

# The Roots, What They Do

(feat. Raphael Saadiq)

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...  
Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

[Verse One]

Yo, yo

Lost generation, fast paced nation  
World population confront they frustration  
The principles of true hip-hop have been forsaken  
It's all contractual and about money makin  
Pretend-to-be cats don't seem to know they limitation  
Exact replication and false representation  
You wanna be a man, then stand your own  
To MC requires skills, I demand some shown  
I let the frauds keep frontin  
And roam like a cellular phone far from home  
Givin crowds what they wantin  
Official hip-hop consumption, the 5th thumpin  
Keepin ya party jumpin with an original somethin  
Yo, I dedicate this to the one dimension-al  
No imagination, excuse for perpetration  
My man came over and said, "Yo we thought we heard you"  
Joke's on you; you heard a bitin-ass crew but um..

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

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[Verse Two]

Thin is the line that run between love and hatred  
The game is ill-natured, it's nothing sacred  
Aiyyo, it's funny when I see some rap niggaz due to make it  
A few'll blow up, or go as far as they can take it  
My nine to five, is just to hit ya get the party live  
I'm Black Thought, used to rap for sport  
Now the rhymes sayin rent payin life support  
I take it very serious-ly, within this in-dustry  
It's various crews that try to touch me  
But I come with the beautiful things, and I bless the track plushly  
Around the world crowds love me, from doin tours  
Receipient of applause from all of you and yours  
Creator of original sounds to send to stores  
you take home, to absorb and sweat it out your pores  
Now who can stop the music runnin through these veins  
Infinitely go against the grain, that's why my motto's to..

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

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[Verse Three]

Livin the life of limos and lights  
Airplanes and trains, short days and long nights  
Keyboards and mics, bass chords and drum kicks  
And my mental thick to hit my head like brick  
As I embark on a mission welcomin to the dark  
When I first spark the arts, when the listenin start  
Open your head wide, and let the Thought inside  
My style fortified by all of Philadel-phi  
I've dealt more stealth than all the wicked weal-thy  
Mentality undetectable by the naked eye  
Then I get paid when the record is played

To put it short "I want it made" like Ed, nuff said  
Then after that, I'm puttin on my cousin Hamed  
We let the ladies blend with the darkskin thoroughbred  
and discover, my level is that of no other  
And Roots crew reign official and true while I'm continuin to..

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

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