

Don't Say Nuthin'

The Roots

Yeah! That all mighty amazing, ill, highly contagious
Kamikaze south splash like it shot from a gauge
Until your body sound clash
Head of the Class, Magna Cum Laude
Beats bring the beast out me, flagrant - foul rowdy
Reed pipe but deed tight, disposition keep on flipping
Keep em playing they position
Keep making the people listen what I spin
Put em out on a limb
Got tears, got blood, got sweat, leaking out of the pen
Y'all fake niggas not setting a trend
We never listen to them
It's like trying to take a piss in the wind
My home team doing visitors in, yo don't test em
They all standing close to the edge, so don't stress em
Now who the type built to last?
It's no question, the Master!
Villain in Black wit no stets in my sound
Hitting you hard from - every direction
Your head and shoulder, area your midsection dawg!
When the saint on the ground with his nine on line,
with the n***az who grind with King Kong hittin' Thailand.
Give it here, and don't say nuthin',
just give it here, give it here and don't say nuthin'...
When the team on the set with the guns gone clap,
gettin' down on everything, hmmm, cut the check.
Give it here, give it here and don't say nuthin',
I'm sayin... give it here and don't say nothing Yeah, Illadel! Home of the original gun clappers
Out on the wrong corner your shit'll get spun backwards
You got the fool wanting the rules, enter at risk
Or your own nana'll keep a gat under the mattress
Shorties running reckless from Philly to Texas
Suprising what niggas willing to do to get a neckless
Some emotions felt better left unexpressed at times
Niggas' crime record longer than a guest list
Yes, I done seen things you wouldn't believe
Seen people reach levels thought they'd never achieve
Silhouettes waiting in the wings ready to D
Thirst decide or need at least a buck to breathe
C'mon! Stick up kids, they be out to tax
Most times they be sticking you without the gats
I'll still be on the grind when it all collapse

And if it's my worst bar then I'm a take it right back nigga
When the saint on the ground with his nine on line,
with the n***az who grind with King Kong hittin' Thailand.

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Give it here, give it here and don't say nuthin',

I'm sayin... give it here and don't say nothing Yeah, it ain't nothin like I rush I get, in front of the
band

On stage wit the planet in the palm of my hand

When a brother transform, from aynonomous man
To the force, crush whoever might of thought I was playin
I'ma flame some, sentence the shit, the cold twist to slang

Thicker than big boy baby, mom, sister pain

Beyond measure, relaxed under pressure

You see the master piece, but to me it's unperfected

Give it here Geffen Records, I'm off the handle

Cut the check, and yo it better be as heavy as anvil

Next joint comin, all bets is cancelled

Nigga black ink, red was a G finacial

We finna have the whole industry at a stand still

See me put the system on lock like can pill

So get wit them endorsements, and call reinforcements

Cause my click come a full sizeable portions
When the saint on the ground with his nine on line,
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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