Ital (the Universal Side)

The Roots

[Verse One: Q-Tip]I wanna be able to reach an mc
and reach a little child in the same degree
And my elders excel
I mean what the hell
we might as well bridge these gaps
in all before we fall in the fire
[Black Thought:]It's a million mc's upon a plan they call real tryin' to set it
profess mic techniques illegit
inaccurate perceptions of reality embedded
in their minds thus their rhymes are discredited (check it out)
[Q-Tip:]I use my music implemented with jewels import tools
to inspire all those too cool fools who say screw school
'Cause they don't see the conspiracy
that's put here to trap you and me
[Black Thought:]Y'all know the battle leutenant be on some whole 'nother other
finesse genetic
they say I get it from my mother so its' inheredit-
ary and very necessary to shine
legendarily, heavily refined
[Q-Tip:]Contemporaries like the Roots is so radit's like dage
which bag did they come out of, and how can I get in itto win
it
like raffle ticket pick
and if you feelin' something, guess who gets the sticking
[Black Thought:]I got this Ital mad up close and personal
the first I find to violate, I shall retal-
iate with realisms for their whole local
we on point like decimal Abstract now
[Q-Tip:]MCin while I'm breathingmcin is believing
that you can host a ceremony and the dough is never phony
in fact, it's very therapeutic
like B12 hyperdermic needle so shoot it
[Black Thought:]
Lyrically elicit upstarts the explicit
most wicked seven digit mic wizardmy tongue lashes out and
strikes with it
just slightly might miss it
when I blast through your section or district
[CHORUS][Verse Two: Black Thought]In my formitive by my peers I was influenced

until the instruments of time killed the congruence
I peeped the blue prints on how to make true sense
of MC's which are a nuisance I know just what to do sinceI'm on
another lev.
brothers is fakin' jacks and think they ready for the rev.
but they got a lot to learn, to make theri thoughts long term
'cause on theri short-cuts they made a wrong turn
probably, timelessly I construct the firesome
to rip your eardrum for many years to come
professional style thinkin' rational to move wise
so hard it's a wonder y'all alive...
[Q-Tip:]...And still breathin', niggaz is dead and not even
perpetuatin' real life the shit kicked is real trife ayo they
fake bleedin'
It's obvious that they needin' attention feedin'
they cold actin' like heathens
when mics is picked up MC's scenes is kicked up
like women with the gripper drinking Moet 'till they hiccup
fellas hustlin' picking bricks up
fantasizin' about the illest stick up
but rip up the jam and we be truly impressed
on stage you won't need your tef. vest
only a mic with and a mic test
and at your best you get blessed by the fans who profess
that they can relate
with the trials you tribulate
or the pains you endure
'cause some cats is pure
tell horors that are true but see cats like you
y'all fake joints just tyo get a woo-woo
the tear jerker
you be that miracle worker
whose miracle just ran out
I think it's time you pan out
or just plain fade, 'cause yo you played
we 'bout to drop on you like the Everglades

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