

# The Roots, Sacrifice

(feat. Nelly Furtado)

[Verse One: Black Thought]

Listen, I got you phobic off of this like arachnids  
Drastic, it ain't plastic it's Pro-Blackness  
Grown man tactics, no pediatrics  
the kind of track that make the comeback miraculous  
the catalyst, Thought with the knack for splashin'  
I'm dashin' I mastered the craft of mashin'  
The level-headed throughbred, the female's passion  
Mag-netic attraction be keepin' them askin'  
The crews in the Cadillacs with the Pendergrassin'  
Swerve half-naked, won't come near crashin'  
But if I go to heaven, would y'all know my name  
or would it be the same for you like I was Eric Clapton, huh?  
Clap for you freedom dog, that's what's happening  
My spit take critical political action  
The hustle is a puzzle each piece is a fraction  
And every word that's understood is a transaction  
I'm an S.P. soldier, microphone holder  
Rep Philly set from Bolivia to Boulder  
Paris, France to Tip and Tioga  
How we gonna make it through the dark, I show ya

[Chorus: Black Thought & Nelly Furtado]

I tell you one lesson I learned  
If you want to be something in life  
You ain't gonna get it unless  
You give a little bit of sacrifice  
Ooohh, sometimes before you smile you got to cry  
You need a heart that's filled with music  
If you use it you can fly  
If you want to be high

[Verse Two: Black Thought]

Listen, yo kick off your shoes, jump off the jock  
I fly higher than them dudes, from off your block  
My name Black, the style is unorthodox  
It tap chins in your mens 'til you thought could box  
A couple of people wanted Thought to stop, but guess what?  
My man grab the missile, plug for the gut  
Now next time beatty stop being such a glut  
I'm precise with it like Faheim with haircuts  
We up close on 'em with toast but no crust  
It's fructose on 'em they froze and won't bust  
Choke on your face you jewels is lacklust  
Got to put it to you straight, y'all fools is jacked up  
Came close to the upmost but no cigar  
Nose to the grindstone, head to the stars  
The number one runner with the number one drummer  
Grammy award winnin' it's the world's eighth wonder  
Come on

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Black Thought]

Your first impression might be I'm a asshole  
Or say I'm sometimey and give people a hassle  
Or try to suntouch and put the heat in the capsule  
Dog I'm far deeper than that though; I get in the zone  
Recognize I'm a rolling stone  
No time to lollygag or lounge with scaliwags  
Give me the disc or I put it where your body at  
Old school spit flow laid over Trotter tracks

With no apology fraud or trick-knowledgey  
Just trust, what I see and I say and follow me my way  
I read an open booklet inside me  
The star of the story that groove teller got me  
Through all the dark times part of the business  
The light be contingent on small forensics  
My microphone'll make a man a newborn infant  
It's true so the crew gon' sense it  
I get in the zone

[Chorus x3]

The fact of the matter is a matter of fact....