WAOK (Ay) Rollcall

The Roots

(Chorus: Kweli & Dice Raw)
Downtown everybody move to the beat
Uptown everybody moving the heat
Cross-town the party where both sides meet
Eastside, westside, there's always beef (X2)
(Kweli)
I tattoo the page with the permanent ink
Mr. Rourke on your Fantasy Island
The umbrella in your tropical drinks
Still run it up it, liquor in your cup
Fucking you up
Hang over the banister
You feel the rush of the blood going straight to your brain
Ain't no love, you only love bringing hate to the game
Taking my name in vain, mistaking license for freedom
He make music for the people, people dying to meet him
People!
We still abuse it, while the rich is made of music
He probably driving a Buick and be rocking van--?
G-U-E relevant, see how his man do it
Fucking with niggas from illa fifth, see how we ran through it
The river in the valley
The nigga in the alley
Rolling with the heat from BK to killer Cali
The hands will fake the clapping
You'll be collasping
You softer than the land on legs
Transforming the landscape
Like a sandstorm in the Sahara
I am the truest nigga
I do more shows than The Roots to Carol Lewis
Creative artist, never play the targets of game hunters
You may want to test this product like cane smugglers
Dis disco shit
Popping like Crisco
Hitting your face
Spit in your face like pistol shit
My style, wild like wipple whip
I go back like a pistol grip
It's pro-black, Kweli!
(Chorus w/o Kweli)
(Black Thought)
I'm a FED like Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms
Willy gank, spit the killer dank dialogue
Pyro-maniac like Dr. Molotov
I knock the bottle off
And knock the model off
Gots some non-believers here
Some how I'll save y'all
Or stop y'all worries, you makin me vexed
Hit up gekko, this ain't got gold correct
I'll fucking bounty hunt your body like I'm Boba Fett
Cause you a toy not a soldier yet
You better hold your neck
You dick smokers get no respect
With the blood, ice your watch, rock your rocks
Better rock it on the screen and not the blocks

Cuz them crews don't stop them shots
It's so many that fly, they chase down, I just stop and watch
I'm from the south side of philly, it's known to get gruesome
Heavy hitter villians these alleyways produce them
Heavy hitter on a pocket we find a way to juice them
They may as well pay, schmuck
Introducing the B-to L-A see me the king splitter
Then analyze this dime, the main thing glitter
Then analyze the taste in your mouth, it seem bitter
Ganster, valid dick torian, graduate of I dare you
If you are paper thin I'm a tear you
I'm a come take care of you put a part in your hairdo
You barking like I'm a starting to scare you
But speak up like a man nigga so your body guards can hear you

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