

The Spark

The Roots

["You'll soon depart.." echoes from the last track]

[Chorus: Malik B (2X)]

Yo, the feet that I walk with

The ears that I hear with, the eyes that I see with

The mouth that I talk with, the terror that I stalk with

Now it's time to spark shit

[Malik B]

Look God, I walk around a little edgy already

Y'all MC's come into my face, but my aim's steady

M-illitant is skilled in most strategic plan

I float across seas and, breezed across land

Standin, in these thoughts of murder within

The structure of this world that's corrupted with sin

I'm always hittin, to leave MC's guessin

For any transgression, in my perimeter

there will be a blessing, and your explicit intoxicated

buddha session, to stop stressin

me with the madness, puttin niggaz on my had list

No sadness is felt, you shuffled and your cards get dealt

Jim Carrey ass niggaz start to melt

Impact like a buckle bein swung from off a belt

Any help for shelter, when in the realms of a welter

My weight will tilt ya, hold alignments and change your filter

My attitude a product of society

So sometimes for gratitude, you know you can't rely on me

Niggaz eyein me, with looks of they anxiety

Wonderin what's in my heart, velocity or piety

Yo, it depends on which one, you bring to surface

At times I get trife, but what to worship is my purpose

Malik B blend with the tree, to spot an enemy

You cloggin me up cat, now vacant the vicinity

[Chorus]

[Malik B]

I'm symbolic to a ballot, it's Abdul Malik

Don't approach with bullshit, I'm quick to call it invalid

Route through your district, we keep it simplistic

No need for the rapper to talk, put it on halt

Show me the vault, or the safe, cause I'm on the paper chase

Wade through route states for bout thirty down my waist

I'm tryin to get it, these rain bottlin thoughts become acidic

With one in the chamber, ready to aim and spit it

A girlfriend and team made nigga cash just splintered

I take what you got to give, cause I got to live

The last hour, I bet your ass ?

Might act up, but I still can pass dowa

I'm usin new ways to try to reach these better days

Instead of tryin to take you under I just make you wonder

I still fast, make salaah, and pay zakaat

I didn't make Haj yet, but that's my next project

Livin two lives, one of turn and one with true lies

Keepin a hoe, knowin these hands into my du'a

In the quarters livin modest with my nigga Trotter

I circle my foes, like tawaf around the kaba

I used to live life, like there was no manana

Now I'm treatin every breath, like it was your honor

I'm Mill-itill-itant with the Fifth that stand firm

like a pillar, I'm I and T-L like Manilla

[Chorus 2X]

This is what it's all about [7X]