

# The Roots, Somebody's Gotta Do It

(Hook:)

Somebody's gotta be there when it gets ugly  
Somebody's gotta be there when it gets bloody  
Somebody's gotta get their hands dirty  
Yo, it's a fucked up job but somebody's gotta do it  
Somebody's gotta come up with a plan  
And be there when the shit hits the fan  
I hope ya'll out there understand  
Look man it's a fucked up job, but somebody's gotta do it

(Riq Gees:)

Yeah ya'll, ideal for a lyrical perfectionist  
Raw, that's what every soldier in my collective is  
Thought, control level is that of a gold medalist  
My level headedness make it come off so effortless  
The rebel is a opposite extreme of devilish  
Back setting it with the answer to your deficit  
My track record is hot shit, consecutive  
Smug, I got game just like a record executive  
A kiss to the feminine girls loving a gentlemen  
A genius slash gangsta with a skill for swindling  
Bet on Black  
Bet these cats that's all gelatin  
Will fall back spittin' them raps that's unintelligent  
Raps that cap, rabid rattlin' out the gattlin'  
Crippling rhymes whistlin' past, blow you back in  
Smellin' your blood now I'm huntin'  
Blowin' your front in for frontin' what up cousin?  
Oh, now it's nothin'  
Yo, you can't go beyond a point of no returning  
I flip like my name Turner  
That's for certain nigga, Ted Turner, Nat Turner, nigga Ike Turner  
The raw sojourner for truth  
The mic burner

(Repeat Hook)

(Jean Grae:)

Mic malevolence defies violence I inherited  
Others just rentin' it like rooms at the Sheraton  
I gotta jones like Vanessa in the devil in-  
And y'all cold like a show in the Netherlands  
Cold shoulders and frozen aortic valves -  
So I don't form pals - conform to norms - morals different  
Gifted - use it to shift shit a mutant shape shifter when I spit it I'm liquid  
You could lick a million shots at the character of the body shell  
They'll just ricochette nigga aura's hard as hell  
Before there was ain't hard to tell  
The mic's cycle coincided right with mine as well  
Since a minor I walked with the spine upstraight  
I learned to rhyme to feed the dinner plate  
I scraped barrel - even dined up on wine and steaks  
Cuz in the bone same marrow that apartheid chased  
The narrow margin with the haves and the have nots  
Will get smaller as I approach - so watch your stash box  
Fox logo if your fave is local  
Get bruised till you're the color of the Laker's logo  
This is work niggas

(Repeat Hook)

(Mac:)

I made it - ain't nobody believe in me  
But this rap game is like selling coke legally

Ain't no innovations - that takes concentration  
Nigga's celebrating not knowing the time they wasting  
Killin' mics is one of my aesthetics  
Rip very live so I'm an entertainer like Cedric  
Shit they play on radio's now give me a headache  
Can't slow me down I know where I'm headed  
The profit on kill if you let it  
Nigga's feeling energetic  
Wanna rumble - guns will come out  
Here come the paramedics  
I'm just trying to live like I've Devin  
Tired of my people failin'  
We all sin - the devil, what di I tell em  
Somebody gotta get their hands dirty and shoes muddy  
I see things vividly, ya'll vision is blurry  
Even if you hate - through my music you gone love  
Everybody with me and they was with me when it was ugly

(Repeat Hook)