

Universe At War

The Roots

U.N.I.Verse at war
U.N.I.Verse at war, motherfucker
We gonna do this Chi-town style, Illadelph
You know how we get down, you know the business
Bringin' it straight to your chest
Yessah, hah, yeah, break it down, one, two
When you and 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 conceptor
When you and I verse at war
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Check it, 1, 2
Rappers
Get on the mic, talk about cars and clothes sounding like hoes
Ain't been exposed to the foes of most 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 burnt chest, my word becomes flesh
War going on between the West and the East
Of the land niggaz 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 evasive maneuver
Be that as I chooses, 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 deep
Yo enter the last era
Your scholarship into the world of politics and mascara
We operate within this artificial opera
I bring hip hop terror like the Fuhrer, the Ace Ventura into the horror
Laboratory laborer, venture beyond the border

I'll structure a style, destroy your whole aura
Plus you're adrenalin'll rise before your eyes and mortalize
My image hit the skies, deceive the Devil in disguise
My music, I parenthesize, represent the wise
Do this, be how we enterprise, kid, no compromise
I'm thinkin' fast like drama, dyin', I wear your mind away like Alzheimer
I pull a mic up out my bomber big up to Bahama
The 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, kid
When you and I verse at war
And your verse at core for what you thought before
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Yo, 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 Lieutenant, the elephant, sippin' automatic
Mic, rippin' Asiatic, architects out to have it
The turn of the century, the planet's like a penitentiary
Exaggerated, niggaz is livin' highly medicated
I used to love 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 related
As the block is divine, niggaz swing on in a safari
Wild niggaz 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'ma 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, niggaz had houses on the lake

They tryin' to move us out, the land we ain't appreciate
For peace we skate, crackers we roll or player hate
Call each other 'cause, 'cause of how we relate
I see way too many Cadillacs with dope man plates
Through the wind and blow ups is how niggaz communicate
Harmonizing through beepers and reefer
The city got my peoples in a sleeper, talk is getting cheaper
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When you and 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 shit, bro, yeah

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