

Back To The Essence

Blackalicious

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' through that speaker
Countinously, meticoulously, etchin out the spaces in time
For miles affecting rhymes that changing minds permanently
Like mescaline, giving your whole perception, 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, who ride your ass up out the spotlight
"You crazy, don't 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, ?Don't 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
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
Back to the essence, when we in the house feel the almighty presence
Making MC's 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
I be that G I to the F, when I get def up on that mic
I swing that lefty, no discrepancy 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 infinite, 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
Back to the essence, when we in the house feel the almighty presence
Making MC's 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