

# Back on the Block

Quincy Jones

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  
Back on the block  
Back on the block

Ice-T, let me kick my credentials  
A young player, bred in South Central  
L.A., home of the body bag  
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

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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 brother man  
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

Ba-ba-back on the  
Ba-back on  
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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)

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

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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

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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)

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