

## Unknown

# "Bring it Back"

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[Lil Rob] That's right  
[Fingazz] Yo  
Lil Rob  
[Lil Rob] Hey, what's happenin', man  
[Fingazz] Hey man, there seems to be a problem on  
the back dance floor  
[Lil Rob] What is it?  
[Fingazz] Man, these bitches ain't gettin' freaky  
enough  
[Lil Rob] Is that is?  
No problem  
Give me 1200cc's of Technique  
1150cc's of Nu Mark  
[Fingazz] Nu Mark?  
[Lil Rob] Yeah, Nu Mark  
4 dose of C.B.B. 35  
750cc's of GBW and stand back

[Lil Rob {Lil Rob slowed down}]  
(Verse 1)  
Now that I got your attention  
Let me take you into a different dimension  
Overhead and that's a good freshin'  
Back in time, live and rewind, that's the direction  
Book another studio session  
So I could perform this old school dissection  
Look at the park, brought it back  
Old school style, hombre, got a lot of that  
I've got my {records}  
I mix on the {mixer}  
I'm scratchin' on my {turntables}  
It's bumpin' out the {speakers}  
Mirror, mirror, crooked on the wall  
Who is the baddest vato of them all  
I mean  
Who is the one that they always call  
To get the party people up off the wall  
Up tempo, that's the momentum  
Beats made with venom, out to go get 'em  
They can't get away, fuck no, we won't let 'em  
Why?

But they want to, the way that we sweat 'em  
Fuck yeah, homeboy, we just wreck 'em  
Streets of the beast, and sweep, and just take 'em  
Take microphones and microphone check 'em  
Spit the kind of shit that makes them respect 'em  
The sharp knife, the crease on the denim  
Makin' sure, that you don't forget 'em  
Twelve Eighteen, that's the operation  
{Hit the dancefloor with no hesitation}

Chorus: Lil Rob  
Bring back the pop-lockin'  
Body-rockin' music  
Guaranteed to get the party started  
Now listen to the DJ get retarded  
{\*Fingazz scratching\*}  
Bring it back, now  
DJ, bring it back, now  
Bring it back  
DJ  
Bring it back, now

(Verse 2)  
Old with the new, I take moves and bend 'em  
Take some old school records and bend 'em  
Scratchin' and mixin', mixin' and scratchin'  
My  
Satisfaction is  
The reaction  
Some  
Do the head spinnin'  
Til the wax spin back  
Til the heads bend, people clappin' people  
Laughin', good time, havin' people dancin'  
{Just imagine the party with lots of action}  
I grab the perfect elixor  
Two turntables, speakers and a mixer  
Beats and lyrics that are sure to hit ya  
If not, then I got a phat joint to fix ya  
Mixed so much, that my fingers blister  
So fast, you can't even take a picture  
Bring it back, let it go in rotation  
It's tight, {but no hyperventilatin'}

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)  
One  
I know how to keep the party spun (Two)  
World Class just like the Wreckin' Cru (One)  
We party until we see the sun (Bounce)

Diggin' in the crates, time to operate

Break: Lil Rob {Lil Rob slowed down}  
With old school {records} (Yeah)  
A brand new {mixer}  
I'm right, in some {turntables}  
It's tweakin' out the {speakers}  
Now DJs, spin my {records}  
Then cut it with the {mixer}  
Put this one on your {turntable}  
Get 'em on the floor like 1984

Repeat Chorus

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