

In The Music

The Roots

[Black Thought]

Yeah, I'm from the illest part of the Western Hemisphere
So if you into sight seein don't visit there
It's somewhere between Jersey and Delaware
Philly never scared and them niggaz ain't timid there
Them young triggers lose lives by the minute there
It might start but the fight never finish there
They all fucked up tryin to get the gingerbread
A few stacks be the price for a nigga's head
Cops and robbers, cowboys and indians
Clips and revolvers and George's and Benjamin's
A celebration of the loss of your innocence
To you old self you've lost any resemblance
They say the city make a dark impression
The youth just lost and they want direction
But they don't get the police, they get the protection
And walk around with heat like Charlton Heston, man[Chorus 2X]
It's in the music, turn it up let it knock
Let it bang on the block 'til the neighbors call the cops
The cops gone come but they ain't gone do shit
They don't want no problems, what are y'all stupid
It's all in the music [6X][Malik B]
It's kinda ill how we grip these bitches in the Bonneville
It's kind of a thrill, my mind it will spill, my nine it will kill
Of course bro like crossbow, I bring the force though
Hittin your guts splittin your torso
It's colder than the North Pole livin unlawful
I'm giving you a jawful Of somethin awful
Yo my theoretic is leaded, Will come and set it
The shit bang and leave you diabetic for paramedics
I spit flames and get dames to get change
With pitbull bark and lock the shock
Don't bother me Och, don't you dare lie to me Och
I don't know, who's this nigga that you try to be Och
Benefit of doubt had me think you in it for clout
Big shit, send it for route and finish him out
Joints stiff from rigor mortis
While we swimmin in waters, women with daughters
Will have us niggaz sinnin with orders[Chorus 2X]

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