

Mellow My Man

The Roots

1, 2, yes
The Roots layin' back, relaxin'
Coolin' out with my man, Malik B, we call him Slax in
Ya know what I'm sayin'? We in effect
Mo' like Al B, sure, for your plea sure, aiyo, bust it
We about to flip it on some ol' laid back
Mellow my man tip, we gon' set it like this, yo check it
Bust it, la di da di, who likes to party
Like Slick Rick the Ruler, I'm cooler than a ice brick
Got soul like those Afro picks, with the black fist
And leave a crowd drippin' like John the Baptist, it's
The 'cause of that "Oh shit!", the skits I kick, flows like catfish
And got many M. C. on the blacklist
I'm sharp as a cactus plus, quick to bust gymnastic tactics
Us, Roots is really true to that rap shit
Now holla, to the scholarly, street skats that follow me
Back to the Soul Shack with packs of rap colonies
Max that, Foreign Objects is mad abstract, make Shadrach
Offender wanna go like Meshach, Black Thought
The nappy cat a bookworm shoe styles like sperm
Cool as Malcolm Little with conch a la perm burn
The herb sticks like wicks and flips when I slaps the hand
Of my mellow my man, Malik B
Here I goes, negroes best to know the flower
The professional, best in those skills that kills so
Whoa, slow down before you go down, sissy
Trixie this is Agatha Christie your slain and know now
Next contender, Malik's the axe offender
Critique me so uniquely with mystique that's so deep within the
Microphones I grip, psych with poems so's I slits throats
Put him in a quote, when he croaks
They sayin' isn't it, is it the negro that did it?
'Cause wreck with the tech, make you jump and say, "Ribbit"
I exhibit many forms, prohibit the corny forms
And we're in, your neighborhood on the norms
Capture, was to, whack ya
Manufacture, you can even ask Anita about the, rapture
I figured, perhaps ya, a say it slam
For my mellow my man

The way we do it like this
That, for my mellow my man
It's like that for my mellow my man
No, no we do it like that
This, for my mellow my man
It's like this for my mellow my man
No, no we do it like this
That, for my mellow my man
It's like that for my mellow man
No, no we do it like that
This, for my mellow my man
It's like this for my mellow my man
Yo, I got spunk, plus funk and Jump Like Punks
To get beat down, turn that heat down, I'm crazy cool
Deeper than the pool than Wilt the Stilt, damn near drowned
In clowns bounce to sound, when
Thoughts pound and brown's
My complexion Section Southern, my brother in is Jex, I sweats
No sex 'cause this kid gets grits an' shit, it's flex to drains
That was crazed, when your heart spit up, dip dup damn
Yo I lost it but back is the Black Boogey Man
Manic mad musician, maker of noise that's jocked, by your
Homeboys, I rocks my flocks of sheep, it's the slickest shepherd
Around, I was lost but was found, now I gets down from Philly
To the Apple I, stop and holla tunes and then hit up-town diggin'
Planets when they get Earthbound
I kick the groovy tunes for you
And yours, when I pass the can, to my mellow my man, Malik B
Whoa, shucks, my nuc snuff ducks
Abruptly I erupt, to destruct, deducts
In wax I like to smack 'em
Stroke 'em as I cap 'em
Change my name to Saran or Reynolds then I Wrap 'em
Negroes know we be furrow to my borough
'Cause my ass is so thorough, like Levert Gerald
Too strong to be sterile
So, I impregnates the greats, say what?
Bust the Pacino's, I won't trust them
Even though I lust them shapes
Females for retail prices
Twice this nice, this witch sure does her spices
I won't smirk, 'cause my name's not Urkel
The voice with the multiple choice
She does a circle
You wanna turn and page

Your eyes and try to plagerize
But I degrade ya, slaughtered ya and slayed ya
Microphones I grip equipped to flip the hypocrites
And nit-wits, with tidbit skits, them ain't
That was a curse, but I divide it in half
Gets the airplay, no fair play
You're feelin' the wrath
Of Malik, aiyyo get tragic
Negroes that get dramatic because I have
The habit to smoke rabbits like a addict
So if you can not rap, I will just slap you
If you wants to pick up on your nose be shows
The chrome and then we cap, you
It's too bad, dem cyan't understand de true check
For my mellow my man
The way we do it like this
That, for my mellow my man
It's like that for my mellow my man
No, no we do it like that
This, for my mellow my man
It's like this for my mellow my man
No, no we do it like this
That, for my mellow my man
It's like that for my mellow man
No, no we do it like that
This, for my mellow my man
It's like this for my mellow my man
I think it's for my mellow my man
My mellow my man, right
My mellow my man
My mellow my man, right
My mellow my man
My mellow my man, right
My mellow my man
My mellow my man
My mellow my man
My mellow my man
For Scott Storch, my mellow my man
Leonard Hubbard on the bass, my mellow my man
B.R.O.The.R.?, on the drums, my mellow my man
Gotta end it on the one, my mellow my man
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