

[Chorus]

Don't stop (uh don't stop yo)  
Tonight (cheeba cheeba yo, soul shock yo)  
(Give it everything you got yo)  
(Once again it's time, it's time)  
It's time to ride, ride....

[Verse One: Black Thought]

Yo, piss in the staircase, blood on the pavement  
I fill the quills with it let it spill on the pages  
Compose another anthem for the killers and manglers  
Villains and wranglers, fifth still in the chamber  
Shit, I'm scientific but my reflex's gangsta  
Pull out-rageous arms from the floor of the basement  
Then bust 'nuff talons if my peoplez in danger  
I'm Larry Davis, duckin' helicopter, hoverin' government agents  
We muscle the language  
What we spit will leave your shit in utter amazement  
I'm hot brolic call it contagious  
The shit the Roots started got these other artists going through changes  
My vision is the strangest, the rhythm is anguish  
Y'all niggaz on the titty in your formative stages  
Is something in the iris and the way I spit  
That tell these other crab rappers I ain't fo' no shit  
Black traumatic, so there you have it  
My battin' average, abort full of graphic assault, it's all classic  
Thought, put ass-backwards rappers in a small package  
Experience is all that is, I'm well established  
Me and the mic in holy matrimony like a marriage  
The technique in your reach, if only you could have it  
For me it's automatic, it's na-tu-ral, I'm mad thoro  
Poet for hired pack metal  
You feel me?

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Black Thought]

Yo, the load heavy  
We walk around a little edgy, all ready and steady  
Withdrawal like Darryl Strawberry, it figures  
Niggaz mad from them ghetto sandwiches and swine  
Cryin' hard times, disadvantageous, man listen  
The story in the ghetto the same  
Seem like it's just some things that never will change  
Give birth to a style and won't give it a name  
Talk 'bout consciousness it's a different thang  
Envision again, the honorable 'Riq, general Hannibal speak  
The understandable diabolique, animal style  
Out of your dreams kid, you proud that you seen this  
Fifth supreme linguist, a lyrical genius  
Inject you with the broke down english  
The most freshest and cleanest, three G's, guess what the fame is  
Kareem's beat makin' me fiendish  
Don't act shaky and squeamish, if you real make me believe it nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Black Thought]

Yo, the rebel Jake Rivera  
You felt another date, you better  
Don't copped off, create it just save your cheddar  
I hit the studio with a pen and a vendetta

Sippin' an ice cold Beck, huffin' the tenth letter  
Driftin', shots lickin while the plot thickens  
Sands in the hourglass thinnin', the last inning  
The flash and the cash and the fast women  
It's nothing, a lust for the crabs keep the passion and  
Blaow, kissin' my tablet with firing pins  
Poke holes in the plastic for oxygen  
MCs jumpin' out shoes and socks again  
Must have seen their face in the news it's gots to been  
Thought known as the cure for cancer  
Same corrupt city as Mumia the Panther  
Man to man, hammer cocked, block and standoff  
Bang, gunfire slang up in the dance hall  
Yo, I hold the mic that could be thrown as a pipe bomb  
Bring it just to sling it at your favorite icon  
Thing about my music is it ain't shit like y'all  
Thought, diesel like a 28-inch python  
You know what I'm saying?  
When I'm on the mic there won't be no delayin...  
[Chorus]