

# The Roots, Writers Block

[Black Thought]

Oooh

Up, up.. up, up.. Up, Up

Up, Up.. UP, UP UP UP!!

UP!! UP!! UP!!

UP I, UP I, UP I step, UP I walk

UP I climb, to the platform

on which I await the arrival of the, black liiine

2000 the abstract nightrain that should be arriving

in approximately eight complete lifetimes

Do you dig that, ON, track number one

or is it my one track mind?

With the same two hundred funky people packed together

on one car that seats sixty

Reminiscent of the Middle Passage only now we, gliiide

over oceans of steel, and at the speed of light

from the window, in my eye, I can't see

Damn! Brother, excuse me brother

Would you mind not dripping your umbrella into my lap?

Now where was I? What, change to spare?

Man you better change your mind, change your plan

change your attitude, change your ideas to change your position

As I change my seat, and I change the channel on my WatchMan

Just in time, special guest, The Roots, on the

SOULLLLL TRAIN!

John Coltrane and chinese food is my date for the night

with that woman, with that girl, with that woman

with that lady, with that woman, with that child

child I'm honey, honey-child, and I gots ta

gotta, gots ta, gotta gots ta, gots ta gotta gotta get ready

Ready ready to go, read-read to go

Going, going, going, going, going, going, GONE

DAMN! ...

I missed my stop.. Writers Block, hah!