

# Rising Up

## The Roots

Yesterday I saw a B-girl crying, yesterday I saw a B-girl crying  
I walked up and asked what's wrong  
She told me that the radio's been playing the same song all day long  
So I told her I got something you've been waiting for  
I got something you've been waiting for  
Yesterday I saw a B-girl crying, I walked up and asked what's wrong  
She told me that the radio's been playing the same song all day long  
So get your glass lift it up in the toast position  
We getting paper like John Travolta get it  
?Cause we focused with it, we supposed to get it  
You know me and my whole squad, we so committed  
We not the kids cooling out on the sofa with it  
We about to dominate the globe like Oprah did it  
We getting paper like John Travolta, nigga  
Well, I'm a downtown shooter, who that?  
The crown ruler is back, he kind of grew into the shape of a mack  
Look how I do it, yo, I'm taking you back  
This how you rise down to the foundation, how sacred is that?  
I'm from the number one place on the map  
The generational gap with yet another sensational track  
And we don't stress for nothing, I just press the button  
It's as simple as just making it hap'  
To all the frauds, stop faking, relax and to the broads if you caking  
Then clap, then shake it without breaking your back  
I know the world been waiting for that  
You been aching for that ?cause what they playing on the station is wack  
And I'm a legend in the flesh that dress to impress  
The best is that which I accept and nothing less  
My stacks is grotesque my squad so fresh  
You know it?s Black Thought and your boy the broquest but  
Yesterday I saw a B-girl crying, I walked up and asked what's wrong  
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Hip hop ain't dead 'cause the pulse is in us  
I got the Everclear flow, they mimosa with it  
We are the hope of the culture, they supposed to listen  
And I'm supposed to pivot like I'm a forward in the league  
I'm Oden with it  
Yet, don't owe them niggas nothing but potent lyrics

But if you ain't got the dance, they revoke your spinning  
So good rappers ain't eating they Olsen twining  
But I'm so committed they have grown familiar  
With the counterfeit hitters they so-so with it, but they are Sosa with it  
They Mark McGuire with the written, I'm Rodriguez  
On the road to riches, this is the fork I'm hitting  
This is the trial and error era, no co-defendant  
I push The Seed every time like I'm Cody with it  
I said the one-hit wonders pneumonia to us  
I don't know you niggas, hit the road, my nigga  
Yesterday I saw a B-girl crying, I walked up and asked what's wrong  
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Where my grimy figures at? Look lively addressing the captain  
Show me where your first impression is at  
And where your dedication to the true profession is at  
How you laugh, answer me, what kind of question is that?  
I'll show you where my rare essence is at, the adolescence of rap  
The real muscle in the message of that  
My name trouble I'm a blessing to rap  
And you can check my stats 'cause worldwide they attesting to that  
So nigga, listen you can probably learn a lesson perhaps  
How I'm like Bobby DeNiro, Joe Pesci and them cats  
Am I the unsung hero?  
Oh yes, if you asking anybody that's aware of the classics  
They'll tell you I'm a legend in the flesh that dress to impress  
The best is that which I accept and nothing less  
My stacks is grotesque, my squad, so fresh  
You know it's Black Thought and your boy the broquest but  
Yesterday I saw a B-girl crying, I walked up and asked what's wrong  
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We about to dominate the globe like Oprah did it  
So let?s go

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