

# The Roots, Roots And Aphillyation

Yo I trash you, smash you from the state's capital  
All you see is flashing lights  
A whole community ready to fight  
One thousand MC's attack the mic  
Nubians died and came back to life  
Most of ya'll ant to a gaint, so try me  
Don't you see the danger signs?  
Niggas I've dared slimy  
I give the chant and the youth fam a rain dance around me  
I make it storm and thunder  
When you from amongst us  
Dig your boots, roll up the ? on your tomb  
Going with shrooms, rhymes starin at the moon  
I set the sun in early afternoons  
Send out signals to get you back in tune  
All light weight niggas will get vacuumed

(Black Thought)

I hit this mid-life crisis ten years before thirty  
And stay in time, fuck fair ones, we fight dirty  
We rally in the shadows of night and strike early  
While your sight blurry, the blind fury  
Fifth cal-vary  
We to the rescue  
Then rhyme battle like them crime battles depress too  
Bullets in the wall of your chest too  
And plus whoever you standin next to  
The ambu-lance will come and collect you  
I ripped you with the dart  
Sect' true with the art  
It's deeper than your classical Mozart  
Your pop or R&B charts  
Can never see Thought flows, is on some Philly shit  
Murder one penmanship, the uninnocent  
Cul-prit, MC's is insulted  
And my affiliates/Aphillyates is high voltage

(Malik B)

I walk through the smog with the fog light on in the morning  
No ? without warning, I'm brain storming  
Sketch the blueprint, lookin through tinted to mutant  
Cause disorderly nusiance with pollutants  
Advance on your stance, incite a cobra in October  
Combine minds will take you over even when it's cold out

Whatever you say don't matter, disrespect and get splattered  
The fact that you sunnin lotta niggas got me flattered  
When they heard it was me, they all scattered  
Notts Family love practice, we cock back for satisfaction  
Pull on wear and bulletproofs is the fashion  
On stings, we stackin  
And fifty raid the crib, we stil clappin  
We tear the club up from state to state  
Bouncin back to the bullet state, holdin the eight  
Like Onyx, we Shut Em Down  
Wack crews, we lay em down  
We all organizing, while you idolizing  
And when the guns bust, it's the bullets that you can't trust  
Kiss the barrel on your knees before I ripped you up  
Aphillyation and The Roots, c'mon give it up  
Wit these lyrics that'll hit you from your nuts up

Quest the barber, last illest rhyme author  
If I can't catch you, best believe my ill squad'll off ya

Wit the sparker, seven shot departure  
Five of those caught ya  
Sneak attack competition I taught ya  
Any conflict I come equipped  
Swift with the riot spit  
Makin cats backflip from my vocals in this rap shit  
Where fake rappers get capped shit  
Found in the dumpster with they cap's split  
Double check, you shoulda packed it  
Empty clips ain't never clapped shit  
Retaliation, you lacked it  
Now your back's against the wall, plastered

Ditto, this is that shit that got six fillin our vest  
?? fillin our chest, cuz when hell's lit, we the best  
You ever heard in this shit, we spit degrees  
That'll freeze, melt, and bring life to the shit  
Yo like atoms we split, eye to eye we sit  
Declare war within, defeatin war with men  
Now who can beat us  
When you was watered  
Our mens tore it down, start settin up shop  
It's building blocks, now the cops can't stop what we got  
It's too HOT  
Locals hassle niggas till they drop  
Get caught up in spots and what not  
But we dead not  
Can't hit us with beams or glocks  
I'm afraid not cuz all the above said and said not