The Spark

The Roots

Yo, the feet that I walk with
The ears that I hear with, the eyes that I see with
The mouth that I talk with, the terror that I stalk with
Now it's time to spark shitYo, the feet that I walk with
The ears that I hear with, the eyes that I see with
The mouth that I talk with, the terror that I stalk with
Now it's time to spark shitLook God, I walk around a little edgy already
Y'all MC's come into my face, but my aim's steady
M-illitant is skilled in most strategic plan
I float across seas and, breezed across land
Standin', in these thoughts of murder within
The structure of this world that's corrupted with sin
I'm always hittin', to leave MC's guessin'
For any transgression, in my perimeter
There will be a blessing, and your explicit intoxicated
Buddha session, to stop stressin'
Me with the madness, puttin' niggaz on my had list
No sadness is felt, you shuffled and your cards get dealt
Jim Carrey ass niggaz start to melt
Impact like a buckle bein' swung from off a belt
Any help for shelter, when in the realms of a welter
My weight will tilt ya, hold alignments and change your filter
My attitude a product of society
So sometimes for gratitude, you know you can't rely on me
Niggaz eyein' me, with looks of they anxiety
Wonderin' what's in my heart, velocity or piety
Yo, it depends on which one, you bring to surface
At times I get trife, but what to worship is my purpose
Malik be blend with the tree, to spot an enemy
You cloggin' me up cat, now vacant the vicinityYo, the feet that I walk with
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Now it's time to spark shitI'm symbolic to a ballot, it's Abdul Malik
Don't approach with bullshit, I'm quick to call it invalid
Route through your district, we keep it simplistic
No need for the rapper to talk, put it on halt

Show me the vault, or the safe, cause I'm on the paper chase
Wade through route states for bout thirty down my waist
I'm tryin to get it, these rain bottlin' thoughts become acidic
With one in the chamber, ready to aim and spit it
A girlfriend and team made nigga cash just splintered
I take what you got to give, cause I got to live
The last hour, I bet your ass you act sour
Might act up, but I still can pass dowa
I'm usin' new ways to try to reach these better days
Instead of tryin' to take you under I just make you wonder
I still fast, make salaat, and pay zakaat
I didn't make Hajj yet, but that's my next project
Livin' two lives, one of turn and one with true lies
Keepin' a hoe, knowin' these hands into my do'as
In the quarters livin' modest with my nigga Trotter
I circle my foes, like tawaf around the kaba
I used to live life, like there was no maÃ±ana
Now I'm treatin' every breath, like it was your honor
I'm Mill-itill-itant with the Fifth that stand firm
Like a pillar, I'm I and T-L like ManillaYo, the feet that I walk with
The ears that I hear with, the eyes that I see with
The mouth that I talk with, the terror that I stalk with
Now it's time to spark shitYo, the feet that I walk with
The ears that I hear with, the eyes that I see with
The mouth that I talk with, the terror that I stalk with
Now it's time to spark shitThis is what it's all about

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