

Sacrifice (feat. Nelly Furtado)

The Roots

Listen, I got you phobic offa this like arachnids
Drastic, it ain't plastic, it's just pro blackness
Grown man tactics no pediatrics
The kind of track that make the comeback miraculous
The catalyst. Thought with the knack of splashin'
I'm dashin', I mastered the craft of mashin'
The level-headed thoroughbred the females passion
Magnetic attraction be keeping em askin' The crews in the Cadillac, the Pendergrassin'
Swerve half-naked won't come near crashin'
But if I go to Heaven would ya'll know my name
Or would it be the same for you like I was Eric Clapton, huh?
Clap for your freedom dog, that's what's happenin'
My spit take critical political action
The hustle is a puzzle, each piece is a fraction
And every word that's understood is a transaction
I'm an S.P. soldier, microphone holder
Rep Philly set
From Bolivia to Boulder
Paris, France to Tip and Thai Yoga
How we gon' make it through the dark?
I'll show ya. Tell you one lesson I've learned
If you want to reach something in life
You ain't gonna get it unless
You give a little bit of sacrifice
Ooh sometimes before you smile you got to cry
You need a heart that's filled with music
If you use it you can fly
Listen,
If you want to be high Yo kick off ya shoes, jump off the jock
I fly higher than them dudes from off ya block
My name Black, the style is unorthodox
It tap chins wit ya men's who you thought could box
A couple people wanted thought to stop
But guess what?
My man grab the missile, plug for the gut
Now next time greedy stop being such a glut
I'm precise with it like Faheim with haircuts
We up close on 'em with toast but no crust
It's fructose on 'em they froze and won't bust

Choke on your face you jewels is lackluster
Gotta put it to ya straight
Y'all fools is jacked up
Came close to the utmost but no cogar
Nose to the grindstone, head to the stars
The number one runner with the number one drummer
Grammy award-winning it's the world's eighth wonder
Come on! Tell you one lesson I've learned
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If you want to be high Yo, your first impression might be I'm a asshole
Or say I'm sometimey and give people a hassle
Or try to suntouch and put the heat in a capsule
Dog I'm far deeper than that though,
I get in the zone, recognize I'm a rolling stone
No time to lollygag or lounge with scallywags
Gimme the disc or I'll put it where your body at
Old school spit flow laid over Trotter tracks
With no apology, fraud or tricknology
Just trust what I see and I say and follow me
My way, I be the open book, look inside me
The star of the story that the grooveteller guide me
Through all the dark times part of the business
The light be contingent on small forensics
My microphone'll make a man a newborn infant
It's true so the true gon' sense it
I get in the zone Tell you one lesson I've learned
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If you want to be high

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