

# Quincy Jones, Back On The Block

(feat. Big Daddy Kane, Ice-T, Kool Moe Dee, Melle Mel)

[all]

Back

Back on the block

Back

Back on the block

Back, on the block, so we can rock  
With the soul, rhythm, blues, be bop and hip hop

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[VERSE 1: Ice-T]

Ice-T, let me kick my credentials  
A young player, bred in South Central  
L.A., home of the bodybag  
You wanna die, wear the wrong color rag  
I used to walk in stores and yell: "Lay down!"  
You flinch an inch - AK spray down  
But I was lucky cause I never caught the hard time  
I was blessed with the skill to bust a dope rhyme  
All my homies died or caught the penzo  
Lost their diamonds, cops towed their Benzos  
Livin that life that we thought was it  
Fast lanin, but the car flipped  
I'm not gonna lie to ya, cause I don't lie  
I just kick thick game, some people say: why?  
Cause I'm back on the block, I got my life back  
So I school the fools about the fast track  
I get static from the style of my technique  
Profanity, the blatant way in which I speak  
But the Dude knows the streets ain't no kiddie game  
You don't know the Dude? Quincy's his first name  
He told me: "Ice, keep doin what you're doin, man  
Don't give a damn if the squares don't understand  
You let em tell you what to say and what to write  
Your whole career'll be over by tomorrow night  
Rap from your heart, and your heart's with the street  
Rap on my record, man, Kimiko, send Ice the beat"  
The Dude is def no doubt, what can I say?  
The man can roll with Ice-T or Michael J

[all]

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[VERSE 2: Melle Mel]

I'm back, on the block, on the screen  
I'm on the wax, I'm on the stage, I'm on the scene  
I'm on the case, just like an attorney  
The Dude took me on a magic journey  
To dance in France, alone in Rome  
On the farmlands of Nebraska, the cold of Alaska  
The heat of the motherland

To be with my brotherman  
On top of a snowcapped mountain I'm scoutin  
What another man saw in a race of people  
To see him give his life for the price of equal  
The highest wisdoms, the richest kingdoms  
The Song of Songs we heard David sing them  
He showed me me when I was young and hung out  
He showed me makin love, even showed me strung out  
He showed me poppin nines, standin on a rock  
But tears came to my eyes when he showed me my block

[Tevin Campbell (& Andrae Crouch Singers)]

Stokie's just Stokie, mama

(Stokie's Stokie)

And one by one each woman he kiss

(He kiss her and she gon' fall in love)

Stokie's just Stokie, you know?

(Stokie's Stokie)

Till someone shows that they care enough

(Ain't nothin gonna bother Stokie much)

Some say they can't take it no more

(Comin here, comin here startin stuff)

But Dude is back on duty fo' sho'

(Back on the block to stay)

They say he ain't gonna be with it

(Comin back, comin back to the street)

But Dude he know you'll never forget it

(Back on the block to stay)

[VERSE 3: Big Daddy Kane]

Back up and give the brother room

To let poetry bloom to whom

It may concern or consume

As I reminisce before this

The bliss that exist

But now we brought about a twist

Cause I remember of my people bleedin

Put through slavery and killed for bravery

We shoulda got our freedom much sooner

You never seen a blackman on The Honeymooners

But now somehow we've learned to earn, to grow, to show

The elevation of a people built is so

Jesse Jackson, Miss America a black one

No more livin for just a small fraction

I was once told by the Dude that knowledge is a food

To nourish, so to conclude

This from an Asiatic descendant, Big Daddy is shocked

Yo Q, we back on the block

[all]

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[VERSE 4: Kool Moe Dee]

An everlasting omnipresence is my present

State of being, seeing the unpleasant

Sight of righteous souls live like peasants

The mind stunts growth in adolescence  
My insight enables me to enlight  
The weakest of minds, and I put em in flight  
As I transcend, a-scend or de-scend  
Re-create, re-incarnate and re-send  
The powerful spirits of our ancestors  
For those that don't know how God blessed us  
Because man messed up, the media dressed up  
Lies perpetrated as truth, and it left us  
Confused, but I've seen it all before  
From Babylon to the Third World War  
I'm more than a man, I'm more like an entity  
Back on the block, and this time my identity  
Is the Dude

Ba-ba-ba-back on the  
Ba-back on  
Ba-ba-back on the block  
Ba-ba-back on  
Ba-ba-back on the block

[Tevin Campbell (& Andrae Crouch Singers)]

Stoki, ke Stoki, mai-bo  
(Stoki, Stoki)  
Wam babma, wam bamb'u mandisa  
(Wahm bamba wahm bamboo mandisa)  
(Stoki ke Stoki, mai-bo)  
(Stoki, Stoki)  
Wam babma, wam bamb'u mandisa  
(Wahm bamba wahm bamboo mandisa)  
M'yeke, yeke, yeke, wena  
(Kha'mye, kha'myeke wena)  
Yo khala, khala, khala, u mama  
(Yo khal'u mama khe)  
M'yeke, yeke, yeke, wena  
(Kha'mye, kha'myeke, wena)  
Yo khala, kha, 'yok 'shaya u baba  
(Yok shaya u baba khe)

[Rev. Jesse Jackson]

(Now I would - I would contend that ah -  
The rappers - rap is here to stay