

Good Music

THETHYRDAY

Peace to all the hip cats, all the Nappy Sweets
This is the Brother Question, broadcasting live
 Via satellite from the Never Never Tunnels
 Now dig the rituals for today, is good music
 So sit back, relax and dig the groove
 Yo bust it, I digs hip-hop, and rocks for hip-hop
 Not R&B because to me that's not my style and
 The R-double-O-quotes ain't for radio, but major soul
 The ones that's hip won't change the dial and
 I remember one morning at the Soul Shack, coolin'
 In the outback, on the songwritin' ship
 Blizz a five, off a Bob Marley spliff
 On the cloud I be relaxin' from last night and shit
 In studio today but hey Brother Question
 Was on the Westside asleep without a clue when
I hollered down to Crumbs to pick up the phone and tell him to get ready
 Question, what ya doin'? Ain't nothing
 Yeah, buttered chicken wings, so I met him in the West
 Where we had to 'lax and wait for Rubber Band and Bes'
 Bassey broke down on the other side of town
 Yo you know what it's about, The Roots is out to the subway
 Does anybody like real music?
 Sweet music, soul music?
 You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it
 Just to use it, to make you move it, yeah
 Does anybody like real music?
 Sweet music, soul music?
 You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it
 Just to use it, to make you move it, yeah
 From the subway to the studio
 Gots to break fast if we wanna get to the bus
 Runnin' like a Mex for the border
 Umm, yo, oh umm, was it a bunch of yas?
 Nah, just the four of us
 Nuff nappy sweets on the transit, two fine
 Three fine fo' five mo' fine, uhh!
 A girl says, "Hey ain't y'all The Square Roots?"
And I'm like, "Heh, worrrd", and then the shorty passed the sign
 Now we got to make out exit

Where?
To the pavement
To what?
Crushin' trail mix
Oh word man, yo look out
Say what?
Look out!

Question dropped a whole bag of drumsticks
Ain't nothing
But a chicken wing, so

He bends down to pick up the sticks and his pants fall down
(Dang!)

In my face, Question didn't frown, turned around
And thought he felt a draft, so I laughed
Does anybody like real music?
Sweet music, soul music?

You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it
Just to use it, to make you move it, yeah
Does anybody like real music?
Sweet music, soul music?

You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it
Just to use it, to make you move it, yeah

Here comes the Crumbs, from the chums of the P.O.
Sprouted from The Roots and I was added to the trio
Now I'm cahoots and got a reason for my ego
In the words of, Los Lobos, ad-ios, a-migo
At the Rat Cave, mic I'm hand, I'm flowin'
Tellin' Question to keep it, goin'
What I'm doin', I'm not really knowin'
But umm, to me see it sounds oh-and-kay'n
(It sounds okay)
Layin', to the sounds playin'
Umm, hi to hoe and, yeah, hey to hay'n
Trippin', I'm tryin', not to laugh, bust it
It's the last paragraph, and I'm done half
But Question's jokin', and I'm like hopin'
That nobody comes in and opens, the door
Ah man, what is up with you man?
I'm leavin', what? Why you scratchin'?

Your face like that man?
Look ugly, self-righteous, do-gooder
Does anybody like real music?
Sweet music, soul music?

You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it
Just to use it, to make you move it

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