

Table of Contents (Parts 1 & 2)

The Roots

Is this fast or normal speed?
Yeah, know sayin' yeah, Table of Contents
Fuckin' with it, one two, it's the Table of Contents
Come on, come on, uh yeah, uh huh, yoCheck it out, you're now in tuned to the sounds of the
R to the, double-O to the, T-S and I stretch limit to this profession
My voice physically fit, tracks I'm bench-pressing
The mic chord is an extension of my intestineDelicate MC's sliced in my delicatessen
My mind state is that of the S-P
Connection, Pennsy a part of me, South Philly through my arteries
Thought the dark one, fearsome, slump son
My vocal just a knuckle that sucker punched the drumHip-hop yo that's my hustle and it kill a kingdom
That Fall Apart to drastic proportion
Lost ones out there, you better stand clear
The Fifth Dynasty, it be a world premierCuttin' through like attorneys at law that's car chasin'
You star gazing, the force y'all facin' is the
R-to the, double-O to the, T-S an'
Y'all niggaz in the mix, keep guessin'The world traveler in the flesh without question
Last seven years on tour without restin'
Yo the kind of rapper you should reconsider testin'
Supreme simply, official DundeeWhat I bring'll motivate to move your whole country
Throw your hands up if y'all want me to proceed wit
And carry out strategic plans to leave wit
The title that I'm watchin', Roots we run-tingMy Dundee attire for MC hunting, step up and out the ring
Y'all niggaz on some other, y'all loud as Don King
But wine drink within' the danger zone lounging
You need to be more aware of your surroundingsReality at times is astounding enough to get your heart
pounding
It's safe to assume, in all confidence
That I'm one of the illest in the seven continents
Yo, you on my dick, thanks for the complimentsYou be fucked up by my Table of Contents, Bad Lieutenant
You I been rhyming since the fuckin' past tense
Fuck no delayin' or playin' taking your wing way back
In the day of your motherfuckin' mindIt's the R-to the, double-O to the, T-S an'
Yo yo, it's the R to the, double-O to the, T-S an' yo
When I strike to excite, I just aim, I never miss
Embrace you wit a hug of death, give your ass a slight kissToxic words that spill over pages, for ages
Impacts like M-16's to twelve gauzes
The rage is still in me, never act too friendly
Sculley down creepin' while you tilted off HennyMany man begin pure but in this world of sin your

Holdin' tight my moral by injure
We scramble, because this game life is the gamble
Vandalize your terrain, go against the grain
Invade your brain with the collision causing division
Sweep your sector, leavin' you niggaz for stool-pigeons
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My religion is a way of life, but the trife replays
'Cuz niggaz actin' shiest these days
Wagin' wars, usin' dynamics 'cuz I'ma slam it
You talkin' all this out out your mouth, you Satanic
Roam the planet, always takin' bullshit for granted
Just a cool type of cat but you still can't understand it
You told to sit back, stand still and chill
Niggaz bound to clap shots 'cuz they all act ill
Wit a sour-ass taste smilin' up in your face
I'm like trust, never leavin' no trial or no trace
Disappear wit the wind, [Incomprehensible] shows the discipline
Twenty-five years of my life I learned to miss amend
Peep the structure of a whole empire
Smuggled sealed tai, pack lyrics like Kya
Verbal messiah, when I cross I set a fire
Wacker MC went in doubt 'cuz I'm for hire

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