

Writers Block

The Roots

[Black Thought]Oooh
Up, up.. up, up.. Up, Up
Up, Up.. UP, UP UP UP!!
UP!! UP!! UP!!
UP I, UP I, UP I step, UP I walk
UP I climb, to the platform
on which I await the arrival of the, black liiiine
2000 the abstract nighttrain that should be arriving
in approximately eight complete lifetimes
Do you dig that, ON, track number one
or is it my one track mind?
With the same two hundred funky people packed together
on one car that seats sixty
Reminiscent of the Middle Passage only now we, gliiide
over oceans of steel, and at the speed of light
from the window, in my eye, I can't see

Damn! Brother, excuse me brother
Would you mind not dripping your umbrella into my lap?
Now where was I? What, change to spare?
Man you better change your mind, change your plan
change your attitude, change your ideas to change your position
As I change my seat, and I change the channel on my WatchMan
Just in time, special guest, The Roots, on the
SOULLLLL TRAIN!
John Coltrane and chinese food is my date for the night
with that woman, with that girl, with that woman
with that lady, with that woman, with that child
child I'm honey, honey-child, and I gots ta
gotta, gots ta, gotta gots ta, gots ta gotta gotta get ready
Ready ready to go, read-read to go
Going, going, going, going, going, going, GONE
DAMN! ...
I missed my stop.. Writers Block, hah!

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