

# Diedre vs. Dice (feat. Dice Raw)

## The Roots

Yo, look at all the scavengers  
All wannabe contenders  
Dismember, wack niggaz I intend ta  
Y'all ain't shit but sticky shit  
On the bottom of Timber-lands  
I know you clam heads want to surrender  
Don't even act like the battlefield the place you want to enter  
Yo niggaz is hopeless, you really need to focus  
On who's the fuckin' dope list or wind up hopeless  
Lookin' for some soup, tryin' to recoup  
Some fuckin' loot, only thing you get is the boot  
To me these punk MC's is nothin' but fruit  
Cakes, shake they booty on stage and get head  
With lyrics that I kick, talkin' that bullshit  
You might get lit like a front of a spliff  
For runnin', off at the lips talkin' that nonsense  
Raw get on stage, take your confidence  
Break you off since powerful defense

Songwriters

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