

Adrenaline! (feat. Dice Raw & Beanie Sigel)

The Roots

[scratch intro]Chorus [black thought and scratch] 2x

Once again 'gain

Once again 'gain

Once again 'gain 'gain ladies and gentlemen

Once again 'gain

Once again 'gain

Once again 'gain 'gain

Yo, adrenaline

[black thought]

Yo I'm in the eye of the storm, where the pressure's on

And mc's is dressed funny like a leprechuan

I chop rappers up like chicken seczuan

Sells a squads off like a slave auction

Aiyyo my zodiac sign read caution

On stage, I make your seed to an or-phan

Yo, my age an algebraic equation

Niggas want some? I hit em wit a portion

Son, the fifth foursome, armed at the door son

M-illi-tilla, dice raw, quick draw son

You don't want no more son? that's when more come

And drag a nigga eerie avenue to oregon, you're all done

Ladies and gentlemen

Select the weapon at the gate upon entering, the roots instrumentaling

Spark shit, them niggas try to talk shit

We hit em like the 1 at 60th and market

South philly clip a hold into a nigga park it

Take sneaks, chains and rings and bracelets

Split back this like we the therapist

Adrenaline, fifth mic terrorist, once again

Chorus[malik b]

Zigga zigga zigga tryin to get a grip but still slip, so lift me up

Ever since I was a pup I was designed to erupt

You get to know me, you poke me slowly, when caught puzzin

Some niggas thought they was, when of course they wasn't

Punked em wit a dozen of pellets all in they skelet

Transform, from the norm, start to brainstorm

Yeah malik b from the roots, he ain't gone

I took the wrong exit, the sign said langhorne

I'm trapped up in about five worlds wit live pearls

Shouts to armour akquan who's name is jalil

The moat is deep water so let your hand expand it

Demandin, takin you back like knotts landing

I'm ralph cramdon, we out, you'll see in hampton
 Yo what the what the what the, what the what the what the
 Pivot on this concrete earth until I rot
 Didn't figure how to conquer it yet but still I plot, once again Chorus[dice raw]
 Beans passed the mack and we held em, like hostages
 Rappers see me, hide they face like ostriches
 Dice'll grind your brain into little sausages
 Underwater rap, you know who the bosses is
 North philly baby, that's where that raw shit is
 You'll get blown out the sky once you get talkative
 A-d devise rise, I fathered it
 So when you see me on the street, don't bother kid
 Just be on your merry way, or you might get slit
 Ask around, wonderin what dice raw did
 Lay you on floors like ya gettin carpeted
 You need a special kind of mic for retarded kids
 Me against you's like kane verse the partridges
 You wanna battle, change your name to the forfeiters
 Cuz that's what you do, face to face wit raw niggas
 I give you a bad case of the fucked-up jitters, once again Chorus[beanie siegal]
 They used to talk shit, but i'ma quiet them
 Kick in the door wit my boys stick to riotin
 First nigga that flinch, i'ma fire em
 Tape em up, grip his hands, and pleyer em
 Know the bricks is in here, where you hidin em?
 Don't die in the shit that you lyin in
 Used to get fronted bricks, now I'm buyin em
 Used to cop off my man, now I'm supplyin him
 Paid the front row seat watchin iverson
 First class air crafts what I'm flyin in
 To l.a., shaq, eddie, kobe bryant and them
 Save the jokes for chris tucker, richard pryor and them
 Used to shotgun in cars, now I'm drivin em
 Used to hustle 'round bars, y'all was robbin them
 Ran up in y'all spot wit rob and them
 Grew up, two-four, wit pie and em
 But do my dirt, 21st, wit kyle and them
 Nigga pop, nigga buzz, little mark and them
 Brother news, nigga schooled marley park and them
 Nigga jump, pull a pump, low sparkin em
 I know shit right now gettin dark to them
 Tore they body all up, ain't no chalkin em
 Too sharp for them, move out in the dark on em
 These illadel foul streets what I'm stompin in once again Chorus[scratch outro]
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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