

Ashes to Ashes

Blackalicious

"Dude, when you want me to come in?"

"Four bars"

"K, check it"

The ink flows
As if I'm not here
Styles fall
From the mentally odd
And quite weird
Mic
Y'all want to enter my yard
My lightyear flow
Strikes with precision for all
I'm right here
With raw inner vision beyond your sight, hearing
And beyond all your senses
I draw the light nearer you
A flawed individual, dawg, I write sheer
Elegance
I'm a bottle of Dawn. You're like Nair

So now I'm perfecting this style;
It's like lairs
Of a foul dragon
Send MC's ridden with nightmares
Better pause
Before you spitting that garbage you write
Yeah!
I'ma call
Telling niggas to quit on the mic
Period
Because I've been given this right tonight
We're gonna floor you with lyrics
These suckas are not near;
They are far from abilities I ignite
Dare you to start something with me
I don't ever fight fair

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
We are the crew called Blackalicious
We came to rock for you and yours
Put your arms in the air, your feet on the floor Guaranteed to give you what
you paid your money for
Cause the Blackalicious Crew got rhymes galore
Rhymes galore
I've got talent
These critics do not have
Still, they write like some type of authority on rap
Really? Like they opinion is worthy!
I'm like, "After you make worthy music
Then come and be that cat, Jack!"
Plummeting rap Yeah, that's that
Period. Done. Then get checks from ASCAP
Just give me a drum
I'ma spark the last match
Y'all hit it with one rhythm
Do it

I'll smash that
My meridians hum;
I'm so lyrically advanced
I deliver it from within
Leaving you lads back
In millenniums dumb
Because really, I'm passed that
I'm a million and one styles further
Now catch that!
(Catch that!)
I was born to murder your rap, Black
Alerted to that fact
You're certain to have crap
To say
Then get slain
And hurt as I lash back
And verbally ransack
Your turf
And leave cats flat! AAH!

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Rhymes galore [x20]