

Dalmatian

"Back To The Essence"

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[Intro]

Yeaa, Bringing it back to the Essence (New Sound 1, 3)
Sire! Hip-Hop, Hip-hop

Mic check 1, 2, 1, 2 yea
Mic check 1, 2 don't stop
Mic check 1, 2, 1, 2 yea
Mic check 1, 2,
NYC Venezuela Connect

[Verse 1: Sire]

Fresh, from the step with my air gore techs
Every day I drop bombs like Mr. Funk Flex (ahh)
Killing all these rappers, Adolf
If they wanna see me tell 'em make it to the play offs
(easy)
Champ in this bitch bars so hard
Get a cramp in your wrist I'd master this shit
Listen to the Sensay never fake the funk
Rappers tryin' kick it but they couldn't fake a punt
Hold up wait Harvey Dent Niggas man they all two
faced
Tryin' become rappers wit that boom boom pow
That shit is doo doo now
Bunch farm ville Niggas on your moo moo cow
Couldn't be a fucking thug with a gun in your hand
Gon be the running man when the click go bam
I jam like a tech with correct technique
I'm a God in these streets dog bless these beats, 1

Mic check 1, 2, 1, 2 yea
Mic check 1, 2 don't stop
Mic check 1, 2, 1, 2 yea
Mic check 1, 2, Rewind

[Verse 2: Rewind]

Blowing clouds out of my face too high
Airplanes looks at me and wave bye, birds say I'm too
fly
Crash and then I land, hotter than a tan
Wavy as the sea step foot on the sand

Game in my shoes already ran
They calling me Hip-Hop's Uncle Sam
They want me in this war so I bomb 'em hard core
Sicker than a pig your just a meat head boar
Hear the scratches Rewind at it
Stay on top like a fucking attic
New Sound coming quick there aint no traffic
Rhymes will shock ya but my name aint static
Your girl love to chew, get it popping popping like
mountain dew soda
Cool gon get colder
Waste money, money wasted getting sober
Flow too dirty let me brush my shoulder

[Verse 3: Sire]

Nigga Nigga Nigga how you'd figure that I'm with ha
Cause I hit her, I just did ha then I quite ha, man forget
ha
If the glove don't fit you don't fuck the bitch
If it aint a magnum baby I won't fit
Shoutout to Hooch cause we do it for the promo
Homo rappers on my royal nuts
Brand new CD, Forever king
How bout you jump off my dick!

[Outro: Sire & Rewind]

Yea what I gotta tell 'em Nigga I'm the best aint no
need to sweat 'em
(Ahh)
What I gotta tell ha Nigga I'm the best aint no need to
sweat 'em (yeahh)
What I gotta tell ha Nigga I'm the best aint no need to
sweat 'em (ughh)
What I gotta tell ha Nigga I'm the best

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