

Adrenaline

The Roots

Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain, 'gain ladies and gentlemen
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Ya, ya adrenaline Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain, 'gain ladies and gentlemen
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Ya, ya adrenaline Yo I'm in the eye of the storm, where the pressure's on
And MC's is dressed funny like a leprechaun
I chop rappers up like chicken seczuan
Sells a squads off like a slave auction Aiiyyo my zodiac sign read caution
On stage, I make your seed to an orphan
Yo, my age an algebraic equation
Niggas want some? I hit 'em wit a portion Son, the Fifth foursome, armed at the door son
M Illi tilla, Dice Raw, quick draw son
You don't want no more son? That's when more come
And drag a nigga Eerie Avenue to Oregon, you're all done Ladies and gentlemen select the weapon
At the gate upon entering the roots instrumentaling
Spark shit, them niggas try to talk shit
We hit 'em like the 1 at 60th and market South Philly clip a hold into a nigga park it
Take sneaks, chains and rings and bracelets
Split back this like we the therapist
Adrenaline, fifth mic terrorist, once again Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain 'gain ladies and gentlemen
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Ya, ya adrenaline Zigga, zigga, zigga tryin' to get a grip but still slip, so lift me up
Ever since I was a pup I was designed to erupt
You get to know me, you poke me slowly, when caught puzzin'
Some niggas thought they was, when of course they wasn't Punked 'em wit a dozen of pellets all in they skelet
Transform, from the norm, start to brainstorm
Yeah Malik B from the roots, he ain't gone
I took the wrong exit, the sign said 'Langhorne' I'm trapped up in about five worlds wit live pearls
Shouts to armour akquan who's name is Jalil
The moat is deep water so let your hand expand it

Demandin', takin' you back like knots landing I'm Ralph Cramdon, we out, you'll see in Hampton
 Yo what the what the what the, what the, what the, what the
 Pivot on this concrete earth until I rot
 Didn't figure how to conquer it yet but still I plot, once again Once again 'gain
 Once again 'gain
 Once again 'gain 'gain ladies and gentlemen
 Once again 'gain
 Once again 'gain
 Ya, ya ya adrenaline Beans passed the mack and we held em, like hostages
 Rappers see me, hide they face like ostriches
 Dice'll grind your brain into little sausages
 Underwater rap, you know who the bosses is North Philly baby, that's where that raw shit is
 You'll get blown out the sky once you get talkative
 AD devise rise, I fathered it
 So when you see me on the street, don't bother kid Just be on your merry way, or you might get slit
 Ask around, wonderin' what Dice Raw did
 Lay you on floors like ya gettin' carpeted
 You need a special kind of mic for retarded kids Me against you's like Kane verse the Partridges
 You wanna battle, change your name to the Forfeitters
 'Cuz that's what you do, face to face wit raw niggas
 I give you a bad case of the fucked up jitters, once again Once again 'gain
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 Once again 'gain 'gain ladies and gentlemen
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 Once again 'gain
 Ya, ya ya adrenaline They used to talk shit, but I'm a quiet them
 Kick in the door wit my boys stick to riotin'
 First nigga that flinch, I'm a fire 'em
 Tape 'em up, grip his hands, and player 'em Know the bricks is in here, where you hidin' em?
 Don't die in the shit that you lyin' in
 I used to get fronted bricks, now I'm buyin' 'em
 Used to cop off my man, now I'm supplyin' him Paid the front row seat watchin' Iverson
 First class air crafts what I'm flyin' in
 To llaa., Shaq, Eddie, Kobe Bryant and them
 Save the jokes for Chris Tucker, Richard Pryor and them Used to shotgun in cars, now I'm drivin' 'em
 Used to hustle round bars, y'all was robbin' them
 Ran up in y'all spot wit rob and them
 Grew up, 2 4, wit pie and 'em But do my dirt, 2st, wit kyle and them
 Nigga Pop, Nigga Buzz, little Mark and them
 Brother news, nigga schooled Marley Park and them
 Nigga jump, pull a pump, low sparkin' 'em I know shit right now gettin' dark to them
 Tore they body all up, ain't no chalkin' 'em
 Too sharp for them, move out in the dark on 'em
 These Illadel foul streets what I'm stompin' in, once again Once again 'gain
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