

# The Roots, The Ultimate

\*Black Thought speaks and makes crowd respond for a minute and 15 sec.\*

(Black Thought)

Yo my definition is a lyricist for hire  
My vocal's a passport that never expire  
Crowd loud like fifty rounds of gun fire  
Screamin out "The Roots" while I balance wit the wire  
Yo, expert in this profession, the session  
In 1987, I linked up wit the "question  
Eleven years later we shared crop wit Geffen  
In musical hell, but hip-hop forever heaven  
My thoughts, interwoven and deep like Beethoven  
This foul world so filled of shit it like a clogged up colon  
Swollen wit minds that got stolen  
Fake-ass cops, uncontrollable patrolmen  
Torture, blood flow like bodies of water  
Fathers sexually assaultin they own daughter  
Out of sync, outta order like a puzzle  
In the land of the unseen hand that hold juggle  
In a Game of Life, yo it's hard to roll a double  
Tryin times, take lives and separate couples  
Kids thinkin they grown, tellin they moms "Fuck you";  
Under they breath, livin in the last times left  
Peep the imagery "strep", across the sky like a canvas  
And we're the artists beneath vigorous rough strokes of darkness  
Time to set it off, let's spark this  
Switzerland, LET'S SPARK THIS!!  
We are the ULTIMATE (rock-rockin it)  
We are the ULTIMATE (rock-rockin it)  
We are the ULTIMATE, rock-rockin it, rock-rockin it, rock-rockin it  
We are the ULTIMATE (rock-rockin it)  
We are the ULTIMATE LOUDER! (rock-rockin it)  
We are the ULTIMATE  
(Rock-rockin it) C'mon (Rock-rockin it) C'mon (Rock-rockin it)  
Yo my definition is a lyricist for hire  
You couldn't have a clue, it's about to transpire  
The books I buy live arms "I wire"  
The Fifth, similar to ghetto gospel choir  
We ex-plore the whole states plus record  
In flight buds, trip that was a prisoner in war  
Four-four the corridor, seal it, no floor  
But I could see the drop was a mile aboard  
To the bottom, electrical shock for rhymes  
I said "I don't got em";, guess it kinda presented a problem  
When I understood, they said "Let him go";  
I woke, during a center to London ?  
And now wit a past, fuckin wit border patrol  
I'm findin it out, I'm leakin wit my people  
Hit the studio, spread this information  
In daze of frustration fogged the education  
&gt;From Illa-Fifth to Switzerland destination  
The Roots du journ, go check the translation  
The dictionary of devout topics, far from ebonics  
The Fifth Dynast, they can't stop it  
Yo Zurlich y'all keep it tight heed  
While The Roots Crew smoke weed  
Yo, we are the ULTIMATE (rock-rockin it)  
We are the ULTIMATE, say what? (rock-rockin it)  
We are the ULTIMATE, c'mon  
(Rock-rockin it) C'mon c'mon rock-rockin it, rock-rockin it  
We are the ULTIMATE (rock-rockin it)  
We are the ULTIMATE LOUDER (rock-rockin it)  
We are the ULTIMATE LOUDER  
(Rock-rockin it) C'mon rock-rockin it, rock-rockin it

They go \*Thought starts humming and Scratch does his thing\*  
\*Crowd cheers\*