

Blackalicious "Rock The Spot"

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Homeboys take time and elevate your mind
We came to rock the spot, rock the spot
Homegirls inside, just let your nature rise
We came to rock the spot, rock the spot

Now Gabby got the verbal that'll get
Your little wifey out her girdle
In a session with me lightin' up a little herbal
Turtle shell, chool individuals that listen to me

Word it well, given to the rapper
Who is livin' through, be heard and held
In a high esteem, I get you drunker
Than your bourbon, ale, liquor, malt

My assault learned it well
Turn the tables of time with my perception
Building staples of rhyme hear my reflections
On a little life, I'm livin' in a universe

With no beginning to it, so it ain't an ending
And at times I get to diggin' into infinite
Subliminably spirited, a nigga
With a clip and send it rip [unverified]

Indigenous stork has just touched ground
Rapper's organizations get shut down
Not that I don't wanna see my brothers succeed
But rap its like a sport, I dominate, so follow my lead

I be the G I F T, test me, hefty, left's be gettin' swung
Cruise like a jet ski
Up in yo apartment and plop on your couch y'all
Undisputed heavyweight lyrical southpaw

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It's like a lime to a lemon, that rhymes
I assemble them, at times when I'm [unverified]

They shine you remember [unverified] divine forces
[Unverified] that refine men and women

And I rhyme for a livin', not just for the [unverified]
That isn't what it's all about, really now, valid clout
Uzi MC's I have arguments, n' fallin' outs wit'
About what it's all about, ain't about foamin' out the
mouth

Like a walkin' tall can of Guinness Stout
[Unverified] when the battle cries soundin'
Ding ding, hit 'em like, bing bing
Eat 'em like, B-King, yet wit' no seasoning, bee sting

Wich yo girl dressed in a g-string, she's swingin'
My way, shorty, and it sure looks good
I'm cookin' up a batch of dopeness like a good cook
should
I be the jack of trades, rappers pray

That I don't decapitate, after they cash his ass
Is that an irate? Great, Grade A, top choice lyricism
Hey, hit me wit' that shell shocked rhythm
One time fo' the funky rhymes I say
Two times for the beat and for my DJ it don't stop

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I say we drop it on a
(One)
We drop it on a
(Two)
We comin' out
(Fresh)

And we do it
(For you)
You know the deal with Blackalicious, we don't play
(From New York, NY, to streets of L.A.)
To [unverified]

You know we leave the party wreckin' a disaster
For the new millie, rain like a shower
Let it seep in your pores [unverified]
Oh, Lord, that's scratch

Rock ya from the top and to the bottom
(From the bottom to the top, 'cause I grab the mic)

Wit' the intent to get ill
A natural that you know who is
(Still Mrs. Field's)

So slide to the side and
(Take it light)
And [unverified] all night
(Party people in the place)

I make 'em suffer, to the fallen MC's I'd be the
(Quicker pick 'em upper, galactic of a nebula)
I'm rappin' the spectacular
Attackin' whack amateurs n' back, stabbin'
salamanders

Creepin' while I'm peepin' on 'em
(Party time)
Before I used to hit the meetings it was
(Thunderbird wine used to drink the Ole)

Now I drink Calistoga, sober and I'm older
But the world is still gettin' colder
(Colder)
The Gift of Gab don't stop
(The way I feel I have just got to rock)

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