

# The Roots, Silent Treatment (Beatminerz Remix)

Silent...silent...

(Black Thought)

When I met her she was physically intact  
Mentally apt to adapt to whatever rap  
Qualities that attract a triple-X black  
Erotic narcotic from the back  
I mean her with the most melodic vocal tone, met her on the avenue  
Then exchange telephone numbers at a few  
Conversations and vibrations I'd acquire  
>From her to set me on fire with Rick James desire  
Her image inspire visions of under attire  
And never did she gas me about something I should buy her, son  
It's time the fella we grew close to one another  
She was my sugar sister, I was her chocolate brother  
So I never dissed her, painted my picture to hit  
But shorty wasn't having it, she said I couldn't stick  
It's all copastetic, the Black Thought could never sweat it  
Still I could never forget it, just as if she never said it  
I contemplated, and then concluded she was bluffing  
I anticipated getting nothing but the silent treatment

Searching for some type of sexual sabatoge  
To break you out of all your camaflouge  
Apparently your message is mirage  
Niggas I know would think about a dodge  
But my mentals is charged against the odds  
Premeditated ep swung upon the kitchen floor  
Raising my temperature with bodily allure  
Cae mi amor, what? Be a more mature nature  
I let you know exactly why they call me Black Thought, y'all  
Enter me addictive, fly chocolate like Thai  
Cause what I'm dealing with can get the whole world high  
And when brothers is half-stepping I get your girl high  
But still Amina keeps froning on my  
As I enter to intertwine, combine, and blend thoughts  
Inbedded with the physical force into your source  
You see exactly what I want the rhythm to be  
So why you treating me silently?

I take it all in moderation, about my loving situation  
With patience was a virtue but I wasn't used to waiting  
I mentioned making moves without hesitation  
I want this physical and mental stimulation not the perpetration  
The penetration of the center as I enter  
Intercourse keeping you warm through winter  
The source is the word that won't splinter  
Enter dimentions of brain tension when Black Thought back ninja  
Orgasmic is the music that I send you, love  
You know exactly what I'm thinking of, on the L train I'm insane  
Recalling when I met you, got your number and name  
Wanted to sex and thought you wanted the same, but it's a shame  
We could relax, listen to tracks and puff chronic  
But only on a level that's platonic  
I need a girl that's down forever trying to keep it real  
But to shead a little light on her sex appeal  
But every now and then it's a shorty who be packing the steel  
Shoot 'em down like she hunt me, fronting, the silent treatment