

# Distortion To Static

## The Roots

[Verse One: Malik B]

Yo, I'm every MC, it's all in me  
That's the way it is, when ya gotta be  
Indeed as I distort I proceed, I need  
Gettin hotter than sacks of boom, in my room at the Ramada  
Four tanks in your memory banks to fill up  
I provide the static, with scratch to match, while you catch the vibe  
Most can play high post, but yo that don't mean shit  
Because my click'll make a motherfucker sick  
I flips, redder than pork, comin to New York to mix  
(It's Bob Powers) With the snares and kicks to fix  
Rhythmatically, you got ta be, static-y  
Magiccally I appear, spark a L and drink a beer  
With air smooth, takin niggaz loot with dice  
then shoot The Roots, poetic, courageously kinetic  
Vagabond, versatile and various, plus rap styles  
of mine are blunt, pain is in the mind, so I'm fine and five  
Foot seven, inches in height  
My mission to strike mics and lighten your tights  
Ridin in, like lightning  
Flourescent, incandescent, evervescently  
I represent, Foreign Objects and Ill Elements  
Very relevant, plus intelligently managin matter  
that's makin tracks fatter, revolve around  
Saturn like rings and brins swings when I sings with bass  
Then distort up in your face like mace  
Bustin your dreams, I gasp with loaded magazines  
I'm on the rap scene, re-color fellas like a vaccine  
As I, rocks from under blunderin I'm not, lyrically  
Ya getm, shot, get caught so distort with thought, for real  
It's the illest out the Phi, short for Philidelph-iada-fly  
Money makin move fakin I isn't  
Niggaz can nah front, I'm poetically exquisite  
Wicked, with the visit while you're wonderin what is it  
Dig it, yo my mellow um whattup for the night  
(Malik B, get on the mic, get on the mic)  
Like that y'all, and yo I'm flowin, my part of the song

It's goin, it's goin, it's gone

[Verse Two: Malik B]

Now, go get your dictionary and your Pictionary  
Cause much affliction with my diction friction slips and carries  
Words and hers like some cattle in the steeple  
People, there's no equal, or no sequel  
SO policies, of equalities, get abolished  
Demolished, distortion of the static's gettin polished  
Urges of splurge and words will just be merged  
Together, damn it's quite clever, however  
You never, can sound alike, lyrics don't be poundin like  
These, troops, who be's, Roots  
Insult ya, mellow of culture, rhythmic vulture  
Approach ya, with Magnetic shit that's Ultra  
I make MC's dangle like a bangle  
Strangle from every angle, my lingo hinges and it jangles  
under Kangols, nahh them niggaz don't want to tangle  
Cause Roots get loose, negroes get juiced like the mango  
To be particular, extra-curricular, for pleasure  
Measure, in any weather, value more than the treasure  
Baby, you say you maybe, then come in to flex  
Now you wonder what's next...

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