

# Blackalicious, Back To The Essence

(feat. Lateef)

[Lateef]

When I'm on the mic I stand tall with gall  
Style worth more than anything you goin find in mall  
The treasure of the mutiny is what keeps you all enthralled  
I lively up the people with the yes yes y'all  
Create wait watch and let the fake fall  
Employ my strategy like checkmate  
Call your bluff in that destruction of all previous discussion  
When I hit like a concussion your heart rate stall  
Recorders all stall you jaw'll go slack  
I deliver makin quivers and shivers all down your back  
Like a river flow the beat  
Bounces in cadillacs bumpin that vicious blackalicious  
Kick drum that keeps punchin thru that speaker countinously meticulously  
Etchin out the spaces in time  
For miles affecting rhymes that changing minds permanently  
Like mescaline giving your whole peception perspective a new design that  
Wreck that misconception now we seeing eye to eye yet?  
Can the mc speak? the suckas stay quiet  
The crowd can get rowdy like the party was a riot  
Try it and the ladies will whoride your ass up out the spotlight  
&quot;you crazy dont you know that fool lateef'll set it on you?  
He better than you&quot; she telling you the truth due -  
I give you the proof due  
Step you end up getting cut up by the cornerstone's edge  
Down back by the end I say dont get contrary  
Cause baby I'm very highly motivated  
I'm trying to do that play and ownership thing like Isiah did  
Hope your vision ain't impaired  
But my prayers you can hear what I'm saying to you  
Now if you fakin it may sound strange to you  
Like some way under my breath maybe I'm playing you  
But I only do that murder rap shit for those whose the cap fit  
As for the rest I'm trying to you all back to the essence

[Chorus:]

Back to the essence when we in the house feel the almighty presence  
Making mcs act humble like peasants  
Smoking the mic and leaving nothing but resin  
Making the spots pop like pots full of wesson  
Making it hot cooking your goose and your pheasant  
Taking your props leaving your ass butt naked  
Soul exposed no material protection  
Low and behold we going back to the essence

[Gab]

I be that G-I to the F when I get def up on that mic  
I swing that lefty no discrepency and effortlessly  
And in the right frame of mind  
Electricity combined with mind soul and the way I flex the agility  
Focus ability makes some heads quite restless in this vicinty  
Trying to fill me out but they just jesters in my vicinty stuck in my art  
Trying to feather my energy I bless plenty of enemies  
Hittin me with expressions that would so would like to get rid of me  
In my quest to be the epitome it'll be cold in hell  
'fore I feel stress from any of these illiterate  
Insecure about they little insignificant contributions  
Infinitely I'm mocking yes and don't whenever the Gift put out a fly quote  
Yes I'm doing my thing and leaving a cloud of cess smoke  
Wherever I go whether i'm balling whether I'm flat dead broke  
I'm heeding my call and leaving a ball of rappers with heads roast

And bringing that universal dopeness to the east and west coast  
And really no one the best though is god  
Allowing you to harness the energy within whoever feels the most  
At the moment takes it the farthest  
So thank him cause it's through you that he manifest artistry  
Like a painting with an infinte beyond lifetime warranty  
And satan is a wack diseased that needs to be quarantined  
And caged in, I'm riding a boat of dopeness come on aboard with me  
And engage in a tale of musical invention,  
An mc lynchin convention GA lyrical fifth dimension miracles  
All up in your system

[chorus]