

# What Goes On, Pt. 7

## The Roots

Do you wanna know what goes on?Yo, niggas can not see me, can not be me or  
Capture the metaphoric phrase blasted off stage when I tour  
I am but a messenger born to blow up  
My niggas knew it all the time, lyrically I was a dime  
At the age of nine, shorty Black, could rhyme  
On the mic I never wasted time, I'm, the exquisite wizard  
When I visit shorties I hit it I'm cool as a blizzard  
Nigga what? You want, I'll bust your fronts, with the butt of my  
Black paper chase ya and then erase ya rhyme  
Sucker, MC's how I hate it when you waste your time  
My state of mind, shine like it's diamond studded  
I rhyme budded on stage, word is bond, when I'm on, I rage  
Got the 12 gauge at the rest so play, and into rest you lay  
My everyday M.O. is gettin dough cause times is rougher  
Than a mother for brothers to scuffle shuffle your cards kid  
Cause the odds is, niggas'll hustle and live, foul  
This wild environment hostile produce, the music in me  
So my style's the blend of what is and was  
You could get a buzz from it, but enter too deep  
And reach a summit you fall and then plummet beyond real  
Where you're killed if your raps ain't ill  
Another crab motherfucker 'nother cap to peel  
Through these amps, I motivate camps to dance  
Niggas too advanced, I warn, I'm just tellin you what goes onDo you wanna know what goes on?Inside my  
head, you wish to see  
The signs appear, the shit's not clear  
What if I flipped, would you know how to maintain your edge  
I'm takin heads because, there's no fuckin ledge  
I pledge allegiance to my cosmic guide  
I couldn't fit in three dimensions if I tried  
Civilizations I can delete, so crews don't bother me  
Battle with Jehovah gaining universal soveirgnty  
Niggas run around like clones, I got planets and thrones  
Throughout the galaxy my name's well known (my name's well known)  
I'm all alone in my zone, you wouldn't understand  
Stare in my face, fuck around and catch a sun tanHere on this agenda, there is no pretenders  
So when we begin to assassinate your cast members  
They shall hinder, wavin white flags, man we surrender  
Those half-assed negroes know they're no contenders

In syringes, I can shoot up lyrical vengeance  
And my grammar, might do a mandatory life in slammers  
You should regret it, thinkin about steppin to me  
Niggas forget it - you'll get gassed with lyrics leaded  
Most energetic, I never snag I'm tightly threaded  
I flip scripts like pattern twistness in calisthetics  
Black Thought, Elo and me a trio  
Talent is strong, word is bond  
I'm just tellin you what goes onDo you wanna know what goes on?

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