

Dynamite!

The Roots

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Uh uh, come on, S-P in the
Up north into the NYC and the out West
And to niggas in Cali and the Down South type dynamite
What, yo yo come on dynamite dynamite
Uh check it out, uh uh
Yo yo yo yo yo check it out Eve-ry bo-dy, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
Check it out, eve-ry bo-dy
Touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fith Dynamite Yo, check it out
In in tro tro duc ducing
The sole missin' link, what could MC's who listen think
It's Black Thought, open your eyes and don't blink
Yo, to rock this mic is like a basic instinct
But yo in-in-tro-tro-duc-ucing Behind thee, the mic champ-ion
More than a step-ion
Mothafuckers sweatin' me, beggin' me just to get me on
Macro-cosmic, micro-master Ey yo I'm all the way way, Phil Phil-lay-lay
People want to see the way the Illadel play
Yo, look in the mirror, watch what yourself say
I'm from S-P, no mortal man can test me
Thought, I keep a lin-e in, upper eschulone-in
Heineken, hold the rhymin' in, flows remindin' 'em
Cats that hear me up, some shit from back in the past
Your half-steppin' ass, could never fathom a grasp because Yo we got a doctrine, in cold-rockin' it
Bringin' this apocalypse, nigga you mad topical
Bitch my raps trick your optical
Mister superficial, I'm rippin' apart your heart tissue
This is your official, dismissal
I don't study the artificial, who fuckin' wit the dark crystal

Yo where are is you? I'm movin' like a smart missile
 Aimed and guaranteed to hit you Word up, but when the Fifth do get on and perform, you in for it
 It ain't no way to cen-sor it, my style metaphoric
 To bricks and ten tons stacks hard to lift
 The artist, comin' out the Fifth darkness We go back like ancients, while you ain't shit
 Sub-terrainean, never against the grain-ean
 Afro-American slash half-blade-ean
 In your universe, my star's the most radiant Eve-ry bo-dy, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
 C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
 C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
 Check it out, eve-ry bo-dy
 Touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
 C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
 C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite Ey yo it's all the way live, from 2-1-5
 Plus admission is denied so just wait outside
 Two extremes collide like Jekyl and Hyde
 And I provide you wit the swerve you need, but take heed
 You travellin' like speed
 Iller than adventures you might read
 O-fficial original breed, the just-ice league, yo it's the P-5-D
 Style fashionist, other MC's they actresses Yo it's the high-opposed, you bout to get shot down
 Tryin' to fly above this Illa-Fifth compound
 You've known since the get-go, I rock your disco
 Ain't nobody badder, but yo you get my gist so
 I represent so you gotta squint
 As far as how I do it you ain't compen-sate
 We causin' nui-sance and get in-decent so save your two cents
 Don't come in my district, kickin' that bullshit Yo it's all simplistic, limited click get
 Lyrically lifted, touchin' the Fifth shit
 Trenches of the mentally twisted, you enlisted
 Five was the emblem on the mic you got hit wit And I stomp ya, till you call me conqueror
 Back-slappin' all the niggas that slept
 Thinkin' that Elo could ever disappear
 I'm strippin' they vi near
 Wit this non ether reefer, quiet frequent premiere Eve-ry bo-dy, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
 C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
 C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
 Check it out, eve-ry bo-dy
 Touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
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 Check it out, eve-ry bo-dy
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C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
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