

Proceed

The Roots

I shall proceed, and continue to rock the mic Just think, what if you could just, just blink yourself away?

Jeff X can rock the mic with tooth decay

I be the 5 foot 7, residing at the Mecca, rest address in south section

Used to cut class in the infinite pursuit of ass

Back in eighty-six

Easy with the chicks, I was a chocolate boy

Raised in the cellar with the rhythm like Ella

Walking mega-trife streets to the subway where I lay

Til the train stop, then a nigga hop

Used to do the pop dance to the Planet Rock

At the block party everybody jocked [who me?]

It's the MC sucka niggas envy

I got my contract in 1993 and

I shall proceed I shall proceed, and continue to rock the mic I wake up early in the morning, I mean early
afternoon

Break a lyrical hymn of the stem like boom

I'm flyer when I'm higher put my shit up on a tomb

That nigga represented on the 28th of June

I'm representing Philly on the 28th of June

I can make you feel that I'm a surreal cartoon

With my pistol in the face of hip hop, stick it for papes

Because I'm on a paper chase, yes I'm on a paper chase

My Timberlands are fully laced I be the Mr. Boogeyman

With records from 125th to Japan

I let them play like Donny Hathaway and shake a hand, shake a hand

Your lady tried to kick it, but I couldn't play my man

My niggas is my niggas ya see she didn't understand

I shake your hand and shit'll hit the fan, just think

Just think, what? What if you could, just blink, what?

Just blink yourself away?

As I proceed I shall proceed, and continue to rock the mic Malik B get on the mic yo there's too much on my
mind [say what?]

Malik get on the mic, there's too much on my mind Johnny on the spot, got the rhythm and the rhyme

Fucking with The Roots, you know them niggas is the dime

I can make a hundred yard line start to dash

I can make a whole lake of fish start to splash

I can make Conan and the Titans clash

And I could Metallica and Guns 'N Roses crash

Used to smash crash parties like I was disturbed

Used to make plots against the herringbone herb
But now, all I do disperse the verb
And like a nerd I can make you say, "He's superb"
Worded perfect, never ever shall you misinterpret
I move styles like bowels so now you know I'm worth it
Direct from Philly, the lands where niggas scheme
So you know I got the sheen in my gleam I shall proceed, and continue to rock the mic

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>