

# Good Music

## D.Y.C.R.

Peace to all the hip cats, all the Nappy Sweets  
This is the Brother Question, broadcasting live  
Via satellite from the Never Never Tunnels  
Now dig the rituals for today, is good music  
So sit back, relax and dig the groove  
Yo bust it, I digs hip-hop, and rocks for hip-hop  
Not R&B because to me that's not my style and  
The R-double-O-quotes ain't for radio, but major soul  
The ones that's hip won't change the dial and  
I remember one morning at the Soul Shack, coolin'  
In the outback, on the songwritin' ship  
Blizz a five, off a Bob Marley spliff  
On the cloud I be relaxin' from last night and shit  
In studio today but hey Brother Question  
Was on the Westside asleep without a clue when  
I hollered down to Crumbs to pick up the phone and tell him to get ready  
Question, what ya doin'? Ain't nothing  
Yeah, buttered chicken wings, so I met him in the West  
Where we had to 'lax and wait for Rubber Band and Bes'  
Bassey broke down on the other side of town  
Yo you know what it's about, The Roots is out to the subway  
Does anybody like real music?  
Sweet music, soul music?  
You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it  
Just to use it, to make you move it, yeah  
Does anybody like real music?  
Sweet music, soul music?  
You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it  
Just to use it, to make you move it, yeah  
From the subway to the studio  
Gots to break fast if we wanna get to the bus  
Runnin' like a Mex for the border  
Umm, yo, oh umm, was it a bunch of yas?  
Nah, just the four of us  
Nuff nappy sweets on the transit, two fine  
Three fine fo' five mo' fine, uhh!  
A girl says, "Hey ain't y'all The Square Roots?"  
And I'm like, "Heh, worrrd", and then the shorty passed the sign  
Now we got to make out exit

Where?  
To the pavement  
To what?  
Crushin' trail mix  
Oh word man, yo look out  
Say what?  
Look out!  
Question dropped a whole bag of drumsticks  
Ain't nothing  
But a chicken wing, so  
He bends down to pick up the sticks and his pants fall down  
(Dang!)

In my face, Question didn't frown, turned around  
And thought he felt a draft, so I laughed  
Does anybody like real music?  
Sweet music, soul music?  
You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it  
Just to use it, to make you move it, yeah  
Does anybody like real music?  
Sweet music, soul music?

You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it  
Just to use it, to make you move it, yeah  
Here comes the Crumbs, from the chums of the P.O.  
Sprouted from The Roots and I was added to the trio  
Now I'm cahoots and got a reason for my ego  
In the words of, Los Lobos, ad-ios, a-migo  
At the Rat Cave, mic I'm hand, I'm flowin'  
Tellin' Question to keep it, goin'  
What I'm doin', I'm not really knowin'  
But umm, to me see it sounds oh-and-kay'n  
(It sounds okay)

Layin', to the sounds playin'  
Umm, hi to hoe and, yeah, hey to hay'n  
Trippin', I'm tryin', not to laugh, bust it  
It's the last paragraph, and I'm done half  
But Question's jokin', and I'm like hopin'  
That nobody comes in and opens, the door  
Ah man, what is up with you man?  
I'm leavin', what? Why you scratchin'?  
Your face like that man?  
Look ugly, self-righteous, do-gooder  
Does anybody like real music?  
Sweet music, soul music?  
You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it  
Just to use it, to make you move it

Does anybody like real music?  
Sweet music, soul music?  
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