

# Reanimation

Blackalicious

It's the Gift, uh-huh  
Here to give your mortal mind a lift, uh-huh  
Mack rap verbally pimp, uh-huh  
Lace another rhythm with my sig-na-ture (the Gift, uh-huh)  
It's the Chief, uh-huh  
Tearing up the drum and bringing heat, uh-huh  
Block shock, thunderous beats, uh-huh  
Blazing on your local ghetto street corner (the Chief, uh-huh)

Eyes in my mind, pulse signs in my rhymes  
Lines are inclined shine, dine in my shrine  
Warring time, mortifying, sauna flying lines  
Borderline Einstein, horrifying times  
Ordered like slaughter fights for the fight-type  
Sure to strike, pouring like water might, I  
Smoke like a sack of that northern lights hype  
Swerving off a nitro ice-cold quarter pint  
Saw the bright light, rappers caught a night-night  
Bona fide nice ice, Dolemite type  
Sorta like Border Heights, what a sight, yipes  
Showing motherfuckers how to hold a mic right  
Photo light images Yoda might bite  
Soldier-like stripes, word to Spike, build a vice is  
Photo volt bright light, hold the funk inside  
Glowing like solar kites, sho ya right quite

Beats to the rhythm, rock raps in the day  
Feast on adrenaline, master the way  
I'm the verbal hunter going after my prey, they  
Running for the highest mountain yelling out "mayday!"  
G-A-B, the great annihilator of the way they  
Be all on sacred sceptre jocking, like a Pele  
Soccer ball, kick em all, drop em in the Bay say  
Fatter than your nigga Albert yelling "Hey, hey, hey!"  
Putting on apprentices like Brandy did Ray J  
Shutting down your business like 15-80K day  
If you ain't efficient you'll be all up in a melee  
Gab'll bring the [??]-ness of the sun into your grey day  
Take your AK, put it in a little tray  
Lay it underneath the surface of the earth and let it stay way  
Out of sight and mind so you can focus on your time in climbing  
Rhyming, hey that beat like grime and shining be my pay day

Slick-slippery, quick ripping these, shift physically  
Drift with a kick kicking me  
Hickory dickory, emcees are sick of me  
Zen trickery, get the gist, sent wizardry  
Split-lickety, spit it could be lit  
Like this, into me, it is a secret  
Emcees pretend to be kin to the Gift  
I'm mentally shitting the wisdom of centuries  
Wit, go on like a centipede's length  
Rappers want flames, man, I injure these shrimps  
Skew em on the barb' with some hickory chips  
I'm a level higher than the intermediate  
Rappers, I don't care about your gender, descent  
Background, police records, history, rent

Unpaid evictions, charge penalties sent  
Merciless in battle leaving enemies bent, it's the Gift!