Concerto Of The Desperado

The Roots

The Concerto of the Desperado
R-double-O-T-S check the flow
If you know like I know then you know the motto
That's all the fake shit got to go
In the glow of the moon, over the melancholy metro
My poetry is set like a U.F.O
The maestro, the lyricist concerto
My physical play the role of a vessel
The level of my lyrics law manifesto
My thoughts wrestle and attack with the killer instincts
Of a gorilla stronger than Samson
Without vanilla my soliloquy profess my ability to just
Stimulate you like the best sensimilla
The half life the Philladellpophila proceed
Hither is my death flower blow your tower to smithe
Reens to fiends catch another rhyme gripper
Deeper than the meditations of a Hindu worshiper
Unorthodox, Hip-Hop, minister
Than a Serengeti cheetah my thoughts swifter
You lose your balance when the sound hits ya
So check for the, fifth militia
A poet's under pressure stressin' that you get the picture
Even if it means you gotta hang over the banister
I pull a microphone on any pistol brandisher
And take advantage of ya because you amateur
Styles gunning down your sound man and manager
What this how we do it in the year for nine-six
With this delivering attack on pointless rap shit
Breakin' M C's down to fractions, tell your squadron
It's time to go to war, respond react
The concerto, of the desperado
R-double-O-T-S check the flow
If you know like I know then you know the motto
And that's all the fake shit got to go, fake shit gots to go
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The implorer, the universe explorer

Treat M C's like the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah
Leavin' these niggaz open like a box of Pandora
With styles that's newer than the world order
Approximately three quarters of y'all are water I straight deport ya
Then orchestrate your torture with roots of culture
The pill brimmage to the line of scrimmage up against your image
Where life is a heist, and the strong get a percentage
It's ill as a war and within' it I'm the lieutenant
That surrounds you like a peninsula to snatch the pennant
You fold like Japan's futons and fans
While I design a plan to make a rapper step like a pedestrian
I crush a mountain into grands of sand
Your pain stains the hand that held the mic inserted to the stand
The desperado, that refuse to follow
The fifth afficianado, break you up into parts like vibrato
I deep like the dark of the night
Niggaz is sweet and sound silly when they talk on the mic
They use the simple back and forth the same old rhythm that's plain
I'd rather ultra magnetize your brain
It's the Hip-Hop purist, that leave you lost like a tourist
Inside the chorus, niggaz is bringin' nothin' for us
As we breakin' 'em down to fractions, tell your squadron
It's time to go to war respond react
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