

## Jim Cuddy

### "Return of the B-Boy"

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[Verse One]

Seconds after I have been swept off my feet  
Open through the doors and in steps the beat  
Complete with medical packs and four fours  
Looked at me and said "damn this nigga need god"  
Bored, apart in the streets he got beat  
The meat, a disinfranchised he left wheat  
Me, these images I could'nt ignore  
Personas of the rhythm who just walked through the  
store  
This man's slim, sported a red glim, notcing damage  
within  
We remove bullets and pack skin  
The kickdrum slur reopen my eyes, he say don't worry  
At the clerk he say don't fire rounds in the flurry  
And I have bad, tied the hostages with his gat  
Told 'em break the fuck out and never look back  
They have the form like meiogy for the kamikaze  
Then they got me walking out pass the local paparazzi  
I see y'all re animated, sure kick get damned a flavor  
We came to save ya and we came to, pull back the data  
I repay a major situation across town, my music is lost  
sound  
Cause they had us locked down.  
They meaning sucka rappers had us heard past  
Comic clowns who be making shit sounds and laughs  
Then they facing masteries, just fittin lack of pieces  
Whats dope and hope that we accept the wack atheists,  
jesus  
Wheres the chamber? Allow me the become the scum  
rearranged uh  
They said "focus ya anger" and bring the rhymes that  
you wrote  
Because these folks will hang ya  
I accepted their concerns turn to him and said  
"fuck that written shit I'll flip that kid off the head"  
What about the feds? Ayo we left them a decoy  
We didn't want the beats to know we brought back the  
B-Boy

[Chorus]

Hip, Hip-Hop (I'm a bring it back) x4

[Verse 2]

Hip hop is so wack, the beats are fighting back  
And I was sent to attack, so I'm following the map  
X's mark the rappers out with two head with  
Furocious cademies that only need with the next spliff  
Step by step I'm headed toward the set to analyze the  
threat  
And make him regret, the day that we met  
I suspect he got a smooth box, I head into the rooftops  
Where I'll make me strategy so I can splatter them  
They were only half of them, five less rappers alive  
So we can vibe the stand and then, dope they didnt  
coincide  
They were half religous, and vicious, with dark wishes  
Which is to assure the core of hip hop which is snitches  
I dropped dimes on how to travel back in time  
So they can melt and miss the nine pioneers patterns to  
rhyme  
And I'm furious, seething at what I'm seeing  
Soon those niggaz won't be breathing  
Ive seen what I got so I'm leaving  
Cause I wanna, set up to stop up for the evening  
Niggaz hopped on my shitlist with a swiftness  
I'm about to rip this, come fear witness

[Beat plays for About 20 seconds]

[chorus] x2

[beat changes]

[Mr. Lif begins rapping]

Mic Check!

We had ill static, over illmatic, I reached for it  
This nigga said I couldnt have it  
So tragic they try to counter my magic, I'm rabid  
I reached for his fuckin face and grabbed it  
Nigga, how the fuck did you figure  
You can Interfere with the music so potent  
That I need to just go for a moment  
Before I moved on.  
Then I heard two songs  
Spit flavor from those head up the 36 chambers  
I'm about to bring this nigga danger  
He was illucive an uncle tom carry a nuciance  
Strong and spiritually useless  
I gave him flashbacks, of niggaz gettin treated like  
labrats  
Beatin with sticks and straps  
Hidden with conscience, held a mirror up to his face

The motherfucker jetted out of the place  
Who's next to get me vexed this rapper making idle  
threats  
Claiming that he got contacts, I stepped to him slow  
Looked deep in his eyes, see another person was  
within him  
Cause he's living a lie  
A rap nearly operation  
Told him that man was not meant to leave earth's  
population  
These talks left him pacing, now he suffers from brain  
disintergration  
No thoughts or information, it started raining visibility  
low  
This had no effects on my abilities though  
To murder an MC is standing procedure  
Looked and see this cat gone follow the leader  
But I'm a cheater, the abdomen and chester leader  
The primary feature, my intense earth to to bleed ya  
All this blood stream, and I'm steadily aiming  
To find the next nigga for naming  
Thats when the death sticks came in, hand me  
This mega large nigga tried to brand me  
I thought the mega blast to enemies  
Then my mind aged to centuries  
Futuristic data, for a complex matter  
This power left to cater, I can compete with the equator  
Smiled I can see him through the earth's vapors  
Looked him up and down, as we walked toward solid  
ground  
What mind, jaw dropped looked what I found  
Classics like Tribe Called Quest, De La Soul, EMPD and  
RUN DMC  
But when we get three feet  
Criminal mind takes a nation a mill, Time to kill  
Run DMC self titled, this nigga my arch rival  
Survival, not liable, got up close and what I signed  
couldnt believe  
My enemy was a genetic replica of me  
That means self is the biggest tour  
It could me the bigger fall, a truly vicious type of war  
So now I'm thrown off, taken back to back, I didnt know  
how to react  
To lack a plan of attack, but it was in full effect, connect  
He didnt affect my intellect, but thoughts I couldnt  
accept  
Images of my grandmother in that old folks home  
Became Very vivid in my dome, this method of rap is  
telepathic  
Damage of my mental fabric, hell a vibe or I have it  
Criminal I can't stand it, or understand it yet my torture

was expanded  
By thoughts that he commanded, had a vision of my  
uncle sitting down  
By himself, meanwhile he's breaking down my physical  
health  
Chronicle inseperable thoughts, to my head  
98 percent of which were absorbed by my dreads  
The other 2 percent I accepted, just so I can feel the  
heat again  
Had a vision of my defeat of him  
So now I'm back, strapped and intact  
Increasing my brain waves to maximum impact  
Thoughts were un holdly, slowly up he looked me up  
and down coldly  
Like I'm the motherfuckin chrome be  
And I am damned I dropped the mic from my hand  
Saw some open land so I ranned  
But as the gem has past hearts, my man had blast  
shots  
Bloodcots stopped ciculation from my nog  
My ego's dead my humiliation to mumble feeble shit  
Suddenly had a dream of desert eagle clips  
So who's me, maybe this oozie, cold hard and steel  
With a sign that says use me  
I call on Susie, and tell what you see  
Usually, I wouldnt let a biter confuse me  
Much of this instance, make a difference  
So started to think with, the innocence fit infants  
incent of incest  
Burn in inscents, I'm intense  
Funny how the powerful scent just dense his senses  
Dont even comment on the senses, I sent this razor  
sharp tone  
To relentless, sequences that leap fences  
beating all human kind to defenseless  
So I shift for, never sick for  
with a swift sword, clipped and flipped this mic for  
Speechless, never wit weakness  
he tried to use the heat of his desire to beat Lif  
Be my guest, take a guess who was left to mess  
And at peace request  
I summoned the sun to burn a whole in his chest

[Mr. Lif Talking to the end]

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