

The Roots, Meiso

(Black Thought)

Yin for yang I walk on a line
Between ghetto slang and stimulation of the mind
Life is a labyrinth for dollars and cents
As I quest for cream, through the steam so dense
From the sensei me a puff, cause the tunnel is tough
Some lick shots with sound, some'll bust from the cannon
Experts o-rig-i-nal man'll examine
I am in fact lacking con-fus-ion, as to what's real
and what's illus-ion
I come from Illadelph where ya health you never take for granted
As hot as the equator in a cypher round the planet
Or abnormal, niggas appearing out of portals and demanding your soul
Who controls the eight immortals but the number seven
In this continual maze, where night fight with days
Within my mind marijuan blaze
And some say I should change my ways
But it's hard to hear the phrase through the havoc and haze
Thought's style will never since or never cease to excella-rate
It's the great lab dwella
Tha mentals of The Roots are beyond any computer
The judge prosecutor, or the drug distributor
Respect to the ex-Lex Luger, my nigga Malik B the intruder
Phila 5th Dynasty's the future
And DJ Krush is the producer, ya healin with the ginseng Roots
We get ya renaissance loosa
Remember me the Thought I represent essentially and
mentally eventually, ya mention me as most high
My decibels are most fly, I come to paint ya Thought's Black
Yo Krush, where's it at?!?!??!

(Malik B)

The Roots bring it from the Phila Fifth, spill the gift
The melody of a felony is straight off a cliff
Now can I get a witness to dismiss Christmas from the myth list
Man that's bogus, let's try to stay focused
You would think it was the Fourth of July
Cause in Illadelph a round of applause light up the sky
Why? Don't ask me, subtle attitudes sometimes nasty
Foul mouth bitches walk around looking trashy
Bimbos talking about where's the indo?
Crackheads leavin babies unattended at the window
To see death, and brothers with strikes who got three left
I'm trying to make it, cause if I don't I'll probably take it
But perserverence is a virtue
The person that you thinking you hurting might hurt you
Ya celly might jerk too
Perhaps I'll go to court this time when I'm summoned
But I'm a rebel to the system so I might not be coming
So if I fail, man just get up the bail
It's just more time to write another story to tell
Ill elements, drop intelligence, Black Thought Malik B
f**k up their-re-le-vance
We got strain on the brain from bodies left in the dust
Man just leave it to us, look main aim and I'll bust
F**k betrayal just trust, all the tracks we lust
With DJ Krush from Japan with no more need to discuss