

TheRealFocus... f/ Illa J, Frank Nitt, Slum Village

"Homage to Dilla"

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{"Sound, without focus... is just.. noise"} [Frank Nitt]
Dilla...Slum Villa... Focus... boy Nitty.. It's real special
right now... Feel good, don't it? Feel like I just wanna...
Talk to my homeboy... He ain't here right now, but he
here right now (...feel me?) Aiyyo waddup, my nigga?
It's ya boy Furda I'm workin hard, I'm givin 'em bloody
murda Keepin the dream alive, y'know just how we
talked about it We smoke hella blunts, know the vision
never clouded Seems like I'm out with Illa every other
week Swear to God, you'd be there when he rappin
over beats Niggas, we tryna get it, the legacy won't fall
That's why I started up the label and put out The
Concert Hall Done by me and RJ, Uncle Craig is nasty on
the keys and I got the B'z in ashtray And y'know we still
smoke that la to the lah And I still know you watchin, so
a nigga blowin high And me and Dank fly, away and we
play the.. songs that we made up, you keep ya niggas
paid up It's Scrap's phone ringin, I heard they lookin for
me 'Cause I continue to give the people what Dilla
taught me And that's real spit, and I'ma end it there
(yeah, yeah...) Frank Nitt, signin off and I'm outta here
Outta here [Illa J] Look James, you already know We is
incredible, got that {?} blown You know we be butta,
'cause we on the roll And I'm protectin the alien code
don't nobody know But did you know, your boy Com
datin Serena In movies with Angelina; Beyonce
basically is the new Tina O-O-OBAMA - in the Black
House Slammin on people like the rookie Jerry
Stackhouse While Kanye playin with 808s', I'm just
keepin you updated Jus playin James! Y'know we miles
ahead I be tellin these amateurs to put they styles to
bed So go to sleep, ocean deep Get killed by a Focus...
beat 'til they can't walk like they got frozen feet And
you know alot of our shit leak But it's cool, we got TONS
of heat Uh [Baatin] (T3) When you make a track touch
the soul, you givin it Immaculate to the Concept, you
live in it Turn it up top notch, get the feelin You about to
set it off while your head nod Now you feelin it, now
witness the whole scene We keep it live, turn it up,
that's perfection In the dream and keep it super hot
Bear witness to gift the unwrap and if it don't stop 'til

the break of day, we keep it on Turn it up to the top
notch for Dilla to the break of dawn Keep it LIIIIIIIVE~!
{*echoes*} (Keep-keep-keep it live, keep-keep-keep it
live) Keep-keep-keep it live Keep it LIIIIIIIVE~!
{*echoes*} [T3] LIVE - Dilla Dawg man I miss you and I
can't express the feelings Comes to a crack on your
track, you know we killed it Everytime we do a show,
you'll always be remembered When the pen hits the
pad, you always in my lyrics And our friendship is a
given and your legacy is living In your path, that you
laid, I hope it trickles to your children This is somethin,
gotta mention hope your parents get the right attention
So when the money comes, they the only ones that's
benefitin Yeah, you started this SV shit, so when we
spilt Still wit us, he breed this, Detroit players Yea, dog,
that's that myth, some, tried But naw dag, it ain't like
these, negro please This is Dillanation, straight 313
with the cups celebratin

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