

# Without A Doubt (feat. Lady B)

## The Roots

Without a doubt Check it out now, it's the type cerebral  
World renowned, illustrious, ille-gal  
My musical affection, bubblin' within your zone  
Like champagne, known as the Fifth campaign  
Thought be doin' his damn thang  
Bent like, a boomerang, tryin' to maintain  
I'm both yin and yang from Mi Kan Lang  
What your lady gettin' me up? I'm never answering  
Let her miss me, see me then she off tryin' to kiss me  
Talkin' 'bout, "I dig you Tariq, the way you twist me"  
Meanwhile, she comin' home tipsy, all grinnin'  
And what you used to fit em before, you now swimmin'  
Just take a dive P-5 deep, the team winnin'  
Takin' hip-hop back to, the beginnin'  
Cause MC's are pretendin', I slap your sound  
Out the sky like I'm goaltendin', bring your career  
To an endin', enter the next era trascendin' for real  
Knahmsayin? If not, then man listen  
For you to try to fuck with the Fifth, that's ambition  
I let y'all know the time indeed, y'all need to  
Take heed y'all Get a little P-5-D y'all  
Straight from the town of Phil-ly y'all  
But we about to give you what you need y'all  
Without a doubt Take heed y'all, get a little P-5-D y'all  
Straight from the town of Phil-ly y'all  
But we about to give you what you need y'all  
Without a doubt Yo, I control the stadium like the law long arm  
Warn, ring the alarm, cause here The Roots come  
The funk's all ready for whoever want some  
Your album get split like, a lump sum  
No doubt, under this influencin' of outcome  
Millennium spaceship, totally wasted  
Schoolly D classic, though I vocally laced it  
Taste this swerve on a regular basis  
Servin' y'all whatever the place is  
Blowin' connoisseur quality in my competitor's faces  
This is without doubt, your lady pass out  
This Illa-Fifth Twilight Zone, you ass out  
Shout, to my brothers on back route

Whippin' the short that's smacked out, dig it  
Strump this in your cassette deck, hip-hop has not left yet  
I sent a verse in the mail like, a death threat  
The critically acclaimed composer, stand over  
Whichever mute minuscule mic holder  
You never knew the real before, yo I show ya  
You need to make your thoughts more sober, think it over  
Take heed y'all, get a little P-5-D y'all  
Straight from the town of Phil-ly y'all  
But we about to give you what you need y'all  
Without a doubt

Songwriters

JESSE BONDS WEAVER JR., MEL LEWIS, TARIK L. COLLINS

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