

# The Roots, The Hypnotic (Remix)

Yo . . .

This beautiful blend,  
I knew her through a mutual friend,  
she was a work of art, part of my heart from back then,  
a brown skin singer witha knack, for actin',  
Alana's soul attraction,  
just fractionally based on surface,  
I got into her mental on purpose,  
and with alertness as I flirt with her emotion,  
walls we built up out of nervousness was broken,  
I reminisce on how this Black Thought had her open  
with the energy that got the whole summertime smokin',  
very hypnotized,  
when it was time we spent time,  
it's no way to rewind or prevent time from slippin' away like day,  
into the dark and the way that things fall apart,  
will make some start to feel more,  
weak or insecure,  
but for whatever reason our relationship remained mature,  
even when she caught feelin's 'cause I stay on tour,  
as I reflect on before and recap, the situation,  
I guess, from experience, comes education,  
we set on a path to opposite destinations it's best,  
to chalk it up and add it to the elevation than eventually  
flow off, to lost communication,  
I called,  
but lost all information,  
and with time forgot it,  
it's not like I'm all in tears about it,  
but the fact of the matter remains that I miss the Hypnotic

You're my shinin' star,  
no matter where you are,  
for the world to see,  
what you truly be,  
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no matter where you are,  
for the world to see,  
what you truly be,  
what you truly be

Yo, she was the Hypnotic,  
and potent as a narcotic,  
the bizarre logic of it all,  
is why the clock tick, pages of the calendar flip,  
we can't stop it,  
time will either tell the tale or turn a love toxic,  
now was she real,  
or an illusion of this optical confusion with  
the accent of Ancient Egypt,  
or could it be that she's the one I was supposed to be with  
and together walk this twisted, staircase to something realistic,  
damn, her lips havin' me addicted to her presence,  
front page material on Essence, a queen,  
imperial before her adolescence,  
and as she grew into a woman she became refined,  
I never knew another like her in my lifetime,  
so now I travel through a tunnel of space,  
without a place, on the face of this earth,  
with this pain gettin' worse,  
drivin' me insane or atleast I'm touchin' the brink,  
of sanity to think of how I can link, or contact her,  
I was a fool before but more wise after the fact,

I'm analyzin' how I'm wantin' her back,  
and wonderin' exactly where she could be on the map,  
I'm just sittin' here spinnin' the world on one finger,  
reoccurring thoughts of this brown skin singer,  
Yo, the psychotic, the hypnotic,  
Yo check it out, the most melodic Hypnotic

(4x)

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