

# The Roots, The Lesson, Pt. 1

## Verse One: Black Thought

Lyrical versatile  
My rap definition is wild  
I wrote graffiti as a juvenile  
Restin on deuce trey  
And used to boost gray Kangol's  
with 555 Soul's from the streets  
of the Ill-a-delphiadaic insane  
For monetary gain, niggaz is slain on the train  
It's homicide  
For wealth stealth missions for crack  
In the alleyways, where niggaz get grazed in the back  
From stray shots  
Clips with hollow tips, for your spine or  
Either remain calm, catch a rhyme, to your mind  
Niggaz ya know my style  
I run a--motherf\*\*kin-rap--muk  
When Malik get a U-Haul truck  
I stand five, foot seven, in command of the party  
and scam like Uncle Sam  
I'm never caught up in the glass eye  
of your action cam, cause I'm down low  
Artistic exquisite rap pro, that get the dough  
It's the Philly borough dread  
thoroughbread for dolo  
I bag solo, like a nigga that boost Polo  
Steppin through the corridor, of metaphors  
Lookin over my left  
Shoulder the mic, still feel colder than before  
With this jazz shit I hit your jaw  
Dice Raw, get up on the mic, my young poor  
I be the nigga blowin up the spot on tour  
Surely real to the core, old school like eighty-four  
I never die, and raps till my lungs collapse  
Then relax until my knack for tracks  
Bring it back, on time  
When I rhyme my rep remain  
Either go against the grain or your ass is found slain  
I overcome, niggaz want styles then I throw you some  
Show you some, get on the mic and take it over son  
Dice Raw, the motherf\*\*kin Wild Noid  
Get on the mic and perpetratin is void

## Verse Two: Dice Raw

Ya leave niggaz missin in action like their dads in the projects  
My style like an old mac, travel round and catch wreck  
I'm ill versatile, with the skill no more  
Wack MC's wanna flex but their styles they bore  
Got to know the real meaning of the ill shit, kid  
I do mad damage but never will catch a bid  
With my knapsack, full of ill shit that I just boosted  
From the corner store when I let loose more  
Flavor that's me, rippin heads off from the seams  
Niggaz didn't play like Jeru and Come Clean  
(he heh ha ha ha) I beat down on they heads like drum machines  
Or 808's cause my style flows out great  
And superspectac, with all the raw rap  
Pull a metal chair out my knapsack across your back ka-crack  
Now do you feel the pain of course  
I guess you're believin that I'm insane  
When I'm taggin my name, upon the train I got so much pride  
I got so much soul, with lyrics high

To make niggaz stop drop and roll, now check me out one time  
For your ass, fat styles equivalent  
of an AIDS infected Glock blast  
Niggaz know my style, plus they know they want more  
Props from Mount Vernon, to Mount Rushmore  
OK kid, you know my style is buckwild literature  
That you can never get when I'm thinkin your particular  
flavor that you want  
I sit back and smoke a fat blunt in class  
Teachers can kiss my ass, I'm twice, Dice  
Nigga de Raw, never take a bad fall  
Smack your head up against the wall  
Like playin handball, my style's ill  
I slam like Hulk Hogan, Dice Raw bettin on my arm  
Niggaz know my slogan while I breathe your last breath  
Niggaz better watch they step, fat bull catch wreck  
Ill, gots ta keep you in check  
With the hellified beats and hard rhymes  
Niggaz know my style, when I go the whole nine  
I beat down punks, cut em up into fruit chunks  
Like fruit salad, my style's smooth like white owl  
Blunts, so whatcha want if you got beef then come get it  
if ya don't well then forget it  
My rap style's exquisite, I'm Raw Daddy  
Like niggaz with no Trojans on the stage when I rhyme  
I gots ta keep, my composure  
Where I'm from it's like a whole different world  
Hoppin a train honeydip and I'ma snatch your squirrel  
Most corrupt, motherf\*\*ker in the tenth grade  
Juvenile cause Jeff McKay could not fade  
Don't ask me honey I'm not the one for stressin  
If you wanna know better ask BR.O.Th.E.R ?  
Cause he know the time like I know the time  
When I grab the microphone  
It's like, summertime, laid back, to recline  
In my La-Z-Boy chair  
Dice Raw, the Wild Noid  
I'm the f\*\*k up outta here