

# It Just Don't Stop

The Roots

(feat. Dice Raw)

[Hook:]

Dig it, this world is filled with homicides and rape  
All the crimes of hate just ain't the size and shape  
You can walk don't the block and get slumped or knocked  
It don't stop y'all and it just don't stop (2x)

[Black Thought:]

I leave the microphone intrigued with my practice  
This rebel stick your system like a cactus a boys sadness  
Who knows what is concealed under the mattress  
Ruegurs, losses and grindals when my minds in blackness  
Then I act this way the beast unleashed  
Rabbis, monks and priests always pray for peace  
But it's deceased now only lives the true realance  
Open up the mental deaths you rented through my palace  
My thoughts contain the plus sign plus the malice  
Not equating to your Wonderland so fuck Alice  
My style is hostile on the external  
But got plenty of love and warmth that's internal  
The sin coronal  
Surfaces from whispers from the lower  
My noun like arks and 950 years of Noah  
You're arch rival  
You burn a cross I burn the bible  
Because I'm liable, to do this  
When my actions true this  
But I'd rather choose to use my diction  
Resurrect that blond blue eyed and put him through another crucifixion  
Stay up in your jurisdiction (say what?)  
My depiction is the drama  
Though these eyes I've seen the trauma  
Homicides in the source that was phenomenal  
When I find out who banged Muwan in his abdominal  
Met with Jesus to learn to Burns not commical  
At times this thing ain't logical  
I gots to walk around with my brain on cock  
Cause it can't (can't) won't (won't) don't (don't) stop

[Hook]

[Malik B (M-Ill-it-ant):]

My mentals in flame your brains will drain  
When I let the ink drip and then pass out a pink slip  
I think quick so check my methodology  
My stylagy is more ranty than anthropology  
Between your raw legs like it's gynecology  
You and your sorry ass style needs an apology  
Cause an earthquake and make you shake you need neurology  
These niggas kill me actin' like stars fuck they astrology  
Imagin' with my badge I snatch the pagent  
Turn your city to a smashing and grab it  
Now it's time to burn the maggots my message stronger than Elisha  
That backslap the ass like your father  
Why bother?  
Would any care for, lyrics I sling from my mic with cease your laughter  
Mind of a bachelor to a master  
What I thought that leaves you flabbergasted  
Ask you what's the matter bastard?  
These types of rhythms man you'd rather blast it

You hear the beats in jeeps over the weekend  
Silence is golden and niggas get killed just for speakin'  
The only deacon is death when ya left wounded  
Layin' on the ground and meet your doom quick  
I done been through the deserts of hell with Satin sittin' waitin'  
Contemplatin' and trying to get me for the takin'  
That's why I walk around with my brain on cock  
Cause it can't (can't) won't (won't) don't (don't) stop  
[Hook]  
[Black Thought:]  
At times I feel as if could pull a kamikaze  
Illuminatti probably in the civic center lobby  
They seeds in the world student body probably  
Creatin' missles they got my child holdin' pistols  
Knowledge and understand will make a man murder  
Stand further fuck all the swine plus they hamburger  
No hallucination the lieutenant plus Illitant arean murder that's mental  
Credentials is I am a hell residential with fire for the presidential  
Officially it's havoc in the temple  
I terrorize the heavens bring on the renaissance  
With the seventh the civili the reverence reprimand  
The deacon keepin' 'em from speachin'  
Tell 'em seeks the false preacher and I step like a shadow on your way to  
hot concrete  
And ovsolve my peoples in the essence every weekend  
We wonder what the fuck is school teachin'  
Intoxicating soldiers at chaotic times reachin'  
The dynasty is slim  
But they only resemble what's when we attack  
That split your back then we extort your speciamen  
I put this in your system like lesser than  
Then manuver mentally for men internal medicine  
I hold the fort down with Malik symbolic  
To the mind of word that's Islamic  
The killer force as I deposit dealin' with logic  
I keep my brain on cock it don't stop  
[talking:]  
Bad lieutenant, M-Ill-it-ant feel the fifth guerilla chant. Come through. ?  
Check it out.  
[Hook]