

Masterminds "Bring It Back (Feat. Mr. Khaliyl)"

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F/ Mr. Khaliyl

[Chorus] (8x)

Bringing back that old New York rap

[Oracle]

When I show you how make it hot, little chickens flock
Butt naked buttocks make niggas act unorthodox
Not trying to get in please, half of ya'll got some sort of
disease
Got and STD before your GED
Shaking, what your momma gave you back breaking
In one week got more strokes on your ass than cash
them players be making
Smells like bacon in the room when you finished
Toxins in the air Mrs. laboratory chemist
Mixing poisons in your loins and
Letting boys in like they toys you bent over
Pick up my words like 4 leaf clovers
X-files false under your Skully like agent Mulder
Tarik Holder name written in government folders
Golden mind swollen multi-dimensional zoning
On a cosmic level boning making stars for the zodiac
At 10 years old known in my hood as a brainiac

[Chorus] (8x)

[Mr. Khaliyl]

I jam like traffic so watch me rock your whole
intersection
And have your crew running in 4 different directions
At 90 degrees angles that connect at no point
Til the missino is completed every sipher I anoint
With my whip appeal as I whoop your crew single
handed
Living proof that the universe expanded when I landed
On every continent island and water body existing
On any planet in any galaxy I enlist in
When I decide too be born into a form that is tangible
Only because I made it firm enough to handle you
Other than you be looking up in the sky waiting for
mysteries

While I'm steady creating history
Picture me rolling like one of these cats I'm aware of
Without certain bodily parts men have a pair of
Never happen, whether we rappin or we scrappin
My only duty to awake you rudely if you napping cause
we

[Chorus] (8x)

[Kimani]

We bring it back to back like Siamese
That's attached to the back of the knees
Most labels lacking the fee
To back a nigga like me one of the livest Mc's
Out of the NY, capital K see when I
Drop the semi-automatic, lyrically dramatical
Grammatically written to leave a niggas head splittin
Splittin rhymes to slice minds like enzymes in
centrifuges
Busting mines then lay back like the luge
We upped the ante, bounced from the penthouse to
shanty's
And now second coming got believers quickly running
for the
Wax racks to pack stacks of black facts on fat tracks
On black wax in knapsacks
In back Ac's dipping with the volumen on 10
Down the Ave with my joint on your blend
See ya'll need to comprehend every time this brother
pick up his pen
And thought you emerge many niggas get served now
that's word
We got you

[Chorus] (16x)

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