

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
"you crazy dont you know that fool lateef'll set it on you?
He better than you" 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 helll
'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]