

Web

The Roots

[Black Thought]

Uh huh

uh

And it weights a ton

'riq geez motherfuckers I'm a son of a gun

Black master of any trade under the sun

Talk sharp like a razor blade under the tongue

clear my path and come get your captain hung

Trying to breath like black'll collapse your lungs

Young chump you could choke off the web I spun

I done cleared 'em out from the threat I brung

You done heard about what set I'm from

My nigga, word-a-mouth little rule-a-thumb

Y'all better bow down when the ruler come

I'm a real hood nigga not a hood-a-lum

The way Thought put it down be confusin' some of y'all

cats can't walk while chewin' your gum 'n all

With a keyboard got do with a drum 'n all

School 'em on stage like I'm doin' a seminar

Professional type, I'm adjusting my mic

Go to war kid I'll give you any weapon you like

Give you something to run from

, bust off your dum-dum

Stop kid, that hot shit you know where it come from

It's philly world-wide phenomenom

And reinforcin' that shit is my 9-to-5

And when I finish making you recognize

I'm getin' at a couple civilized women that's tryin' to ride

You were waitin' on the raw to come off the oil

You wanna get the bitches up off the wall

Just to see you smile and enjoy yourself

To keep you in health, this for all of y'all

I'm quick on the draw like Black McGraw

And I can't tell what y'all cats rappin' for

My name 'riq geez and I'm back for more

To get more chips than the corner store

with a portrait of Malcom X on the door

while I'm eatin' MCs like a carnivore

Matter fact, ease back 'fore you get harmed

Ring the, warning horn when I'm gon' perform

The first nigga that move, or disturb the goove

I'm a have y'all flicks on the evening news

Play y'all part - get on y'all P's and Q's

And when y'all think Thought, be prepared to lose

Bring money to spend and somebody to lend

And some worthwhile money not twenties and tens

Get took for your tuck right in front of your 'hens

Who coulda help you nigga, not none of ya friends

Because, I put a black fist under ya chin

Have your physical remains found under the pen

If I'm coming up in the place, I'm coming to win

Wasn't in it for a minute, now I'm dumbin' again

'riq geez ock, y'all can chat what y'all please

Receive what I'm gonna give back to y'all please

'cuz y'all don't really wanna get clapped with all these

My man, you can take y'all strap when y'all leave

You see the squad come in the place, they all freeze

Ice cold, with his mellow cool breeze
MCs, never showed loyalty yet
Kool Herc ain't never get a royalty check
I do work, no question, and bomb your set
I'm calm collect, sharp like my name Gillette
RIP my man Gillette
Until I touch the mic, y'all people ain't seen danger yet
I'm a decorated vet, I regulate and wreck
Never hesitated yet, I'm gettin' heavy weighted checks
If you would dare ask if I'm dedicated - yes
I spit, live rounds that would penetrate a vest
Nigga, take ya seats I'm a demonstrate a test
How to freak the beats, so gangsta fresh
And it thump, from the east coast to Bangladesh
Big bank, willy gank smoke the thing to death
But hold tight, cuz it's not over yet
I don't even feel like I'm not sober yet
And it ring like shots in the projects new year's eve
And it ain't even October yet
I'm a big bounty hunter like Boba Fett
Y'all more shell shocked then a soldier get
If the prize in my sights then I'm goin' for this
Whoo whoo 'riq geez be the ultimate
I'm the corporate, give me the bulk of this
'riq set it on the magnetic ultra tip
Get down how you 'posed to get
I got nothing to lose, I'm a killer with no regrets
I'm like young LL, cuz I'm hard as hell
Makin' niggaz screw face like Gargamel
Now I'm all out on my own like Patty LaBelle
Put the pimp game down on your mademoiselle
Keep the beat goin'
Keep the beat goin'