

Bring It Back

Cormega

Yo, truer lyrics were praised, the listeners craved
To hear our camera's get caned, the rooftop
Where the dealers will hang, and bubblegooses
And sheepskins, and DJ's play the song cuz they love the music
Way before producers, were gettin' paid for beats
Marley Marl was loopin', he made ya'll able to eat
And B-Boy's were battlin', that stay key on Allington
After school we watched Good Times and bust heroine
When Melle Mel made the Message, it was monumental
Not only was it dope, it also spoke on our issues
Like Public Enemy, my memories, essentially ill
Like hip hop was meant to be, KRS, Audio Two
Traacherous Three, Fearless Four, Furious Five
Dr. Jeckyll & Mr. Hyde, when T-La Rock was in his prime
He spit rhymes, like no one other in his time
When the cannon gettin' fly, Slick Rick, never improvise
L Rock the Bells, DMC rocked cazelles with shells
Skill matter, fuck ya rims and your record sales
Hip hop is Stetsasonic and Mantronic
Ultramagnetic, Schooly D, and Bambataa
When Houdini made friends, it was well spoken
Beretta magic had their rivalry, radio was doper
Masters of Ceremony, Steady P, Dimples D
Then Just Ice, Latoya, hit the streets
Then we got the era of EPMD
The Juice Crew, MC Lyte, and BDP
Main Source breakin' atoms, had amazin' rappin' and beats
Not basically sampling, artist need to regain the passion
It doesn't matter if your chain is platinum
It's what you is average, you would not be mentioned with the g
reatest rappers
Hip hop is like Egypt, produced from it's greatest to sadness
The industry's enemy, truth that's invading our palace
They steal our culture, desipate our sculptures and claim
The best rappers the complexion of the Roman leader known as Ce
aser
I don't believe 'em, I seek knowledge, the Brand Nubian
The soul of Pete Rock, the vibe of the Tribe
Heart of GangStarr, the braves of Diggin' In the Crates
I'm Kool like Moe Dee, vocally I innovate