

# The Roots, Water

[Black Thought]

South Philly, North Side  
Oakland, Texas  
Georgia, Black People  
Yo, Worldwide, Sup my nigga  
You know what I'm saying  
Dumb and blind...

[Verse One: Black Thought]

They say a record ain't nothing if it's not touching  
Gripping, draw you in closer make you want to listen to it  
And if you real ill at making music  
Then lesson'll feel like you livin' through it  
That's how my nigga do it  
I met Slacks back in like '91 rapping  
We went to Millersville to get away from gun clappin'  
It ain't last  
I be in class dreaming 'bout  
50,000 fans up in the stands screaming out  
Encore, yo I'm headed back to Philly  
Nigga you rollin' with me?  
I'm trying to get busy  
We walk dogs that was off the chain  
Lot of times at the show people hardly came  
I just took it in stride as part of the game  
But inside people down with me started to change  
It was a couple things  
Lil' ??, lil' pills  
Instead of driving out on the road you rather chill  
I know the way the pleasure feel  
I'm not judging  
But still I'm on a mission, yo I'm not buggin'  
I got fam that won't stop druggin'  
They can't sleep  
They can't stick to one subject, they can't eat  
Is people steady comin' at me out in the streets  
Like Riq yo wat up with your peeps  
it gets deep nigga

[Chorus]

Yo, you need to walk straight, master your high  
Son you missin' out on was passing you by  
I done seen the streets suck a lot of cats dry  
But not you and I my nigga  
We got to get  
Come on, over over the water  
Come on, over over the water  
Water, Water...

[Verse Two: Black Thought]

Yo, we done made too many meals  
A couple of deals  
We done share clothes and wills  
Killed mics and reels  
We done rock  
Shows abroad, and slept on floors  
Trying to figga what the fuck we gettin' slept on for  
Oh why we walking with the rep up for  
Waited by the cavity law  
You know it if you came up poor my nigga  
Picture a bus up north  
You know we made of everything outlaws are made of  
I'm far from a hater  
And I don't say I love you 'cause the way I feel is greater

In Illa you a poet son  
You a ball creator  
And this will probably dawn on you later  
Is in you nature, letters all up in the wall like they made of paper  
You got to find out where you talent take you  
You might fuck around, finally make it  
And that's real but yo

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Black Thought]

Yo, I want you all to understand I come from South Philly  
And when I walk the street is like a pharmacy  
They got all type of shit  
Anybody could get  
It goes from H to Ex  
To Lucy cigarette  
For my ghetto legend  
Known from Lil' shyst running  
Cop codeine by the courts and keep comin'  
Dummy, just embracing the dope like it's a woman  
You burnin' both sides of the rope and keep pullin'  
Tuggin', in between Islam and straight tuggin'  
Laying everyday around the way and doin' nothin'  
See'em looking shaking their head and start shruggin'  
If they don't have a man like mine, they got a cousin  
Hey yo you better be a true friend to 'em  
Before the shit put an end to 'em  
Or give a pen to 'em  
Or lock'em up in the studio with a mic  
'Cause on the real it might save his life  
Keep tellin'em

[Chorus x2]