

# The Roots, Web

[Black Thought]

Uh huh

uh

And it weights a ton  
'riq geez motherfuckers I'm a son of a gun  
Black master of any trade under the sun  
Talk sharp like a razor blade under the tongue  
clear my path and come get your captain hung  
Trying to breath like black'll collapse your lungs  
Young chump you could choke off the web I spun  
I done cleared 'em out from the threat I brung  
You done heard about what set I'm from  
My nigga, word-a-mouth little rule-a-thumb  
Y'all better bow down when the ruler come  
I'm a real hood nigga not a hood-a-lum  
The way Thought put it down be confusin' some of y'all  
cats can't walk while chewin' your gum 'n all  
With a keyboard got do with a drum 'n all  
School 'em on stage like I'm doin' a seminar  
Professional type, I'm adjusting my mic  
Go to war kid I'll give you any weapon you like  
Give you something to run from  
, bust off your dum-dum  
Stop kid, that hot shit you know where it come from  
It's philly world-wide phenomenom  
And reinforcin' that shit is my 9-to-5  
And when I finish making you recognize  
I'm getin' at a couple civilized women that's tryin' to ride  
You were waitin' on the raw to come off the oil  
You wanna get the bitches up off the wall  
Just to see you smile and enjoy yourself  
To keep you in health, this for all of y'all  
I'm quick on the draw like Black McGraw  
And I can't tell what y'all cats rappin' for

My name 'riq geez and I'm back for more  
To get more chips than the corner store  
with a portrait of Malcom X on the door  
while I'm eatin' MCs like a carnivore  
Matter fact, ease back 'fore you get harmed  
Ring the, warning horn when I'm gon' perform  
The first nigga that move, or disturb the goove  
I'm a have y'all flicks on the evening news  
Play y'all part - get on y'all P's and Q's  
And when y'all think Thought, be prepared to lose  
Bring money to spend and somebody to lend  
And some worthwhile money not twenties and tens  
Get took for your tuck right in front of your 'hens  
Who coulda help you nigga, not none of ya friends  
Because, I put a black fist under ya chin  
Have your physical remains found under the pen  
If I'm coming up in the place, I'm coming to win  
Wasn't in it for a minute, now I'm dumbin' again

'riq geez ock, y'all can chat what y'all please  
Receive what I'm gonna give back to y'all please  
'cuz y'all don't really wanna get clapped with all these  
My man, you can take y'all strap when y'all leave  
You see the squad come in the place, they all freeze  
Ice cold, with his mellow cool breeze  
MCs, never showed loyalty yet  
Kool Herc ain't never get a royalty check  
I do work, no question, and bomb your set

I'm calm collect, sharp like my name Gillette  
RIP my man Gillette  
Until I touch the mic, y'all people ain't seen danger yet  
I'm a decorated vet, I regulate and wreck  
Never hesitated yet, I'm gettin' heavy weighted checks  
If you would dare ask if I'm dedicated - yes  
I spit, live rounds that would penetrate a vest  
Nigga, take ya seats I'm a demonstrate a test  
How to freak the beats, so gangsta fresh  
And it thump, from the east coast to Bangladesh  
Big bank, willy gank smoke the thing to death  
But hold tight, cuz it's not over yet  
I don't even feel like I'm not sober yet  
And it ring like shots in the projects new year's eve  
And it ain't even October yet  
I'm a big bounty hunter like Boba Fett  
Y'all more shell shocked then a soldier get  
If the prize in my sights then I'm goin' for this  
Whoo whoo 'riq geez be the ultimate  
I'm the corporate, give me the bulk of this  
'riq set it on the magnetic ultra tip  
Get down how you 'posed to get  
I got nothing to lose, I'm a killer with no regrets  
I'm like young LL, cuz I'm hard as hell  
Makin' niggaz screw face like Gargamel  
Now I'm all out on my own like Patty LaBelle  
Put the pimp game down on your mademoiselle

Keep the beat goin'  
Keep the beat goin'