

Give It To You

Blackalicious

Rhyme for rhyme and line for line
The lyrics from the mind that's prime, arrive on time
and rip into you fine as wine, sublime the kind
of spitters who would shine divine
with rhymes and life, is what you make it
Rhyme for rhyme and line for line
The lyrics from the mind that's prime, arrive on time
They rip into ya night to night, recite the type, of written
Come inside the light, tonight's the night, we give it to ya

Comin' back to stay, when I rap this way
Blowin' minds wit' these lyrics out my fact-oray
That are practic-ally, on some maste-ray
Show you all how a funky record has to be
Not to toot my horn, I'm from Californ
It's the +cheese+, not the kind that's grown from cows in barns
But the kind that meets your needs in like a thousand forms
As we dance to the ever flowin' masquerade
Homey, pass the J, homies pass away
Over pride when another nigga blast a K
Evil thought hearts chilly, Dickie Dastard-lay
All his people mourned deeply as the pastor prayed
Come though from out of town, you wouldn't last a day
All they know is long money and assassination
Get it now, not tomorrow, don't procrastinate
This is my grind, verbal slangin', I'm a master fate
In a drastic way, this is class so pay
Close attention, write all night 'til I gasp and faint
Get my people out this struggle of that Section 8
If you want it, hey we got it, you don't have to wait because...

Golden voice wit' style, spirit poised for power
Definition of a goddess, I'm a poster child
As I boast about, here's a dose fo' trail
Evil spirits don't concern me, tell the ghost be out!
Shine my light to dim, all the spite within
Competition, 'cause at times, I know we frighten them
All we really wanna do is give some sight to them
All my people, New York City to the coast of Cal
I'm the toast of towns, I'm the cat's meow
Movin' faster than your mind, come and catch me now
Niggaz see me on stage and wanna ask me out
I'm the true original never a hand-me-down
When I flash no doubt, know that ass is out
Nefertiti, Mama Zulu, try and pass the Nile
Take your breath away it's like you're catchin' asthma now
In this verbal marathon, you couldn't last a mile because...

Lyrics Born to rap, I put it all on that
Twelve years deep, my foot ain't comin' off the gas
We walk the chosen path, close the culture gap
O.G. like the Figure-Four the Boston Crab
All across the map, beyond the almanac
You see the backstage posted lookin' so relaxed
Lady wit' me, open toe, lil' shoulder bag
Hat tipped just a bit, ooh she cold like that
Where my ballers at? If you can call it that

Potna' both you and me know that shit is boulderdash
We see right through yo phony ass like youse a holograph
We so real, when they see us, it's like they pause and gasp
Cat's lookin' like they see a flyin' saucer pass
Cross they arms, turn they heads like they was Ultraman
We gotcha whole clique surrounded in a cul-de-sac
So baby get ta jump-ropin' over a broken glass because
"The Craft"