

# The Good, The Bad And the Desolate

## The Roots

Shanky Don Intro:

Now this one is dedicated to the good the bad and the desolated. And The  
Roots crew you know them lyrically orientated program you lose in life  
instantly ? we're like acid we burn you. Watch a rude bwoy now. Black Thought:

Yo you should see some of these cats that vocalize  
They get props from they local guys and try to raise  
Speaching through the mic like "Yo I apologize"  
They blind and wasn't as wise and fail to realize the com-  
Plectual sexual side of the rhyme  
When I make love to the mic the crowd respond  
Your promoter love the vocal over dub when I control the club  
So throw your hands up in the air show your love  
We waste not the bangingest beats but make use  
The Roots get you open like parachutes  
Yo who in the house only deal with hip hop that's authentic?  
Back to renovate your state of mind for a minute  
It's I, Bad Lieutenant represent fine lye  
Delphia empire fifth dynasty  
Your third eye couldn't wait for you to relate to what I activate  
While the fake spectate  
I'm less then impressive for beyond stressin'  
And battle as a reveloutionary adolescent  
But now in the present with fake masters of ceremonies yo that's phoney  
You'll get capped with colonial force that of a cannon  
Examinin the compact disc to start rammin'  
To put the diagram in effect and get fly  
On immature MC's who try  
Wake 'em up outta they High School HighShakny Don:  
Yo bumbading bumdadabedang  
The Roots crew boy we mash things again  
Bumbading ripapadededang The Roots crew bwoy we runnin' back again  
Bumbading dumdadadedang The Roots boy dem run the island  
Bumbading ripadededang look ? I mash up the sceneMalik B (M-illa-tant):  
I blast off the roof to prove she lay in there blazed  
Enslaved by the soundwaves as the skills amaze  
Insight skin type annalitic cause I live it  
My ? brow pivot over your style like "give it"  
The lyricism I'm contemplating your neighborhood or legion  
Brutalize your section stalk your whole region

When you blink it's hell then you drink Sifendale  
 You wonder what's goin' inside of my thinkin' cells  
 We bomb like militias I'm trying to stack riches  
 Look first comes the money the power then the (?)  
 They all will bring you down but I Milliant the sound  
 With a bargaid of pirate raps that's running through your town  
 Surrounded by a wise dome my ledge knows horizons  
 I keep at a distance confused and feel cyclones  
 You know I'm trying to make it because I probably take it  
 Hustlin' stickin' pickin' it or scrape it  
 Tracks appeal that's why I'm trying to mack a mil  
 I stay sedated worth a Zantac that's a pill  
 It gets hectic that's why niggas try to exit  
 Stress relates to those who walk around protectedShanky Don:  
 Yo bumbading ripadingdedingdedang  
 The Roots crew man dem mash up the scene  
 Bumbading bumdadadedang The Roots crew man is running back again  
 Bumbading ripadingdedingdedang  
 The Roots crew man them come back again  
 Bumbading bumdadadedang The Roots crew man they run the islangDice Raw:  
 Naw nigga what's up then? Thanks for the man outroduction  
 Go ask your girl inside my world is the duction  
 No frontin' finger on the button of destruction  
 Play nice like entice and keep your styles on the hush and  
 Step inside the illafifth dungeon  
 Where it smells of pungent  
 The underwater the brotherly lovin'  
 Where crabs get knocked out respect from  
 Brought back to the lab were the scientist will dissect 'em  
 The old heads sniffin' start bitchin' when we testin'  
 Interrupting my class when my class is in session  
 Was when I manifestin' or come to teach a lesson  
 What's inside of my dome I'll have all you clones guessin'  
 Lets begin as the color gets tossed in with the pen  
 It feels good that's when you know it's a sin  
 Everytime I rhyme I might get charged for murder  
 Slicing your back with rap turn a brain into burger  
 Lyrically I shot with radioactive waves  
 Like Kolby and Big Kev on fridays  
 Your styles older than dolo we on the top of ?  
 Claim to gettin' over but you ain't makin' quotaShanky Don:  
 Bumbading bumdadadedang The Roots crew man they mash up the lane  
 Bumbading bumdadadedang this a poor rap boy you might not see again  
 Bumbading bumdadadedang The Roots crew man they run things again  
 Bumbading bumdadadedang Rufugee Camp step on thee scene

Bumdading bumdadadedang

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>