

# The Roots, Rolling With Heat

(feat. Talib Kweli)

[Chorus: Kweli & Dice Raw]

Downtown everybody move to the beat  
Uptown everybody moving the heat  
Cross-town the party where both sides meet  
Eastside, westside, there's always beef [X2]

[Kweli]

I tattoo the page with the permanent ink  
Mr. Rourke on your Fantasy Island  
The umbrella in your tropical drinks  
Still run it up it, liquor in your cup  
Fucking you up  
Hang over the banister  
You feel the rush of the blood going straight to your brain  
Ain't no love, you only love bringing hate to the game  
Taking my name in vain, mistaking license for freedom  
He make music for the people, people dying to meet him  
People!  
We still abuse it, while the rich is made of music  
He probably driving a Buick and be rocking van-- ?  
G-U-E relevant, see how his man do it  
Fucking with niggas from illa fifth, see how we ran through it  
The river in the valley  
The nigga in the alley  
Rolling with the heat from BK to killer Cali  
The hands will fake the clapping  
You'll be collasping  
You softer than the land on legs  
Transforming the landscape  
Like a sandstorm in the Sahara  
I am the truest nigga  
I do more shows than The Roots to Carol Lewis  
Creative artist, never play the targets of game hunters  
You may want to test this product like cane smugglers  
Dis disco shit  
Popping like Crisco  
Hitting your face  
Spit in your face like pistol shit  
My style, wild like wipple whip  
I go back like a pistol grip  
It's pro-black, Kweli!

[Chorus w/o Kweli]

[Black Thought]

I'm a FED like Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms  
Willy gank, spit the killer dank dialogue  
Pyro-maniac like Dr. Molotov  
I knock the bottle off  
And knock the model off  
Gots some non-believers here  
Some how I'll save y'all  
Or stop y'all worries, you makin me vexed  
Hit up gekko, this ain't got gold correct  
I'll fucking bounty hunt your body like I'm Boba Fett  
Cause you a toy not a soldier yet  
You better hold your neck  
You dick smokers get no respect  
With the blood, ice your watch, rock your rocks  
Better rock it on the screen and not the blocks  
Cuz them crews don't stop them shots  
It's so many that fly, they chase down, I just stop and watch

I'm from the south side of Philly, it's known to get gruesome  
Heavy hitter villains these alleyways produce them  
Heavy hitter on a pocket we find a way to juice them  
They may as well pay, schmuck  
Introducing the B-to L-A see me the king splitter  
Then analyze this dime, the main thing glitter  
Then analyze the taste in your mouth, it seem bitter  
Ganster, valid dick torian, graduate of I dare you  
If you are paper thin I'm a tear you  
I'm a come take care of you put a part in your hairdo  
You barking like I'm a starting to scare you  
But speak up like a man nigga so your body guards can hear you

[Chorus w/o Kweli]