

What They Do

The Roots

Never do what they do, what they do, what they do Yo, yo
Lost generation, fast paced nation
World population confront they frustration
The principles of true hip-hop have been forsaken
It's all contractual and about money makin'
Pretend-to-be cats don't seem to know they limitation
Exact replication and false representation
You wanna be a man? Then stand your own
To emcee requires skills; I demand some shown
I let the frauds keep frontin'
And roam like a cellular phone far from home
Givin' crowds what they wantin'
Official hip-hop consumption, the fifth thumpin'
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 um Never do what they do, what they do Thin is the
line that run between love and hatred
The game is ill-natured; it's nothing sacred
Aiyyo, it's funny when I see some rap niggas due to make it
A few'll 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 rhymes sayin' rent payin' life support
I take it very seriously within this industry
It's various crews that try to touch me
But I come with the beautiful things, and I bless the track plushly
Around the world crowds love me, from doin' tours
Recipient of applause from all of 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 Never do what they do, what they do, what they
do 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 welcomin' to the dark

When I first spark the arts, when the listenin' start
Open your head wide, and let the thought inside
My style fortified by all of Philadel-phi
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 dark skin thoroughbred
And discover my level is that of no other
And Roots crew reign official and true while I'm continuin' to
Never do what they do, what they do, what they
do

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