

What They Do

The Roots

Never do what they do, what they do, what they do
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Yo, yo, lost generation, fast paced nation
World population, confront their frustration
The principles of true hip hop have been forsaken
It's all contractual and about money making
Pretend to be cats, don't seem to know their limitations
Exact replication and false representation
You wanna be a man, then stand your own
To MC requires skills, I demand some shown
I let the frauds keep frontin'
And roam like a cellular phone far from home
Giving crowds what they wantin'
Official hip hop consumption, the 5th dumpin'
Keepin' ya party jumpin' with an original somethin'
Yo, I dedicate this to the one dimensional
No imagination, excuse for perpetration
My man came over and said, "Yo, we thought we heard you"
Joke's on you, you heard a bitin' ass crew but uh
Never do what they do, what they do, what they do
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Thin is the line that run between love and hatred
The game is ill natured, it's nothing sacred
Hey yo, it's funny when I see some rap niggaz do to make it
A few would blow up or go as far as they can take it
My nine to five is just to hit ya get the party live
I'm Black Thought, used to rap for sport
Now the rhyme saying rent paying life support
I take it very seriously within this industry
It's various crews that try to touch me
But I come wit the beautiful things and I bless the track plushly
Around the world the crowds love me from doing tours
Recipient of applause from all'a you and yours
Creator of original sounds to send to stores you take home
To absorb and sweat it out your pores
Now who can stop the music runnin' through these veins
Infinitely go against the grain, that's why my motto's to
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Livin' the life of limos and lights, airplanes and trains
Short days and long nights
Keyboards and mics, bass chords and drum kicks
And my mental thick to hit my head like brick
As I embark on a mission welcoming to the dark
When I first spark the arts, when the listening start
Open your head wide and let the thought inside
My style fortified by all of Philadelphi
I've dealt more stealth than all the wicked wealthy
Mentality undetectable by the naked eye
Then I get paid when the record is played
"To put it short I want it made like Ed", Nuff said
Then after that, I'm puttin' on my cousin Hamed
We let the ladies blend with the darkskin devil bred and discover
My level is that of no other and roots crew reign official and true
While I'm continuing to
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