

Don't See Us

The Roots

(feat. Dice Raw)

[Black Thought]

Uh, what what, yo yo P-5-D uncut

Check it out, yo yo, S-P uncut

Yo yo, what P-5-D uncut, yeah yeah it's that Philly shit

Yo yo, check it out, yo yo

[Chorus 2x]

[Chorus: Malik B]

You Don't See Us, but we see you

You stuck on sleep, get on your P's and Q's

Cuz you will get crept, wit no discrept

You know the rep, we keep the flows in check

[Black Thought]

Mesmerizing, state of the art caffeine

It's over head like Omniverse screen

I'm not the average savage that curse queens

I'm something from his worst dreams

First we handling first things, I'm subsurface un-seen

Grat'll hold planet by purse strings

MC's are earthlings, not built to hurt things

Speakin the words of weaklings, nothin but sweet things

[Malik B]

Man each world, it ain't no time to recline

Act up, get clapped up, my mind is the nine

Shine like jewels that spark, swimmin wit sharks

Never caught speakin to NARC's, that's weak in the parks

I'm the type to sit back and analyze the prize

Grip it up and flee the scene wit a different disguise

Take a detour, I be all that I can be whore

Talkin to this (bitch) life, had to make her my wife

Live twice, got seven more lives to live

I'm all out, takin things to the fullest extent

Help me get it down and we can split one-hundred percent

Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment

Word up, you know the legendary Roots crew, yo

[Chorus 2x]

[Dice Raw]

The Raw Dice rise like a creature from out the swamp

Wit my blood-thirsty clergy that's on the hunt for conk

Who pumps your heart, I made you wanna rhyme from the start

You should be more alert, then you wouldn't get hurt

Get off your horse and on your P's and beware

Of images you seein, did deceiving, you're scared

And even more shook up than the scenes that's near

I'm Dice Raw, sting the inside of your mouth like a cold sore

Who wanna piece, well it's Round One, let's begin

I got a gun that's don't bust, it just suck niggaz in

I got shit that'll have you beggin me to shoot ya

I'm the professor, you rock a dunce cap, go get a tutor

[Black Thought]

Yo, Okay Computer, Radiohead's knock to the

Future Shock like Kurtis, at your service

None other than, the Fifth governing playin the cut again

Y'all clueless to what the fuck is up again

Yo, hard times and sufferin

What, my peoples in the crevices strugglin

'Nuff of them ?untie? soldier thespian

But I'm from the next e-on, supreme being that's unseen for MC'n
[Chorus 2x]
[Malik B]
Yo, they all around me 'round me
On my head, they got a bounty
I'm tryin to get this bell up so I can flee your county
Triple-six, come in my mix, flood it wit tricks
I'm sharper than rough spoons for icepicks
Niggaz price bricks till dawn, if the money is long
Cats who play strong will inhale, then go play bong
You wrong son, you thought I wasn't droppin a ton
Sit and think about the way I wanna tally a sum
[Dice Raw]
Aiiyyo I sneakfully snuck up from behind and got you
From over there in them bushes, I chilled and watched you
Dancin all dolly as you pussy for them folly
I knock you out wit one punch from me you been Ali-ed
I float like hovercrafts and sting like vaccinations
WHen my name said out loud, you'll lose your concentration
Dice Raw, D-I-C-E-R-A-W, you wanna take it
Otherwise, fuck you gon' do?
That's what I thought, nada, nothing, caput, zero
Rough as sandpaper but still smooth as a tiptoe
Raw's takin over, baby don't tell me you ain't know
A lot of kids can rap but you fuckin wit the pros
[Black Thought]
Namsayin, y'all know the legendary Roots crew, it's like
[Chorus to fade]