

Distortion to Static (Ques Jim mix)

The Roots

One: Malik B Yo, I'm every MC, it's all in me
That's the way it is, when ya gotta be
Indeed as I distort I proceed, I need
Gettin hotter than sacks of boom, in my room at the Ramada
Four tanks in your memory banks to fill up
I provide the static, with scratch to match, while you catch the vibe
Most can play high post, but yo that don't mean shit
Because my click'll make a motherfucker sick
I flips, redder than pork, comin to New York to mix
(It's Bob Powers) With the snares and kicks to fix
Rhythmatically, you got ta be, static-y
Magiccally I appear, spark a L and drink a beer
With air smooth, takin niggaz loot with dice
then shoot The Roots, poetic, courageously kinetic
Vagabond, versatile and various, plus rap styles
of mine are blunt, pain is in the mind, so I'm fine and five
Foot seven, inches in height
My mission to strike mics and lighten your tights
Ridin in, like lightning
Flourescent, incandescent, evervescently
I represent, Foreign Objects and Ill Elements
Very relevant, plus intelligently managin matter
that's makin tracks fatter, revolve around
Saturn like rings and brins swings when I sings with bass
Then distort up in your face like mace
Bustin your dreams, I gasp with loaded magazines
I'm on the rap scene, re-color fellas like a vaccine
As I, rocks from under blunderin I'm not, lyrically
Ya getm, shot, get caught so distort with thought, for real
It's the illest out the Phi, short for Philidelph-iada-fly
Money makin move fakin I isn't
Niggaz can nah front, I'm poetically exquisite
Wicked, with the visit while you're wonderin what is it
Dig it, yo my mellow um whattup for the night
(Malik B, get on the mic, get on the mic)
Like that y'all, and yo I'm flowin, my part of the song
It's goin, it's goin, it's gone
Two: Malik B
Now, go get your dictionary and your Pictionary
Cause much affliction with my diction friction slips and carries

Words and hers like some cattle in the steeple
People, there's no equal, or no sequel
SO policies, of equalities, get abolished
Demolished, distortion of the static's gettin polished
Urges of splurge and words will just be merged
Together, damn it's quite clever, however
You never, can sound alike, lyrics don't be poundin like
These, troops, who be's, Roots
Insult ya, mellow of culture, rhythmic vulture
Approach ya, with Magnetic shit that's Ultra
I make MC's dangle like a bangle
Strangle from every angle, my lingo jingles and it jangles
under Kangols, nahh them niggaz don't want to tangle
Cause Roots get loose, negroes get juiced like the mango
To be particular, extra-curricular, for pleasure
Measure, in any weather, value more than the treasure
Baby, you say you maybe, then come in to flex
Now you wonder what's next...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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