

Clones

The Roots

Yeah, to all the Jim Carrey ass large co-op
KnowwhatI'msayin? Large co-op, what the fuck?
To the clones, we bless the domes
Blow the vial, you know my style, large co-op
Freestyle all the way son
Dice
[Verse One: M.A.R.S.]
First of all let's talk about these ill capers
And fly ass frontin bitches that now caught vapors
Niggaz run up on you with guns, snatchin papers
Outlined body chalk, is how they would scrape ya
From off the pavement, I hate gettin locked up
cause that upstate bus reminds me of the slave ships
But then the bible never saved shit
I guess that's why every juvenile is in the same predicament
You wanna slang crack, or hold tecs, and do the concept
You can't make loot, when your moms is smokin up the product
I try to tell ya, don't let these streets fuckin fail ya
The way niggaz be gettin clapped shit'll fuckin scare ya
But in the dark, we ran wild, so we killin em
Niggaz scared, can't stand still, like fuckin helium
Fake niggaz, they don't go platinum they go aluminum
Got em cloned the fuck up son, that's why we losin em
I'm lookin at this niggaz longevity
To make a big play, but then it might be a mistake
Cuz if I get sent to D.C., I'm sendin Dice to DE
With three p's, so when I get out, he can see me
for real, cuz the streets is filled with snakes and rats
The snake will be that bitch and that rat will be that cool cat
With swollen pockets we gonna take you back home
Master Allah Rule Savior, never clone
[Verse Two: Black Thought]
Yo, I use the mic to slap you in the face and erase your taste
Disgrace your date put your title to waste
Dominant lyrical grace, from a place called wild
Illadelph Isle Pensy, that's the residency
Consist in currency, my pockets never empty
Some cats, believe they MC but we know they all fraud
Do a show in Philly niggaz wouldn't applaud
Nobody know your record nor who you openin for
Can tell your squad's artificial while approachin the door
So you should prepare, for lyrical terror that's pure
Step up to the resevoir, of the soul proprietor style
messiah or, the higher law down with Dice Raw
The matador, shorty conniseur
Stompin whatever you build to the floor
Similar to that of a dinosaur
I told you I'm the rap predator
You insist to imitate, what for?
Superstar niggaz is ten percent real, ninety percent invented
for a fuckin record deal
Comin with somethin veterans can't feel
I hit you like a steel anvil
Because you grafted off the next man's skill
But still I remain mellow, seein the theatrics of Othello
Run over tactics of the
C-L-O/N-E-S fess

The phoniest cats is felonious (word)
 [Verse Three: Dice Raw]
 Dice Raw the juvenile lyricist corner store terrorist
 Block trooper, conniseur of fine cannabis
 Focus never weak, blow up the spot like plastique
 Leave a nigga shook, to the point, he won't speak
 Never half-assed, always live and direct
 On bitches try to punk smell the panty and raw sex
 Mad lights I had to black out, when fake niggaz act out
 Or step out of place, they get slapped in they face
 All y'all niggaz is fake, tryin to emulate my style
 what grown man? In this game, to me you're a child
 I trained wack MC's, in camps like ex-marines
 Why the fuck you think you went home and had bad dreams
 of horrifying things, that your ass never seen before?
 You traveled to the realm of Dice Raw
 where CLONES get they dome blown with chrome microphones
 It's not your fault black, just the fact you wasn't shown
 You'll come through this like a smurf
 I got you rollin stop off the earth
 Represent while I been like this since birth
 And I won't be the last but I DEFINITELY was the first
 Dice Raw big car Logan's Isle sol-dier
 [Verse Four: Malik B]
 Don't come across that line or pay a cost
 Knuckle games and hammer cocked ain't nothing sweet or soft
 Win lose or draw to the jaw take one
 Deranger lyrical launcher, or station
 No conversation is needed, my task completed
 Read a nigga up and down in the cut where I'm seated
 Snatch you from your cloud of cannabis you ignoramuses
 You laid on your lap, when I attack your glamorous
 lifestyle, I banged your head up with the white fowl
 My character a product of this two-one-fifth trife style
 I breeze through areas niggaz would fear to walk in
 Balance the talkin, that galactic style as of a falcon
 Your Star Trek ass will wrinkle
 Spill these words and form into a sprinkle
 cap you're brought up and the name of twinkle
 My insight will crack the windpipe of y'all niggaz
 Whether small, middle-sized, or tall niggaz
 Just tie your name next when I start to X
 Givin out flex pains of death so fuck a raincheck
 The insane vet, whether you ganked the brain wet
 You proceed to lame check, the opposite of same sex
 I annihilate your type if you violate
 Makin your blood rush, you post never a higher rate