

Dynamite!

The Roots

(Black Thought)
Uh uh, come on, S-P in the
Up north into the NYC and the out West
And to niggas in Cali and the Down South type dynamite
What, yo yo come on dynamite dynamite
Uh check it out, uh uh
Yo yo yo yo yo check it out(Chorus)
Eve-ry bo-dy, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
Check it out, eve-ry bo-dy
Touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
C'mon, touch this Illa-Fifth Dynamite
Yo, check it out
In in tro tro duc ducing
The sole missin link, what could MC's who listen think
It's Black Thought, open your eyes and don't blink
Yo, to rock this mic is like a basic instinct
But yo in-in-tro-tro-duc-duc-ing(Elo)
Behind thee, the mic champ-ion
More than a step-ion
Mothafuckers sweatin me, beggin me just to get me on
Macro-cosmic, micro-master(Black Thought)
Aiiyyo I'm all the way way, Phil Phil-lay-lay
People wanna see the way the Illadel play
Yo, look in the mirror, watch what yourself say
I'm from S-P, no mortal man can test me
Thought, I keep a lin-e in, upper eschulone-in
Heineken, hold the rhymin in, flows remindin em
Cats that hear me up, some shit from back in the past
Your half-steppin ass, could never fathom a grasp because
(Elo)
Yo we got a doctrine, in cold-rockin it
Bringin this apocalypse, nigga you mad topical
Bitch my raps trick your optical
Mister superficial, I'm rippin apart your heart tissue
This is your official, dismissal
I don't study the artificial, who fuckin wit the dark crystal
Yo where are is you? I'm movin like a smart missile
Aimed and guaranteed to hit you(Black Thought)
Word up, but when the Fifth do get on and perform, you in for it

It ain't no way to cen-sor it, my style metaphoric
To bricks and ten tons stacks hard to lift
The artist, comin out the Fifth darkness(Elo)
We go back like ancients, while you ain't shit
Sub-terrainean, never against the grain-ean
Afro-American slash half-blade-ean
In your universe, my star's the most radiantChorus(Black Thought)
Aiyyo it's all the way live, from 2-1-5
Plus admission is denied so just wait outside
Two extremes collide like Jekyl and Hyde
And I provie you wit the swerve you need, but take heed
You travellin like speed
Iller than adventures you might read
O-fficial original breed, the just-ice league, yo it's the P-5-D
Style fashionist, other MC's they actresses(Elo)
Yo it's the high-opposed, you bout to get shot down
Tryin to fly above this Illa-Fifth compound
You've known since the get-go, I rock your disco
Ain't nobody badder, but yo you get my gist so
I represent so you gotta squint
As far as how I do it you ain't compen-sate
We causin nui-sance and get in-decent so save your two cents
Don't come in my district, kickin that *bullshit*(Black Thought)
Yo it's all simplistic, limited click get
Lyrically lifted, touchin the Fifth shit
Trenches of the mentally twisted, you enlisted
5 was the emblem on the mic you got hit wit(Elo)
And I stomp ya, till you call me conqueror
Back-slappin all the niggas that slept
Thinkin that Elo could ever disappear
I'm strippin they vi near
Wit this non ether reefer, quiet frequent premiereChorus 2x

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>