

Universe At War

The Roots

Yeah, U.N.I.Verse

At war

U.N.I.Verse (when you and I verse)

At war motherfucker

We gonna do this Chi-town style (verse at war)

Illadelph, you know how we get down

You know the business (Illtown illanoid)

Bringin it straight to your chest (comin thru with the iller category)

Yessah, hah, yeah (preacher man with the Com)

Break it down one two (we about to drop a bomb, check it)When you and I verse at war (U.N.I.Verse at War)

And your verse at core, for what you thought before

Steppin up into a zone you should never explore

The next level or, level of the whole conceceptor

When you and I verse at war (U.N.I.Verse at War)

And your verse at core, for what you thought before

Steppin up into a zone you should never explore

The next level or, level of the whole conceceptorCheck it, rappers

Get on the mic talk about cars and clothes

Sounding like hoes

Ain't been exposed to the foes,the moes, disciples

I'm from the state that is Ill, the rap son of man

Rotated down to Phil, to say what I feel

Get it off my bird chest, my word becomes flesh

War, going on between the West and the East

Of the land, niggas don't own a piece

Grease is the word, Murray slides some pimp oil to me

My lady friend sneaks my beer in the movie

Throw your hands in the air, if you the true and living

Beware, the new world order, the devil's new religion

Sent my homey to the number two division

Sellin bootleg movies, got my VCR on a ove' smove'

Be at Fat Tuesday's, drinkin tropical it's just sittin

At a table with sophisticated bitches

Nah that ain't nothin I would call my mother

Nor do I call every nigga my brother

Gotta have Black Thought, it's sorta B like Malik

So don't Question a Brother, to the Roots I get deepYo, enter the last era

Your scholarship into the world of politics

And mascara, we operate within this artificial op-era

I bring hip-hop terror like the Fuhrer
 The Ace Ventura into the horror
 Laboratory laborer, venture beyond the border
 I'll struc-ture a style destroy your whole aura
 Plus you're a-drenalin'll rise before your eyes
 And mortalize, my image hit the skies
 Deceive the devil in disguise
 My music I parenthesize
 Represent the wise, through this be how we enterprise
 Kid no compromise (yeah, yeah) I'm thinkin fast like Rama-
 Dan, I wear your mind away like Alzheimer
 I pull a mic up out my bomber big up to Bahama-
 Dia, A-O this year we leavin em in trauma
 Then after me, I plan to leave behind, the legacy
 Or history of the family, the fifth dynasty
 For humanity, to bear witness to this
 Del-val-syllable stylist
 You know the time kidWhen you and I verse at war (U.N.I.Verse at War)
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 When you and I verse at war (U.N.I.Verse at War)
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 Expose how they was average
 And they thoughts not rapid
 Here comes the hot package, through your block like traffic
 The rock was typed graphic now watch the mic blast it
 Shootin at the stars with emphatic rap static
 See the mirror shatter from thoughts, I'm bustin back at it
 The Lieuten-ant, the ele-phant, sippin automatic
 Mic, rippin asiatic, architects out to have it
 The turn of the century, the planet's like a penitentiary
 Exaggerated, niggas is livin highly medicated
 I Used to Love Her but now she violated
 Hip-hop holocaust and camps, old champs are concentrated
 They outdated and incarcerated
 Loved and appreciated hated and very debated
 For every career created was eliminated
 And that's the way the balance of yin and yang relatedEvery Block is divine
 Niggas swing on in a safari
 Wild niggas, like I'm high on latari
 Some let the block, block they mind, if they could see what I see
 Get out the city for a sec be at the places I be

Hey, I'mma be back on the deck, opening
Business in places for you to cash your check
My, neck of the woods ain't all good ain't all bad
You can live in the burbs, and still get had
The sad part about it niggas had houses on the lake
They tryin to move us out, the land we ain't appreciate
For peace we skate, crackers be rollerblading on hate
Call each other cuz cause of how we relate
I see way too many Cadillacs with dope man plates
Through the wind and blow-ups, is how niggas communicate
Harmonizing through beeper and reefer
The city got my peoples in a sleeper, talk is getting cheaper
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Songwriters

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