

The Roots, Good Music (Prelude)

[Black Thought]

On the actual, I swings like I'm Satchel
And brings groovy things to my peoples on the natural
Inclined to align, index to other flow and through beats
the butta kid got yet another bid to serve
in groovy stew, peace to all the kids who smuggle buddha
cross the border cause it beez a remedy to ?cola roda?
Recruiter of refugees, the urbanite objects
Wreck to catch the gravy, grass be the po' baby
that I planted in the long run, dig the rhythmic song from
the one who goes left see, how many brothers test me?
Touch, the texture of the weak and yo I wrecks the comb
from picking cause I'm cool and umm, kicks 'pon the dome
I'm kicking, on the regular I puts masses in motions
Shit'll split your mind open like a canteloupe then
The Roots and the boots Don boost to stomp potholes
Mr. Job Kicker, ease off, cause I got soul enough
to sell it, yo let spell it, B-L-A-C-K
T-H-O-U-G-H-T don't play
When I skits off a land funk that boogies up your pants and
kicks flavor dug by your gramps in Johansen
Jazz cats that's hip, plus them brothers who scramble
Your uncle and your cousins and the wino who gamble..

Hahaha, and for my next trick