

(Who Says) Rock Is Dead

Presence

Enter my Delorean time machine
back to the future we go
to explore the rock scene
all the while
my style's McFly
even when I die
big props to L.I.
South Bronx
Bedstuy

Bacdaf*cup
this ain't Onyx
pave the way for Dr. Dre and his Chronic
the Gravediggaz ebonically demonic
Nasty Nas and his supersonic phonic
K-R-S-One Attack
with the Boom Bap
on the scene in Queens with Kool G Rap
LA back in the day
a Hundred Miles And Runnin
forever gunnin with NWA

Who says rock is dead
are you ready to bang your head
c'mon yeah
who says rock is dead
bang your head
enough said

Imagination is the key to be
I let my mind fly free
the second coming of the white emcee
settin forth a prerequisite
I know you're tryin to get with this
amazin caucasian persuasion
always on some next shit
perpetual rhyme delivery
an enigmatic mystery
you know I'm fit to be
goin down in history
Biggie Smalls and Tupac we mourn
now behold Jay Slim
another legend is born

Headbangin and slangin as I enter the Wu-Tang
Hoo-Bangin with the Westside Connect gang
Respect is Hard To Earn like my paycheck
Protect Ya Neck
from the blast of the Tek & Steele
Bucktown
Duck Down
just tryin to B-Real like Cypress Hill
with my License To Ill
I Kill At Will
word to Rakim
yo it's Time To Build

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I flow about what I know
in the process try to grow
no I've never been to the ghetto
and I'll probably never go
the wrath of an intelligent white kid with a mic gripped tight
a lyrical fight ensues
you lose
gave ya brain blacks & blues
knocked ya out
stole ya shoes
hit a spliff and took another sip of the booze
shut yer yapper
I'm the cracker rapper that's makin all the rules
refuse and I'll prepare your moms for the bad news

Some call it a fad
it's a natural evolution of music
a few abuse it
I refuse to lose it
it's part of my heart
it's for the kids
not the music critics to tear it apart
I'm calling it the Peter Pan Theory
you can keep that lo-fi throwback crap 'cause I don't want it near me
and if ya can't hear me/start a band with "t-h-
e" and you too can be a flash in the pan ... can't forget the Outkast
Goodie Mo-B
the D-O-double-G
so shall I Proceed
to rock the mic like MOP
Run-DMC
a Tribe called Hip-Hop will always run through me

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