

Run It Back!!

De La Soul

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Report, report, everyone report in
That's right, it's magic
It's magic like the three
But yo, don't ever get it misconstrued when you see us coming through with t
hem Day-Glo colors
Lyrically, we run it all down
So if you throw it towards us, we gon' run it back (Yeah, let's go)
(Hey, hey, what we doing?)
Long Island (Long Island)
Long Island (Long Island)
Long Island

It's the birth of a team here to clean up the turf (Yeah)
And the worth of the dream is to change the regime
And the lean that we lay with the words that we spray
With the way that we teach y'all to act (Run it back)
With the poems, with the dice, and the songs that we slice for the plate (Lo
ng Island)
Earn the weight and the height, and the pawns with the price (Yeah)
With the men, never mice when we on the device of the mic, never that (Run i
t back)
Pop a rap on the line and the math of the signs that we make be the cake tha
t we stack on my grind (Bap, bap, bap, bap, bap, bap)
I'm a one of a kind and the one from the vine of the grape where you heard I
'ma cap (Run it back)
Man, it's the thing that we hang 'round our neck like a chain, it's the piec
e of the pain
At the least, it's the lane that my flow travel down (Long Island)
And the sound be the rock cocaine to the brain on the track (Run it back)
Overdue with the new and you beg for the brew that we stirred
And we heard that you don't have a clue how it's made
It's the boom to the bap, like the full in the paid that put Ra on the map (
Ayo, my nigga, run it back, keep going)
We the sons of the beat and we stay on our toes (Yeah)
With our feet exposed to the con to the crete
'Cause our ears in the street and our minds in the stars
Man, y'all know who we are, Tucks and Pat (Run it back)

That's what I'm talking about
Nassau and Suffolk County, we up in here
But we gon' take it on over to Queens
To my brothers in the Bridge
Who's about to run it back
Oh, there go Baylock
And there go Nas right there, ayo
Ayo, there go Jungle right there
Ayo, everybody, get back
Everybody, look out
Look at the god
Let the god through
Let my brother through

Unsmackable, half of you laughable
You won't be photographable if I have to run through half of your crew
I'm only tryna get smarter
Like Five Percenters at parliament, Harlem, rep the bottom (Run it back)

Not the bottom like the bottle of snake wine with a snake still in it
We sip and see if it takes time to fill it
I'm speaking to buildings, ghetto tenements, the militants
No suburbia privileges (Run it back)
From the rap, it's no wonder that three's the magic number
Add me to that number, that's four
The fourth Bee Gee, the fourth ZZ Top member, the fourth Fugee, who me?
I fantasize musically when it's suiting me
As wild as the '80s, '90s and '00s, how it was sick, how did it slip?
Now it's just Doechi, Dot and SZA with most powerful hits
Leon Thomas, Shaboozey with the country rap
Only Black artists on top of the charts, something's wack (Run it back)
Not only love and only Black, don't start with that
The problem hatched, probably with Napster back in '99, in fact
Was Nas deprived from getting diamond plaques?
He cries inside about it, never, he just runs it back

Okay, everyone
I know your heartbeat is running fast after running it back, so let's slow it down
Take a deep breath in
Now take a deep breath out
Is that (What is that?) weed smoke I'm smelling? (Yeah, yeah, damn, that smells good)
Ugh, anyway, let's prepare to take our mind to the next song
Salute, salutary, and salutations
And don't forget the vocalization