

The Roots, Mellow My Man

[Black Thought]

One two

Yes, The Roots layin back, rela-xin

Coolin out with my man Malik B

we call him Sla-xon

Yaknowhat!m'sayin? We in effect

Mo like Al B. Sure, for your plea-sure

Aiyyo bust it

We about to flip it on some ol' laid back, mellow my man tip

We gon' set it like this

Yo check it

Bust it, La Di Da Di, who likes to party

like Slick Rick the Ruler I'm cooler than a ice brick

Got soul like those afro picks, with the black fist

And leave a crowd drippin like John the Baptist, it's

the cause of that "Oh shit!"

The skits I kick, flows like catfish

and got many emcees on the blacklist

I'm sharp as a cactus plus, quick to bust gymnastic tactics

Us, Roots is really true to that rap shit

Now holla to the scholarly, street skats that follow me

Back to the Soul Shack with packs of rap colonies

Max that, Foreign Objects is mad abstract, make Shadrach

offender wanna go like Meshach, Black

Thought the nappy cat a bookworm shoe styles like sperm

Cool as Malcolm Little with conch a la perm burn

The herb sticks like wicks, and flips when I slaps the hand

of my mellow my man, Malik B

[Malik B]

Here I goes, negroes best to know the flower

The pro-fessional, best in those skills that kills so uhh..

WHOA, slow down before you go down (sissy)

Trixie this is Agatha Christie your slain and know now

Next contender, Malik's the axe offender

Critique me so uniquely with mystique that's so deep within the

microphones I grip, psych with poems so's I slits throats

Put him in a quote, when he croaks

They sayin -- isn't it, is it the negro that did it?

Cause wreck with the tech, make you jump and say 'ribbit'

I exhibit many forms, prohibit the corny forms

(And we're in, your neighborhood) on the norms

Capture, was to, whack ya

Manu-facture, you can even ask Anita about the, rap-ture

I figured, perhaps ya, a say it SLAM

for my mellow my man

[Chorus: Black Thought]

The way we do it like this

That, for my mellow my man

It's like that for my mellow my man

No no we do it like that

This, for my mellow my man

It's like this for my mellow my man

No no we do it like this

That, for my mellow my man

It's like that for my mellow man

No no we do it like that

This, for my mellow my man

It's like this for my mellow my man

[Black Thought]

Yo, I got spunk, plus funk
and Jump Like Punks, to Get Beat Down
turn that heat down, I'm crazy cool
Deeper than the pool than Wilt the Stilt
damn near drowned in clowns bounce to sound
when Thoughts pound
and brown's, my complexion section Southern
my brother-in is Jex, I
sweats no sex, cause this kid gets
grits n shit, it's flex to drains that was crazed
when your heart spit up, dip dup damn
Yo I lost it but --
-- back is the Black Boogey Man
Manic mad musician, maker of noise
that's jocked, by your homeboys
I rocks my flocks of sheep, it's the slickest shepherd around
I was lost but was found, now I gets down
from Philly to the Apple I, stop and holla tunes and then hit
Up-town, Diggin Planets when they get Earthbound
I kick the groovy tunes for you and yours, when I pass the can
to my mellow my man, Malik B

[Malik B]
WHOAHHHHH, shucks, my nuc snuff ducks (uh-huh)
Abruptly I erupt, to destruct, deducts
In wax I like to smack em, stroke em as I cap em
Change my name to Saran or Reynolds then I Wrap em
Negroes know we be furrow to my borough
cause my ass is so thorough, like Levert Gerald
Too strong to be sterile
So I impregnates the greats (say what?)
Bust the Pacino's, I won't trust them
even though I lust them shapes -- females for retail prices
Twice this nice, this witch sure does her spices
I won't smirk, cause my name's not Urkel
The voice with the multiple choice, she does a circle
You wanna turn and page your eyes, and try to plagerize
but I degrade ya, slaughtered ya and slayed ya
Microphones I grip equipped to flip the hyp-ocrites
and nit-wits, with tidbit skits, them ain't *shhh*
That was a curse, but I divide it in half
Gets the airplay, no fair play, you're feelin the wrath
of Malik, ayyo get tragic, negroes that get dramatic
Because I have the habit to smoke rabbits like a addict
So if you can not rap I will just slap YOU
If you wants to pick up on your nose be shows the chrome
and then we cap, YOU
It's too bad, dem cyan't understand de true check
for my mellow my man

[Chorus: Black Thought]

The way we do it like this
That, for my mellow my man
It's like that for my mellow my man
No no we do it like that
This, for my mellow my man
It's like this for my mellow my man
No no we do it like this
That, for my mellow my man
It's like that for my mellow man
No no we do it like that
This, for my mellow my man
It's like this for my mellow my man

I think it's for my mellow my man, uhh
My mellow my man, right
My mellow my man, uhh
My mellow my man, right
My mellow my man, uhh
My mellow my man, right
My mellow my man my mellow my man my mellow my man my mellow my man
For Scott Storch, my mellow my man
Leonard Hubbard on the bass, my mellow my man
B.R.O.T.H.E.R. ? on the drums, my mellow my man
Gotta end it on the one, my mellow my man
Check it