

The Roots, The Lesson, Part 3

(Black Thought)

Well it's the raw regees, thoroughbred from Philly
My name Black Thought, my girl's the Black LILIES
Some people try to front like "I ain't feelin it really"
But that's silly, cuz how the fuck you can't feel me?
When I first felt it, I knew it had to be dealt wit
Alot of ice-grillin in the house got melted
Some tried to put up a fight, but they was helpless
You ain't try to turn that loose, you too selfish
Gimme that, guess who bringin the "Get busy" back
Women say the sound of my voice, the Afrodeziac
Okayplayer.com, where you can hit me at
E-me and when I'm in your town, come see me
The Real World for real, this ain't your MTV
The illest INNERVISIONS since Stevie on wax
My vocal like serve-o forty-eight tracks
The fact of the matter is a matter of fact
That it's the Black Thought, controllin like Ike Turner
You wanna get wise, you best to be a fast learner
Or just relax and peep how it's done
And boogie ya ass to what's about to come because

Chorus(Jaguar) *singing*

The Lesson, now it's now, we close shop
We got it locked, it's over now

(Dice Raw)

Aiyyo Dice's flows, hit idiots like crossbows
Knock em out the atlas, push em off the atlas
I'm laugin, lookin down from off top the totem
Hop off my pedastall, grab my scrotum
Aiyyo y'all niggas ain't FUCKIN wit this shit
(I told em) Aiyyo y'all ain't FUCKIN wit the Roots crew (I told em)
The rap is a riot yeah cuz my family bouncin
Soon as the name, Dice Raw is announced in
The arena, the grass is greener on the other side
I hit the stores, twenty-five thousand die
Now tell who the best in off the top in the world
I'll give you a hint, the same guy that's fuckin your girl
I just didn't have parents, The Roots found me in the trash
But still, a nigga got a lot of class
Trick wit my pinky-finger up off the glass
Keep talkin shit homeboy, that's your ass

Chorus

(Malik B)

It's just the simple part of the gam(e)
I guess it's just the art of the scam
Check for your soul cuz it departed again
M-ill-i-tant is atomic, you fall from the sky just like a comet
Move out till the bottom of my shoes out
How many tracks do you bout?
How many of these niggas you doubt?
How many of these ladies makin you shout?
You on a mission so listen to this
Ask yourself what condition is this
Sick in the "wist", I rap on a satellite disk
You gotta like this, askin me about the way that I stroll
About the way I enfold, in scrambling mode
You're like that, don't bark cat, bite back
What up Blood? Is things still the same in the hood?
While I sit I gotta get dub, and wish I could plug
They thoughts'll leave em stiff in the mud, you wannabe thug

In section eight, houses were hush up under the rug
The shit I spit is hummin wit slugs, get soaked in the suds

Chorus 3x