

The Roots, The Unlocking (feat. Ursula Rucker)

* phone dialed and rings *

(1) He-LLO?
(2) Yo who dis?
(1) Yo this (edited)
(2) Yo whattup man?
(1) Yo whassup dude?
(2) This is the Black III
(1) Oh whassup G?
(2) Y'know, yo
(1) What?
(2) We down in the studio yo
(1) Word?
(2) Yo we got a jawn
(1) Yo, is she live?
(2) Yeah she's live
(1) Sup wit her?
(2) She's just, real nice to talk
Sometimes I used to knock off
(1) Word how she be swingin?
(2) Oh yeah she's swingin like that y'know it's on!
(1) Oh WORD?
(2) I called a couple other heads and shit y'know
(1) Aight, who else who else - who else widdit?
(2) *laughing*
(1) I mean she widdit LIKE THAT?
(2) Yeah you know!
(1) Ain't no bullshit?
(2) The whole Reservoir Dog squad n shit, we gon' be eight deep
(1) Oh aight, word
(2) So come on down, it's on yo
(1) Aiiyo it's it's it's just us?
(2) Yeah it's just us
(1) Oh damn, whassup with some more jawns?
(2) Oh yes.. it's just her and some weed y'knowmsayin?
Fuck some other shit
(1) Fukkit, aight, bet, what the..
Y'know whassup for real for real
(2) Word, yo so come through
(1) Aight what time yo?
(2) Umm
(1) Like NOW?
(2) Yeah, come through now!
(1) Peace
(2) Peace!

(Ursula Rucker)

I the voyeur, peer, as she begins her, ritual
Paying sexual ties for few and untrue
Words of admiration, translation:
sucker ass, lines, of trash
Spewing from First One's unskilled lips
That beg for pussy tricks that make his dick go quickly limp
She pimps her innocence as Second One demands entrance
through the back door..
"Bend over bitch, you know this is what you were born for;
to dig those soft and lotioned knees into the floor --
and take it in, that sweetly spread ass like a real pro whore"
Her subsequent screams seemed to praise
Sent messages of pleasure and pain to his fuck tainted brain
But her screams masked laughs at his dumb ass
As he quicker comes, then Third and Fourth One just as dumb
Invite themselves to join in
Third One wants to hit the skins old-fashioned style

while Fourth One says,
"Don't she got some DSL's, make a nigga joint just swell,
to think? I wanna sink my inches, into that bitch's,
berry-framed mouth"
So one goes North, the other South
To sanctified places where in-house spirits
will later wash away all traces, of their ill-spoken words
and complacent faces
And then, like their Minutemen, predecessors
Lude, aggrandized sexual endeavors, end up rough
Cause neither one of them could keep that weak shit up
Corrupt, Fifth One steps to her
Hip-Hop clothed just to, think he gonna impress her
"Hey Slim, I heard you was a spinna -- sit on up
top this thing, black dick, and work it like a winner"
With the quickness he got his pseudo-thickness all up in her
But suddenly he, stops mid thrust

Yvette Smalls' pager goes off

Seems she nameless to cuz, got his stuff in a death cunt clutch
He fast falls from the force of her tight pussy punch
Just like the rest of that sorry ass bunch
Now here comes Six ready to add his inactive shit to the mix
Talkin smack at that
Saying, "Girl, I'ma wax that ass, and stick that slit so hard,
you gonna be calling me God"
So he proceeds to poke and prod
with clumsy finger and wack sex slinger
"Condoms make me last longer," wrong, cause her
motions of snatch, however detached from the situation
cause his pre pre PRE-ejaculation
It seems she just wastin
good pussy and time on dudes like Number Seven
who ain't learned their lesson
He wants to enter the flesh divine
by dropping a kind of semi-sweet line
"Your honey hole so fine and mile deep; I'm gonna leap
into you like an ocean do you right and make your head spin"
So he jumped in and then, he drowned
Got lost and found in her Tart Canal
Slave to the waves, made him cum for days
Eighth and last One turn arise
Plys her with familiar lies
Even more familiar still, cause
him she used to love
But he never could quite see above, her mound
A pound of flesh is all she was, no name no face or even voice
So poised, she rises -- Phoenix from the flame
Finally bored with their feeble fuck games
She smooth reaches behind her and takes straight aim
at eight shriveled up cocks with a fully loaded Glock
Parts lips, not expressly made for milding dicks
and then, she speaks:

Your shrieks of horror bring me bliss, I must admit
The thought that I could shred your tips with eight quick flips
excites me, see y'all fuck with the pussy
but I fuck with your minds
Lack of soul and respect is the crime
This.. was a set up.. now tell me what..... what's my name?
* gun cocks *