

Adrenaline! (feat. Dice Raw & Beanie Sigel)

The Roots

Once again 'gain, ladies and gentlemen, yo adrenalineYo I'm in the eye of the storm, where the pressure's on
And MC's is dressed funny like a leprechaun
I chop rappers up like chicken seczuan
Sells a squads off like a slave auction
Aiyyo my zodiac sign read caution
On stage, I make your seed to an or-phan
Yo, my age an algebraic equation
Niggas want some? I hit em wit a portion
Son, The Fifth foursome, armed at the door son
M-illi-tilla, Dice Raw, quick draw son
You don't want no more son? That's when more come
And drag a nigga Eerie Avenue to Oregon, you're all done
Ladies and gentlemen
Select the weapon at the gate upon entering, The Roots instrumentaling
Spark shit, them niggas try to talk shit
We hit em like the L at 60th and Market
South Philly clip a hold into a nigga park it
Take sneaks, chains and rings and bracelets
Split back this like we the therapist
Adrenaline, Fifth mic terrorist, once againOnce again 'gain, ladies and gentlemen, yo adrenalineZigga zigga
zigga tryin to get a grip but still slip, so lift me up
Ever since I was a pup I was designed to erupt
You get to know me, you poke me slowly, when caught puzzin'
Some niggas thought they was, when of course they wasn't
Punked em wit a dozen of pellets all in they skelet
Transform, from the norm, start to brainstorm
Yeah Malik be from The Roots, he ain't gone
I took the wrong exit, the sign said Langhorne
I'm trapped up in about five worlds wit live pearls
Shouts to Armour Akquan who's name is Jalil
The moat is deep water so let your hand expand it
Demandin', takin' you back like Knots Landing
I'm Ralph Cramdon, we out, you'll see in Hampton
Yo what the what the what the, what the what the what the
Pivot on this concrete earth until I rot
Didn't figure how to conquer it yet but still I plot, once againOnce again 'gain, ladies and gentlemen, yo
adrenalineBeans passed the mack and we held em, like hostages
Rappers see me, hide they face like ostriches
Dice'll grind your brain into little sausages

Underwater rap, you know who the bosses is
 North Philly baby, that's where that Raw shit is
 You'll get blown out the sky once you get talkative
 A-D devise rise, I fathered it
 So when you see me on the street, don't bother kid
 Just be on your merry way, or you might get slit
 Ask around, wonderin' what Dice Raw did
 Lay you on floors like ya gettin' carpeted
 You need a special kind of mic for retarded kids
 Me against you's like Kane verse the Partridges
 You want to battle, change your name to The Forfeitters
 Cause that's what you do, face to face wit raw niggas
 I give you a bad case of the fucked-up jitters, once again
 Once again 'gain, ladies and gentlemen, yo
 adrenaline
 They used to talk shit, but I'ma quiet them
 Kick in the door wit my boys stick to riotin'
 First nigga that flinch, I'ma fire em
 Tape 'em up, grip his hands, and plyer em
 Know the bricks is in here, where you hidin' 'em?
 Don't die in the shit that you lyin' in
 Used to get fronted bricks, now I'm buyin' 'em
 Used to cop off my man, now I'm supplyin' him
 Paid the front row seat watchin' Iverson
 First class air crafts what I'm flyin' in
 To L.A., Shaq, Eddie, Kobe Bryant and them
 Save the jokes for Chris Tucker, Richard Pryor and them
 Used to shotgun in cars, now I'm drivin' 'em
 Used to hustle 'round bars, y'all was robbin' them
 Ran up in y'all spot wit Rob and them
 Grew up, two-four, wit Pie and em
 But do my dirt, twenty first, wit Kyle and them
 Nigga Pop, nigga Buzz, little Mark and them
 Brother news, nigga schooled Marley Park and them
 Nigga jump, pull a pump, low sparkin' 'em
 I know shit right now gettin' dark to them
 Tore they body all up, ain't no chalkin' 'em
 Too sharp for them, move out in the dark on em
 These illadel foul streets what I'm stompin' in once again
 Once again 'gain, ladies and gentlemen, yo adrenaline

Songwriters

JIMMY GRAY, KARL B. JENKINS, DWIGHT GRANT, SCOTT SPENCER STORCH, LEONARD N.

HUBBARD, AHMIR K. THOMPSON, MALIK SMART, TARIK L. COLLINS

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