

# Bring It Back

Illy

"Were losing 'em", the call rang out, only a few ran for helping hands, most dudes stared blankly  
Standing mute, fame whores off where the new fad's at  
While fans cried "bring that boom bap back"  
Saw lines crossed between hip-hop dudes and dance acts  
So I u-turned my ass out the booth  
Told my label, new plan I'mma take it to my roots with the new jam  
After that resume programming  
So I gathered beats, got at mc's, mapped the strategy out  
The chase sequel's in the background for now, sorry  
A little longer until that album's out  
Doubter's can either back down, tap out or bounce  
Either way, pay that no mind, our 2 cents bound to count  
Uh, their 2 cents get rounded down  
Uh, this for the love of the rap  
Breath it life til our lungs collapse, and bring it back like that

It's like that, heard 'em saying "bring it back"  
Screaming "breathe motherfucker", like that, see the flash  
Of the ambulance lights and the sirens on smash  
Like "woop woop", and they like that

I'd be lying if I said this wasn't to serve  
As to remind and alert your mates  
I have returned, tighter  
Harder better faster stronger, vying for the first  
Had to decide on the circuit  
Took a ride on a detour  
To tie up any loose wires, inspired to work  
By the words of those sayings I lost my nerve  
So if you wonder why this music ain't my usual sound  
I needed shit to do in my time out  
I'm dropping records in between rounds  
This a break in play, I'm of the court, beating them at their game  
But this more than a training sess for the main event  
Sparring hard with the nation's best, even a day's rest  
Is still at a breakneck pace too much to bear for the brain-dead  
Tear through the pain threshold, fuck a taste setter, fuck a pay-cheque  
This for the love of the rap  
Hit it hard, clean up my act, then flip and relapse, bring it back

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And you fucked up young guns, I like you but you're crazy  
2 year facebook careers, don't entitle you to write about your haters  
I'm 250 shows deep in the majors  
So It's real life when I talk status  
Ain't saying I'm the saviour, just saying I'm invested  
In whatever's coming later I just ask you be creative  
Foundations were laid, we just building other layers  
Of design spec's for a sky scraper  
We started on a higher plane thanks to pioneers that were able, to break doo  
rs down for us  
So love thy neighbour

Bet the house on it, they sent our music through the roof  
Some jealous, some overzealous, out to wet the fuse  
Just know better than to let a clown effect your view  
Only fools get influenced by the loudest in the room  
So uh, ignore that, this for the love of the rap  
And in order to advance where we at, we gotta bring it back

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