T-S and I stretch limit to this profession  
My voice physically fit, tracks I'm bench-pressing  
The mic chord is an extension of my intestine  
Delicate MC's sliced in my delicatessan  
My mind state is that of the S-P  
Connection, Pennsy a part of me, South Philly through my arteries  
Thought the dark one, fearsome, slump son  
My vocal just a knuckle that sucker punched the drum  
Hip-hop yo that's my hustle and it kill a kingdom  
That Fall Apart to drastic propor-tion  
Lost ones out there, you better stand clear  
The Fifth Dynasty, it be a world premier  
Cuttin through like attorneys at law that's car chasin  
You star gazing, the force y'all facin is the  
R-to the, double-O to the, T-S an'  
Y'all niggaz in the mix, keep guessin  
The world traveller in the flesh without question  
Last seven years on tour without restin  
Yo the kind of rapper you should reconsider testin  
Supreme simply, o-fficial Dundee  
What I bring'll motivate to move your whole country  
Throw your hands up if y'all want me to proceed wit  
And carry out strategic plans to leave wit  
The title that I'm watchin, Roots we run-ting  
My Dundee atire for MC hunting  
Step up and out the ring  
Y'all niggaz on some other, y'all loud as Don King  
But wine drink within the danger zone lounging  
You need to be more aware of your surroundings  
Reality at times is astounding enough to get your heart pounding  
It's safe to assume, in all confidence  
That I'm one of the illest in the seven continents  
Yo, you on my dick, thanks for the compliments  
You be fucked up by my Table of Contents \*begins fading\*  
Bad Lieutenant, you I been rhymin since  
The fuckin past tense, fuck no delayin  
Or playin taking your wing way back in the day of yo  
Motherfuckin mind

(Part Two)

(Malik B)

It' the R-to the, double-O to the, T-S an'

Yo yo, it's the R to the, double-O to the, T-S an' yo

When I strike to excite, I just aim, I never miss

Embrace you wit a hug of death, give your ass a slight kiss

Toxic words that spill over pages, for ages

Impacts like M-16's to twelve gauges

The rage is still in me, never act too friendly

Scully down creepin while you tilted off Henny

Many man begin pure but in this world of sin your

Holdin tight my mor-al by in-jure

We scramble, because this game life is the gamble

Vandalize your terrain, go against the grain

Invade your brain wit the collision causing division  
Sweep your sector, leavin you niggaz for stool-pigeons  
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Sweep your sector, leavin you niggaz for stool-pigeons  
My religion is a way of life, but the trife replays  
Cuz niggaz actin shiest these days  
Wagin wars, usin dynamics cuz I'ma slam it  
You talkin all this out out your mouth, you satanic  
Roam the planet, always takin bullshit for granted  
Just a cool type of cat but you still can't understand it  
You told to sit back, stand still and chill  
Niggaz bound to clap shots cuz they all act ill  
Wit a sour-ass taste smilin up in your face  
I'm like trust, never leavin no trial or no trace  
Disappear wit the wind, ? shows the discipline  
Twenty-five years of my life I learned to ?miss amend?  
Peep the structure of a whole empire  
Smuggled sealed tai, pack lyrics like Kya  
Verbal messiah, when I cross I set a fire  
Wacker MC went in doubt cuz I'm for hire \*echoes\*