Water

The Roots

[Black Thought]
South Philly, North Side
Oakland, Texas
Georgia, Black People
Yo, Worldwide, Sup my nigga
You know what I'm saying
Dumb and blind...
[Verse One: Black Thought]
They say a record ain't nothing if it's not touching
Gripping, draw you in closer make you want to listen to it
And if you real ill at making music
Then lesson'll feel like you livin' through it
That's how my nigga do it
I met Slacks back in like '91 rapping
We went to Millersville to get away from gun clappin'
It ain't last
I be in class dreaming 'bout
50,000 fans up in the stands screaming out
Encore, yo I'm headed back to Philly
Nigga you rollin' with me?
I'm trying to get busy
We walk dogs that was off the chain
Lot of times at the show people hardly came
I just took it in stride as part of the game
But inside people down with me started to change
It was a couple things
Lil' ??, lil' pills
Instead of driving out on the road you rather chill
I know the way the pleasure feel
I'm not judging
But still I'm on a mission, yo I'm not buggin'
I got fam that won't stop druggin'
They can't sleep
They can't stick to one subject, they can't eat
Is people steady comin' at me out in the streets
Like Riq yo wat up with your peeps
it gets deep nigga
[Chorus]
Yo, you need to walk straight, master your high
Son you missin' out on was passing you by
I done seen the streets suck a lot of cats dry
But not you and I my nigga
We got to get
Come on, over over the water
Come on, over over the water
Water, Water...
[Verse Two: Black Thought]
Yo, we done made too many meals
A couple of deals
We done share clothes and wills
Killed mics and reels
We done rock
Shows abroad, and slept on floors
Trying to figga what the fuck we gettin' slept on for
Oh why we walking with the rep up for
Waited by the cavity law
You know it if you came up poor my nigga

Picture a bus up north
You know we made of everything outlaws are made of
I'm far from a hater
And I don't say I love you 'cause the way I feel is greater
In Illa you a poet son
You a ball creator
And this will probably dawn on you later
Is in you nature, letters all up in the wall like they made of paper
You got to find out where you talent take you
You might fuck around, finally make it
And that's real but yo
[Chorus]
[Verse Three: Black Thought]
Yo, I want you all to understand I come from South Philly
And when I walk the street is like a pharmacy
They got all type of shit
Anybody could get
It goes from H to Ex
To lucy ciggarette
For my ghetto legend
Known from Lil' shyst running
Cop codeine by the courts and keep comin'
Dummy, just embracing the dope like it's a woman
You burnin' both sides of the rope and keep pullin'
Tuggin', in between Islam and straight tuggin'
Laying everyday around the way and doin' nothin'
See'em looking shaking their head and start shruggin'
If they don't have a man like mine, they got a cousin
Hey yo you better be a true friend to 'em
Before the shit put an end to 'em
Or give a pen to 'em
Or lock'em up in the studio with a mic
'Cause on the real it might save his life
Keep tellin'em
[Chorus x2]

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