

# What They Do

## The Roots

Never do what they do, what they do, what they do  
Never do what they do, what they do, what they doYo, yo, lost generation, fast paced nation  
World population, confront their frustration  
The principles of true hip hop have been forsaken  
It's all contractual and about money making  
Pretend to be cats, don't seem to know their limitations  
Exact replication and false representation  
You wanna be a man, then stand your own  
To MC requires skills, I demand some shownI let the frauds keep frontin'  
And roam like a cellular phone far from home  
Giving crowds what they wantin'  
Offical hip hop consumption, the 5th dumpin'  
Keepin' ya party jumpin' with an original somethin'  
Yo, I dedicate this to the one dimensional  
No imagination, excuse for perpetration  
My man came over and said, "Yo, we thought we heard you"  
Joke's on you, you heard a bitin' ass crew but uhNever do what they do, what they do, what they do  
Never do what they do, what they do, what they doThin is the line that run between love and hatred  
The game is ill natured, it's nothing sacred  
Hey yo, it's funny when I see some rap niggaz do to make it  
A few would blow up or go as far as they can take it  
My nine to five is just to hit ya get the party live  
I'm Black Thought, used to rap for sport  
Now the rhyme saying rent paying life support  
I take it very seriously within this industryIt's various crews that try to touch me  
But I come wit the beautiful things and I bless the track plushly  
Around the world the crowds love me from doing tours  
Recipient of applause from all'a you and yours  
Creator of original sounds to send to stores you take home  
To absorb and sweat it out your pores  
Now who can stop the music runnin' through these veins  
Infinitely go against the grain, that's why my motto's toNever do what they do, what they do, what they do  
Never do what they do, what they do, what they doLivin' the life of limos and lights, airplanes and trains  
Short days and long nights  
Keyboards and mics, bass chords and drum kicks  
And my mental thick to hit my head like brick  
As I embark on a mission welcoming to the dark  
When I first spark the arts, when the listening start  
Open your head wide and let the thought inside

My style fortified by all of PhiladelphiI've dealt more stealth than all the wicked wealthy  
Mentality undetectable by the naked eye  
Then I get paid when the record is played  
"To put it short I want it made like Ed", Nuff said  
Then after that, I'm puttin' on my cousin Hamed  
We let the ladies blend with the darkskin devil bred and discover  
My level is that of no other and roots crew reign official and true  
While I'm continuing toNever do what they do, what they do, what they do  
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