Presence, (Who Says) Rock Is Dead

Enter my Delorean time machine back to the future we go to explore the rock scene all the while my style's McFly even when I die big props to L.I. South Bronx Bedstuy

Bacdaf*cup this ain't Onyx pave the way for Dr. Dre and his Chronic the Gravediggaz ebonically demonic Nasty Nas and his supersonic phonic K-R-S-One Attack with the Boom Bap on the scene in Queens with Kool G Rap LA back in the day a Hundred Miles And Runnin forever gunnin with NWA (Chorus) Who says rock is dead are you ready to bang your head c'mon yeah who says rock is dead bang your head enough said

Imagination is the key to be
I let my mind fly free
the second coming of the white emcee
settin forth a prerequisite
I know you're tryin to get with this
amazin caucasian persuasion
always on some next shit
perpetual rhyme delivery
an enigmatic mystery
you know I'm fit to be
goin down in history
Biggie Smalls and Tupac we mourn
now behold Jay Slim
another legend is born

Headbangin and slangin as I enter the Wu-Tang

Hoo-Bangin with the Westside Connect gang Respect is Hard To Earn like my paycheck Protect Ya Neck from the blast of the Tek & Discourse the street street from the blast of the Tek & Discourse the street from the blast of the Tek & Discourse the street from the blast of the Tek & Discourse the street from the blast of the Tek & Discourse the street from the blast of the Tek & Discourse the street from the blast of the Tek & Discourse the street from the blast of the Tek & Discourse the street from the blast of the Tek & Discourse the blast of the Discourse the street from the blast of the Discourse the street from the blast of the Discourse the Britanian the Bucktown Duck Down just tryin to B-Real like Cypress Hill with my License To III I Kill At Will word to Rakim yo it's Time To Build (Chorus) I flow about what I know in the process try to grow no I've never been to the ghetto and I'll probably never go the wrath of an intelligent white kid with a mic gripped tight a lyrical fight ensues you lose gave ya brain blacks & amp; blues knocked ya out stole ya shoes hit a spliff and took another sip of the booze shut yer yapper I'm the cracker rapper that's makin all the rules refuse and I'll prepare your moms for the bad news (Bridge) Some call it a fad it's a natural evolution of music a few abuse it I refuse to lose it it's part of my heart it's for the kids not the music critics to tear it apart I'm calling it the Peter Pan Theory you can keep that lo-fi throwback crap 'cause I don't want it near me and if ya can't hear me/start a band with "t-h-e" and you too can be a flash in the pan Goodie Mo-B the D-O-double-G so shall I Proceed to rock the mic like MOP Run-DMC a Tribe called Hip-Hop will always run through me

(Chorus)