Rising Down (Feat. Mos Def and Styles P)

The Roots

Hello hello hello helloEvery anywhere heights plains peaks or valleys
Entrances exits vestibules and alleys
Winding roads that test the firm nerve
Fortune or fatal behind the blind curve
The engine oil purr lights flash to a blur
Speed work through the earth make your motor go scurr!
Tonight at noon watch a bad moon rising
Identities in crisis and conflict diamonds
Blindin' staring at lights till they cryin'
Bone gristle popping from continuous grindin'
Grapes of wrath in a shapely glass
Ingredients influential on your ways and acts
Zero tolerance to raise the tax
It don't matter how your gates is latched
You ain't safe from the danger jack
Made it way before they made the map
Or a G-P-S this is D-E-F leaderI know where I'm goin' even when its dark and being led down that road
Hello hello hello hello
You don't see that somethings wrong earth's spinnin' outta control
Hello hello hello hello
Everything's for sale even souls someone get God on the phone
Hello hello hello hello
Northside nigga Southside
Hello hello hello hello
Shits poppin' off Worldwide
Hello hello hello helloBetween the greenhouse gases and earth spinnin' off its axis
Got mother nature doin' back flips the natural disasters
Its like 80 degrees in Alaska you in trouble if u not an Onasis
It ain't hard to tell that the conditions is drastic
Just turn on the telly check for the news flashin'
How you want it bagged paper or plastic
Lost in translation or just lost in traffic
Yo I don't wanna floss I done lost my passion
And I ant trying to climb yo I lost my traction
They makin' me break my contents under pressure
Do not shake I'm workin' while the boss relaxin'
Here come Mr. tax man he leavin' a fraction give me back some
Matter fact next pay check it's like that son
I'll fuck around and have to hurt a few men

They probably chalk it up as a disturbing new trend helloI know where I'm goin' even when its dark and being led down that road
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Hello hello hello helloShould I say hello or should I say that hell is low
And my nigga are niggaro I'm an African American
They sell drugs in the hood but the man he move the medicine
He'll prescribe you Augmen for everything
A little stuffy nose tell you get some Claritin
You know I'm hip to it and its hard to claim the land
When my great great great grands were shipped to it
Look at technology they call it downloading
I call it downsizing somebody follow me
Does a computer chip have an astrology
And when it fuck up could it give you an apology
Could it
Should it say hello or should it say goodbye
Try to understand how smart and how hood am I, It don't matter though
Until we learn that the world don't turn right ,we all oughta the scatter thoughI know where I'm goin' even when its dark and being led down that road
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Everything's for sale even souls someone get God on the phone
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