

We Did It Again

Blackalicious

Once upon a time reality was black and white
Couldn't fit in with the younger kids and parties after nightfall
Felt like they was givin' instructions how to handle life
While I felt my way through darkness and I didn't have a light-bulb

Then I felt a thing something that would ignite all
Energy within above my head appeared a light-bulb
Soon enough the mic called
Soon enough the nightclub
Gathered as I rapidly knew that I found the right one

Slice 'em, dice 'em
Rappers falling like some
Dominoes
But I don't know to me this shit is like fun
Got into a love affair and music is my wife done
Took me on a journey deeper than the sewage pipes run

Now and then some might come
Fronting like the light gone
Dimmer till the inner forces
Inside me deliver one more nice one
Feel how fresh and new it is again
Get a glimpse, after this
We'll be doin' it again

We did it again
Just living in the dream
Give it all to make it happen

We did it again
Still shining till its done
But the story has only just begun

I can give it to you raw or give it to you fly
So eccentric with the penmanship, unlimited supply
Intricate with this I spit the gift, a lyric driven guy
I've been sentenced to this pen since I was just a little guy

In my infant crib, working hard to elevate my penmanship
I would order garbage rappers with no talent end with this
When it comes to lyricism it begins and ends with this
Every time they try to cut us out we send them into bliss

This music love affair is infinite
My mentalist
Not meant to drift away
I'm in your home and on your internet
All in your head
You can't escape, my flow is falling in

So when this is done we'll take a break and do it all again

Every time you think we finished then we doin' it again
Doin' it to win
Blackalicious, who is it but them
Who it is intuitive and you would

Lose in it with them
Rhymes are fusing with the music get me lucid with the pen
Using rhythm too original and finick kinda MC
And bend your mind again
See I'm finna tryin' end
The career of rappers who do not identify with them
That are getting high up in the sky and spitting flyer gems

It is different, I am him
My intent, I invent
Violence for you suckas, dying then, die again
So you can not rhyme again
Silence, violins play
I grin as they enter the grave they lie up in

Homie, king or sire wind
I ascend, I avenge music
Soothing like a hymn, I be spewin' it like them though
It stupid to pretend you could do it like your men been
Doin', we doin' it, we doin' it again

[Hook x3]