

Ital (The Universal Side)

The Roots

(Everybody reppin' from the Illadelph side)
From the Illadelph side
To the New York side
To the the universal side
(Everybody reppin' from the Illadelph side)
From the Illadelph side
To the New York side
To the the universal side 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 It's a million MCs upon a plan they call real tryin' to set it
Profess mic techniques illegit
Inaccurate perceptions of reality embedded
In they minds thus they rhymes are discredit (check it out) I use my music implemented with jewels and sport
tools
To inspire all these too cool fools who say screw school
Cause they don't see the conspiracy
That's put here to trap you and me Y'all know the battle lieutenant be on some whole 'nother other finesse
genetic
They say I get it from my mother so its' inherit-
Tary and very necessary to shine
Legendarily, heavily refined Contemporaries like the Roots is so rad it's like dag
Which bag did they come out of, and how can I get in it to win it?
Like a raffle ticket pickin'
If you feelin' something, guess who get the sticking I got this Ital style up close and personal
The first I find to violate, I shall retal-
Iate with realism for they whole local
To relate, we on point like decimal Abstract now MCin' while I'm breathin' MCin' is believing
That you can host a ceremony and the dose is never phony
In fact, it's quite therapeutic
Like a B12 hypodermic needle so shoot it Lyrically elicit upsteps the explicit
Most wicked seven digit mic wizard
My tongue lash out and strike with it
Just slightly might miss it
When I blast through your section or district (Everybody reppin' from the Illadelph side)
From the Illadelph side
To the New York side

To the the universal side
(Everybody reppin' from the Illadelph side)
From the Illadelph side
To the New York side
To the the universal side In my formative years 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 since I'm on another lev
Brothers is fakin' jacks and think they ready for the rev
But they got a lot to learn, to make their thoughts long term
Cause on their short-cuts they made a wrong turn
Probably, timelessly I construct the fearsome
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 And still breathin', niggas 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 horrors 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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