

The Roots, It Just Don't Stop

(feat. Dice Raw)

[Hook:]

Dig it, this world is filled with homicides and rape
All the crimes of hate just ain't the size and shape
You can walk don't the block and get slumped or knocked
It don't stop y'all and it just don't stop [x2]

[Black Thought:]

I leave the microphone intrigued with my practice
This rebel stick your system like a cactus a boys sadness
Who knows what is concealed under the mattress
Ruegurs, losses and grindals when my minds in blackness
Then I act this way the beast unleashed
Rabbis, monks and priests always pray for peace
But it's deceased now only lives the true realance
Open up the mental deaths you rented through my palace
My thoughts contain the plus sign plus the malice
Not equating to your Wonderland so fuck Alice
My style is hostile on the external
But got plenty of love and warmth that's internal
The sin coronal
Surfaces from whispers from the lower
My noun like arks and 950 years of Noah
You're arch rival
You burn a cross I burn the bible
Because I'm liable, to do this
When my actions true this
But I'd rather choose to use my diction
Resurrect that blond blue eyed and put him through another crucifixion
Stay up in your jurisdiction (say what?)
My depiction is the drama
Though these eyes I've seen the trauma
Homicides in the source that was phenomenal
When I find out who banged Muwan in his abdominal
Met with Jesus to learn to Burns not commical
At times this thing ain't logical
I gots to walk around with my brain on cock
Cause it can't (can't) won't (won't) don't (don't) stop

[Hook]

[Malik B (M-III-it-ant):]

My mentals in flame your brains will drain
When I let the ink drip and then pass out a pink slip
I think quick so check my methodology
My stylagy is more ranty than anthropology
Between your raw legs like it's gynecology
You and your sorry ass style needs an apology
Cause an earthquake and make you shake you need neurology
These niggas kill me actin' like stars fuck they astrology
Imagin' with my badge I snatch the pagent
Turn your city to a smashing and grab it
Now it's time to burn the maggots my message stronger than Elisha
That backslap the ass like your father
Why bother?
Would any care for, lyrics I sling from my mic with cease your laughter
Mind of a bachelor to a master
What I thought that leaves you flabbergasted
Ask you what's the matter bastard?
These types of rhythms man you'd rather blast it
You hear the beats in jeeps over the weekend
Silence is golden and niggas get killed just for speakin'
The only deacon is death when ya left wounded

Layin' on the ground and meet your doom quick
I done been through the deserts of hell with Satan sittin' waitin'
Contemplatin' and trying to get me for the takin'
That's why I walk around with my brain on cock
Cause it can't (can't) won't (won't) don't (don't) stop

[Hook]

[Black Thought:]

At times I feel as if could pull a kamikaze
Illuminati probably in the civic center lobby
They seeds in the world student body probably
Creatin' missiles they got my child holdin' pistols
Knowledge and understand will make a man murder
Stand further fuck all the swine plus they hamburger
No hallucination the lieutenant plus Illitiant arean murder that's mental
Credentials is I am a hell residential with fire for the presidential
Officially it's havoc in the temple
I terrorize the heavens bring on the renaissance
With the seventh the civili the reverence reprimand
The deacon keepin' 'em from speachin'
Tell 'em seeks the false preacher and I step like a shadow on your way to
hot concrete
And observe my peoples in the essence every weekend
We wonder what the fuck is school teachin'
Intoxicating soldiers at chaotic times reachin'
The dynasty is slim
But they only resemble what's when we attack
That split your back then we extort your specimen
I put this in your system like lesser than
Then maneuver mentally for men internal medicine
I hold the fort down with Malik symbolic
To the mind of word that's Islamic
The killer force as I deposit dealin' with logic
I keep my brain on cock it don't stop

[talking:]

Bad lieutenant, M-Ill-it-ant feel the fifth guerilla chant. Come through. ?

Check it out.

[Hook]