

## **Blackalicious "Back To The Essence"**

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When I'm on the mic, I stand tall with gall  
Style worth more than anything you goin' find in mall  
The treasure of the mutiny is what keeps you all  
enthralled  
I lively up the people with the yes, yes, y'all

Create, wait, watch and let the fake fall  
Employ my strategy like checkmate  
Call your bluff in that destruction, of all previous  
discussion  
When I hit like a concussion, your heart rate stall

Recorders all stall, you jaw'll go slack  
I deliver makin' quivers and shivers all down your back  
Like a river flow the beat  
Bounces in Cadillacs, bumpin' that vicious Blackalicious

Kick drum, that keeps punchin' through that speaker  
Countinously, meticoulously, etchin out the spaces in  
time  
For miles affecting rhymes that changing minds  
permanently  
Like mescaline, giving your whole perception,  
perspective  
A new design that wreck that misconception

Now, we seeing, eye to eye yet?  
Can the MC speak? The suckas stay quiet  
The crowd can get rowdy like the party was a riot  
Try it and the ladies will, who ride your ass up out the  
spotlite

"You crazy, don't you know that fool Lateef'll set it on  
you?  
He better than you", she telling you the truth due  
I give you the proof due  
Step you, end up getting cut up by the cornerstone's  
edge

Down back, by the end I say, ?Don't get contrary?  
'Cause baby, I'm very highly motivated  
I'm trying to do that play and ownership thing like Isiah

did  
Hope your vision ain't impaired

But my prayers, you can hear what I'm saying to you  
Now, if you fakin' it, may sound strange to you  
Like some way under my breath, maybe I'm playing  
But I only do that murder rap shit, for those whose the  
cap fit  
As for the rest, I'm trying to you all, back to the essence

Back to the essence, when we in the house feel the  
almighty presence  
Making MC's act humble like peasants  
Smoking the mic and leaving nothing but resin  
Making the spots, pop like pots full of wesson

Making it hot cooking, your goose and your pheasant  
Taking your props leaving your ass, butt naked  
Soul exposed, no material protection  
Low and behold, we going back to the essence

I be that G I to the F, when I get def up on that mic  
I swing that lefty, no discrepancy and effortlessly  
And in the right frame of mind  
Electricity combined with mind, soul and the way I flex  
the agility

Focus, ability makes some heads quite restless in this  
vicinity  
Trying to fill me out but they just jesters in my vicinity  
stuck in my art  
Trying to feather my energy, I bless plenty of enemies  
Hittin' me with expressions that would, so would like to  
get rid of me

In my quest to be the epitome, it'll be cold in hell  
'Fore I feel stress from any of these illiterate  
Insecure about, they little insignificant contributions  
Infinitely I'm mocking yes and don't, whenever the gift  
put out a fly quote

Yes, I'm doing my thing and leaving a cloud of cess  
smoke  
Wherever I go, whether I'm balling, whether I'm flat,  
dead, broke  
I'm heeding my call and leaving a ball of rappers with  
heads roast  
And bringing that universal dopeness to the East and  
West Coast

And really no one the best, though is God

Allowing you to harness the energy, within whoever  
feels the most  
At the moment, takes it the farthest  
So thank Him 'cause it's through you that he manifest  
artistry

Like a painting with an infinite, beyond lifetime  
warranty  
And Satan is a wack diseased, that needs to be  
quarantined  
And caged in, I'm riding a boat of dopeness, come on  
aboard with me  
And engage in a tale of musical invention

An MC lynchin', convention GA  
Lyrical fifth dimension miracles, all up in your system

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