

# The Roots, The Unlocking

(feat. Ursula Rucker)

[phone dialed and rings]

[1] He-LLO?  
[2] Yo who dis?  
[1] Yo this [edited]  
[2] Yo whattup man?  
[1] Yo whassup dude?  
[2] This is the Black Ill  
[1] Oh whassup G?  
[2] Y'know, yo  
[1] What?  
[2] We down in the studio yo  
[1] Word?  
[2] Yo we got a jawn  
[1] Yo, is she live?  
[2] Yeah she's live  
[1] Sup wit her?  
[2] She's just, real nice to talk  
Sometimes I used to knock off  
[1] Word how she be swingin'?  
[2] Oh yeah she's swingin like that y'know it's on!  
[1] Oh WORD?  
[2] I called a couple other heads and shit y'know  
[1] Aight, who else who else - who else widdit?  
[2] - laughing]  
[1] I mean she widdit LIKE THAT?  
[2] Yeah you know!  
[1] Ain't no bullshit?  
[2] The whole Reservoir Dog squad n shit, we gon' be eight deep  
[1] Oh aight, word  
[2] So come on down, it's on yo  
[1] Ayyo it's it's it's just us?  
[2] Yeah it's just us  
[1] Oh damn, whassup with some more jawns?  
[2] Oh yes.. it's just her and some weed y'knowmsayin?  
Fuck some other shit  
[1] Fukkit, aight, bet, what the..  
Y'know whassup for real for real  
[2] Word, yo so come through  
[1] Aight what time yo?  
[2] Umm  
[1] Like NOW?  
[2] Yeah, come through now!  
[1] Peace  
[2] Peace!

[Ursula Rucker]

I the voyeur, peer, as she begins her, ritual  
Paying sexual ties for few and untrue  
Words of admiration, translation:  
sucker ass, lines, of trash  
Spewing from First One's unskilled lips  
That beg for pussy tricks that make his dick go quickly limp  
She pimps her innocence as Second One demands entrance  
through the back door..  
"Bend over bitch, you know this is what you were born for;  
to dig those soft and lotioned knees into the floor --  
and take it in, that sweetly spread ass like a real pro whore"  
Her subsequent screams seemed to praise  
Sent messages of pleasure and pain to his fuck tainted brain  
But her screams masked laughs at his dumb ass  
As he quicker comes, then Third and Fourth One just as dumb

Invite themselves to join in  
Third One wants to hit the skins old-fashioned style  
while Fourth One says,  
"Don't she got some DSL's, make a nigga joint just swell,  
to think? I wanna sink my inches, into that bitch's,  
berry-framed mouth"  
So one goes North, the other South  
To sanctified places where in-house spirits  
will later wash away all traces, of their ill-spoken words  
and complacent faces  
And then, like their Minutemen, predecessors  
Lude, aggrandized sexual endeavors, end up rough  
Cause neither one of them could keep that weak shit up  
Corrupt, Fifth One steps to her  
Hip-Hop clothed just to, think he gonna impress her  
"Hey Slim, I heard you was a spinna -- sit on up  
top this thing, black dick, and work it like a winner"  
With the quickness he got his pseudo-thickness all up in her  
But suddenly he, stops mid thrust

[Yvette Smalls' pager goes off]

Seems she nameless to cuz, got his stuff in a death cunt clutch  
He fast falls from the force of her tight pussy punch  
Just like the rest of that sorry ass bunch  
Now here comes Six ready to add his inactive shit to the mix  
Talkin smack at that  
Saying, "Girl, I'ma wax that ass, and stick that slit so hard,  
you gonna be calling me God"  
So he proceeds to poke and prod  
with clumsy finger and wack sex slinger  
"Condoms make me last longer," wrong, cause her  
motions of snatch, however detached from the situation  
cause his pre pre PRE-ejaculation  
It seems she just wastin  
good pussy and time on dudes like Number Seven  
who ain't learned their lesson  
He wants to enter the flesh divine  
by dropping a kind of semi-sweet line  
"Your honey hole so fine and mile deep; I'm gonna leap  
into you like an ocean do you right and make your head spin"  
So he jumped in and then, he drowned  
Got lost and found in her Tart Canal  
Slave to the waves, made him cum for days  
Eighth and last One turn arise  
Plys her with familiar lies  
Even more familiar still, cause  
him she used to love  
But he never could quite see above, her mound  
A pound of flesh is all she was, no name no face or even voice  
So poised, she rises -- Phoenix from the flame  
Finally bored with their feeble fuck games  
She smooth reaches behind her and takes straight aim  
at eight shriveled up cocks with a fully loaded Glock  
Parts lips, not expressly made for milding dicks  
and then, she speaks:

Your shrieks of horror bring me bliss, I must admit  
The thought that I could shred your tips with eight quick flips  
excites me, see y'all fuck with the pussy  
but I fuck with your minds  
Lack of soul and respect is the crime  
This.. was a set up.. now tell me what..... what's my name?  
[gun cocks]