

# The Roots, Universe At War

(feat. Common)

[Intro: Common]

Yeah, U.N.I.Verse

at war

U.N.I.Verse (when you and I verse)

at war motherfucker

We gonna do this Chi-town style (verse at war)

Illadelph, you know how we get down

You know the business (Illtown illanoid)

Bringin it straight to your chest (comin thru with the iller category)

Yessah, hah, yeah (preacher man with the Com)

Break it down one two (we about to drop a bomb, check it)

[Chorus: 2X]

When you and I verse at war (U.N.I.Verse at War)

And your verse at core, for what you thought before

Steppin up into a zone you should never explore

The next level or, level of the whole conceptor

[Verse One:]

Check it, rappers

Get on the mic talk about cars and clothes

Sounding like hoes

Ain't been exposed to the foes of most disciples

I'm from the state that is Ill, the rap son of man

Rotated down to Phil, to say what I feel

Get it off my burnt chest, my word becomes flesh

War, going on between the West and the East

of the land, niggaz don't own a piece

Grease is the word, Murray slides some pimp oil to me

My lady friend sneaks my beer in the movie

Throw your hands in the air, if you the true and living

Beware, the new world order, the devil's new religion

Sent my homey to the number two division

Sellin bootleg movies, got my VCR on a evasive maneuver

Be that as I chooses, drinkin tropical it's just sittin

at a table with sophisticated bitches

Nah that ain't nothin I would call my mother

Nor do I call every nigga my brother

Gotta have Black Thought, it's sorta B like Malik

So don't Question a Brother, to the Roots I get deep

[Verse Two:]

Yo, enter the last era

Your scholarship into the world of politics

and mascara, we operate within this artificial op-era

I bring hip-hop terror like the Fuhrer

The Ace Ventura into the horror

Laboratory laborer, venture beyond the border

I'll struc-ture a style destroy your whole aura

Plus you're a-drenalin'll rise before your eyes

and mortalize, my image hit the skies

Deceive the devil in disguise

My music I parenthesize

Represent the wise, do this be how we enterprise

Kid no compromise (yeah, yeah) I'm thinkin fast like drama

Dyin I wear your mind away like Alzheimer

I pull a mic up out my bomber big up to Bahama

The A-O this year we leavin em in trauma

Then after me, I plan to leave behind, the legacy  
or history of the family, the fifth dynasty  
For humanity, to bear witness to this  
Del-val-syllable stylist  
You know the time kid

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse Three:]

Yo, the general flows, kids compose on tablet  
Expose how they was average and they thoughts not rapid  
Here comes the hot package, through your block like traffic  
The rock was typed graphic now watch the mic blast it  
Shootin at the stars with emphatic rap static  
See the mirror shatter from thoughts, I'm bustin back at it  
The Lieuten-ant, the ele-phant, sippin automatic  
Mic, rippin asiatic, architects out to have it  
The turn of the century, the planet's like a penitentiary  
exaggerated, niggaz is livin highly medicated  
I Used to Love but now she violated  
Hip-hop holocaust and camps, old champs are concentrated  
They outdated and incarcerated  
Loved and appreciated hated and very debated  
For every career created was eliminated  
And that's the way the balance of yin and yang related

[Verse Four: Common]

As the block is de-vine  
Niggaz swing on in a safari  
Wild niggaz, like I'm high on latari  
Some let the block block they mind if they could see what I see  
Get out the city for a sec be at the places I be  
Hey, I'ma be back on the deck, opening  
Business in places for you to cash your check  
My, neck of the woods ain't all good ain't all bad  
You can live in the burbs, and still get had  
The sad part about it niggaz had houses on the lake  
They tryin to move us out, the land we ain't appreciate  
For peace we skate, crackers we roll or player hate  
Call each other cuz cause of how we relate  
I see way too many Cadillacs with dope man plates  
Through the wind and blow-ups, is how niggaz communicate  
Harmonizing through beeper and reefer  
The city got my peoples in a sleeper, talk is getting cheaper

[Chorus 4X]