

Nujabes, Blessing It

Each one, teach one we free each one
Maryland and Cincinatti to the far east son
And we just begun to spread the gospel
Substantial, Pase Rock, hip hop apostles
Far from preachin with this art you call rappin
Takin y'all back to before this all happened
Frontin hardcore when you barely soft porn
Never penetratin the inner to get your heart warm
Rock on, at the ridiculous pace
Disrepect hip hop and I'll spit in your face
These pitiful wastes of oxygen, it's madness
Get in your case, and all your shit, like back checks
Got my eye on ya, like insanity grabbed ya
Y'all seedy packagin, and I can't stand rappin
You're bound to get ripped, and then turned into garbage
I stay blessin mics, my followers pay homage

(Chorus x2:)

Substance, blessin it
Yes I am, blessin it
UV for life, hell yes we stay blessin it
Pase on, blessin it
Yes I stay blessin it
Five Deez forever you know we stay blessin it

On point like the pens we write with
Livin righteous, in these times of peril and crisis
The pain'll squeeze you lifeless, dead, what's the matter who's the nicest
Who's alive, who's gonna live to see their life
Hopefully me, my lifeline a MC
Extends past paying dues how much it cost to be free
Deep-rooted underground, but on the surface a tree
Branchin out, all I ever really wanted to be
They want to put us in a box, and then pack it away
But we ain't havin that, no pause, no which way
Yo I'm goin to the top and that's where I stay
Fuck the middle ground, poor, gettin biz while you was sittin down
The joint sound hittin now, freestyle'a written down
Your flow's played out money you need to get that shit a style
Speedy on the quick fast, long term we make it last
Forever and a day stay clear on the path cuz yo

(Chorus)

Children of the sun look out here we come
Live in Brooklyn, Maryland's where I'm from
The beat don't stop, 'til you've had enough
Five Deez, UV, connect that's what's up
Children of the sun watch out we comin for ya
Rockin from the 'natti mid-west to California
And it don't stop even when you've had enough
Pase and Substantial dude that's what's up
Blessin it, effortless
Testin this, doubt it
Mic specialist son, we have events crowded
As nice as you wish you were
Good mics are my signature
I thought you said this shit is hot
It's barely room temperature
We scorch it, we torturing cats from Cincinatti to New York
And back, word to Pat, don't say jack
When we bankrupt your crew from spinnin the wheel of fortune, black
We take you there and send you walkin back

(Chorus)