

# Double Trouble

## The Roots

We go wow, ba-da-da-dow-da-dah-ow  
Either stand tall, just sit the fuck down  
All the way from the 2-1-5th to Bucktown  
Brace yourself, it's about to go down  
Runnin one on one and only hip-hop bound  
Yo Tariq (whassup) how your micraphone sound  
(It sound tight) well aight, show em what it's about  
We got to blow up the spot, because they must have forget  
We double (trouble) bubble (bubble) bubble (bubblin hot)  
Well it's like smack the track up and leave dents in it  
The vocalist, bustin this blunt, instrument spit  
The magnificent, rapper's run from it  
All fly girls, nipples and toes, numb from it  
MC's in my circumference, is confronted son  
Get your growth stunted from this, you don't want it  
(What nigga?) The Black Thought and M-O-S that done it  
Who the ultimate? Yo my man speak up on it  
Aiyyo I stop fools and drop jewels but never run it  
Rock mics so nice I make you stock price plummet  
All you high noon riders better rally at the summit  
It's me and Tariq and your fleet outnumbered  
Cross the membrane barkin big game and get hunted  
Eyewitness account, say it happened so sudden  
Just slid off to the side, didn't really say nuttin  
Then BLAOW, blew away the 1900th  
You better get your rest cause the next day comin  
Oh yes, and MC's they scared to say sum'tin  
Stop frontin, I'm in the cut just onlookin  
Your get your kings, your rooks, rings and pawns tooken  
Aiyyo, keep your tape on us so you catch the revolve  
Of the Black Thought and the black man from Black Star  
Illadelph and Vietnam we conference, accomplish  
Even with stakes inclined, I get mine, regardless  
Yo, a lot of Smurfette MC's carry purses  
And rock, uniforms, that's made for nurses  
I burst your verses, your words is worthless  
Only touchin surface, the FUCK's the purpose?  
I shot the sherriff, the deputy, and head of bank treasury  
So mounties in the county got a BIG bounty stressin me  
But tell 'em to hold off, they too short to measure me  
Mos and Black Thought blast forth with the weaponry  
We go wow, ba-da-da-dow-da-dah-ow  
Either stand tall, just sit the fuck down  
All the way from the 2-1-5th to Bucktown  
Brace yourself, it's about to go down  
Yo Tariq (whassup) how your micraphone sound  
(It sound tight) well aight, show em what it's about  
We got to blow up the spot, because they must have forget  
We double (trouble) bubble (bubble) bubble (bubblin hot)  
Yeah, now check your stove top before you take a

listen

And make sure beans don't burn in the kitchen  
These cast iron figures just ain't fuel efficient  
I play the winter breeze then choke hold your prisoner  
Now you niggaz can't make pole position  
Classy, chasis, can't hold the transmission  
Crew pit, useless, they got they tools missin  
Watch me, grand prix, champy for wealth drivenYo, you go one for my hustle (hustle)  
Two to rock rhyme (two to rock rhyme)  
From the muscle kid I'm one of the illets of all time  
I swing from chandeliers and wall climb  
And specialize in warfares of all kind  
A lot of MC's said I'm a run it down rhyme  
But half the time, they run it down one of mine  
Thought suffocatin em with yet another stunnin line  
You dumb and blind kid, it's enlarged and underlinedWhat I memorized leave your whole staff pressurized  
Melt down all of your artificial lies  
Y'all niggaz is faker than Yellow No. 5  
Swine like mono and diglyceride  
My vocals got texture, you just texturized  
I'm nicer than your writtens even when I'm improvised  
Step into my zone get flown like fly  
By the b-boy Lazarus who just won't dieYo, me and Kamal and Leanord Hubbard, ?uestlove and Malik  
We go back to dollar holdings and Tahitian Treat  
Or like toast in the oven with government cheese bubblin  
Me and Dante like Marvin, The Troublemen travellin  
Give me the mic, we on that again  
B-boy business, off the top actin and battlin  
Servin them cats that forgot  
But don't get too close, because you might get shotWe go wow, ba-da-da-dow-da-dah-ow  
Either stand tall, just sit the fuck down  
All the way from the 2-1-5th to Bucktown  
Brace yourself, it's about to go downYo Tariq (whassup) how your micraphone sound  
(It sound tight) well aight, show em what it's aboutWe bout to blow up the spot, because y'all must have forget  
We double (trouble) bubble (bubble) bubble (bubblin hot)We go wow, ba-da-da-dow-da-dah-ow  
Either stand tall, just sit the fuck down  
All the way from the 2-1-5th to Bucktown  
Brace yourself, it's about to go downYo Tariq (whassup) how your micraphone sound  
(It sound tight) well aight, show em what it's aboutWe bout to blow up the spot, because y'all must have forget  
We double (trouble) bubble (bubble) bubble (bubblin hot)Say here's a little story that must be told  
About two young brothers who got so much soul  
They takin total control, of the body and brain  
Flyin high in the sky, on a lyrical plane  
It's just two bad brothers who will never quit  
Mos Def and Tariq from the 2-1-5th

They rock beginnin to end, on a spiritual blend  
And everybody who forgot then baby tell em again  
It's just me and Tariq, with Ahmir on the beat  
The Roots crew baby yo we got to make it unique  
We got the soul-shockinest, body-rockinest  
Non-stoppinest, Fortified Live survive the apocalypse  
Rhymes we say, the perfect blend  
Because we know how to rock when the beat come in  
Like zen-zen-zen-zen-zen  
Zen-zen-zen-zen-zen, zen-zen, zen-zen  
Zen zen-zen, ZEN zen zen ZEN zen zen  
Zen zen, ZEN zen zen-zen  
Zen-zen-zen, ZEN zen ZEN zen  
Here we go, here we here we here we go  
Zen zen-zen, ZEN zen zen ZEN zen zen  
Zen zen, ZEN zen zen-zen  
Zen-zen-zen-zen-zen, zen-zen, zen-zen  
Let the poppers pop, and the breakers break  
Then zen-zen-zen-zen-zen  
Zen-zen-zen-zen-zen, zen-zen, zen-zen  
Two years ago, a friend of mine  
Zen zen, ZEN zen, zen-zen zen-zen

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>