

## Masterminds

### "Bring It Back"

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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 ome 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-automatical, 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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