

Universe At War (Ft. Common)

The Roots

Yeah, U.N.I.Verse
At war
U.N.I.Verse (when you and I verse)
At war motherfucker
We gonna do this Chi-town style (verse at war)
Illadelph, you know how we get down
You know the business (Illtown illanoid)
Bringin it straight to your chest (comin thru with the iller category)
Yessah, hah, yeah (preacher man with the Com)
Break it down one two (we about to drop a bomb, check it)When you and I verse at war (U.N.I.Verse at War)
And your verse at core, for what you thought before
Steppin up into a zone you should never explore
The next level or, level of the whole conceceptor
When you and I verse at war (U.N.I.Verse at War)
And your verse at core, for what you thought before
Steppin up into a zone you should never explore
The next level or, level of the whole conceceptorCheck it, rappers
Get on the mic talk about cars and clothes
Sounding like hoes
Ain't been exposed to the foes,the moes, disciples
I'm from the state that is Ill, the rap son of man
Rotated down to Phil, to say what I feel
Get it off my bird chest, my word becomes flesh
War, going on between the West and the East
Of the land, niggas don't own a piece
Grease is the word, Murray slides some pimp oil to me
My lady friend sneaks my beer in the movie
Throw your hands in the air, if you the true and living
Beware, the new world order, the devil's new religion
Sent my homey to the number two division
Sellin bootleg movies, got my VCR on a ove' smove'
Be at Fat Tuesday's, drinkin tropical it's just sittin
At a table with sophisticated bitches
Nah that ain't nothin I would call my mother
Nor do I call every nigga my brother
Gotta have Black Thought, it's sorta B like Malik
So don't Question a Brother, to the Roots I get deepYo, enter the last era
Your scholarship into the world of politics
And mascara, we operate within this artificial op-era

I bring hip-hop terror like the Fuhrer
The Ace Ventura into the horror
Laboratory laborer, venture beyond the border
I'll struc-ture a style destroy your whole aura
Plus you're a-drenalin'll rise before your eyes
And mortalize, my image hit the skies
Deceive the devil in disguise
My music I parenthesize
Represent the wise, through this be how we enterprise
Kid no compromise (yeah, yeah) I'm thinkin fast like Rama-
Dan, I wear your mind away like Alzheimer
I pull a mic up out my bomber big up to Bahama-
Dia, A-O this year we leavin em in trauma
Then after me, I plan to leave behind, the legacy
Or history of the family, the fifth dynasty
For humanity, to bear witness to this
Del-val-syllable stylist
You know the time kidWhen you and I verse at war (U.N.I.Verse at War)
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The next level or, level of the whole conceceptorYo, the general flows, kids compose on tablet
Expose how they was average
And they thoughts not rapid
Here comes the hot package, through your block like traffic
The rock was typed graphic now watch the mic blast it
Shootin at the stars with emphatic rap static
See the mirror shatter from thoughts, I'm bustin back at it
The Lieuten-ant, the ele-phant, sippin automatic
Mic, rippin asiatic, architects out to have it
The turn of the century, the planet's like a penitentiary
Exaggerated, niggas is livin highly medicated
I Used to Love Her but now she violated
Hip-hop holocaust and camps, old champs are concentrated
They outdated and incarcerated
Loved and appreciated hated and very debated
For every career created was eliminated
And that's the way the balance of yin and yang relatedEvery Block is divine
Niggas swing on in a safari
Wild niggas, like I'm high on latari
Some let the block, block they mind, if they could see what I see
Get out the city for a sec be at the places I be

Hey, I'mma be back on the deck, opening
Business in places for you to cash your check
My, neck of the woods ain't all good ain't all bad
You can live in the burbs, and still get had
The sad part about it niggas had houses on the lake
They tryin to move us out, the land we ain't appreciate
For peace we skate, crackers be rollerblading on hate
Call each other cuz cause of how we relate
I see way too many Cadillacs with dope man plates
Through the wind and blow-ups, is how niggas communicate
Harmonizing through beeper and reefer
The city got my peoples in a sleeper, talk is getting cheaper
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Songwriters

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