

Vast Aire

"Back 2 Basics"

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(Intro) Uh-huh We make regular music (Hook) What goes up must come down Sorta like balloons when you let go of 'em (Let go!) Jealous ones wanna knock my style (Style!) Put a hole in ya head and let out the helium [Vast Aire] I came up with cats that ain't give two shit We grew up in the projects with elevator piss Dad ain't there, moms is cranky That's why she comes home yells and spansks me This shit ain't cotton candy And if it is the taste is shady Be all You Can Be - but this ain't the Army You will get tossed it will not be gravy New York, New York, I'm in Uptown baby Now I rest in Brooklyn, the city is crazy Buildings fall down, that's friction homie Elevate the camp wit a bunch of Shinobi I'm not lying (I'm not lying) I can form a sword like Red & Green Lion Knowledge is grand like a G in my hand I'ma hustler but I don't cook coke in the pan You know! [Break] I'm not a rapper I just talk a lot I'm not a rapper I just talk a lot (Hook) [Vast Aire] And that wouldn't be cool if you called my name Cuz you'll be soft like video games Same shit different day, new toilet You got a card on the table, I might pull it Texas Hold 'Em, watch me fold 'em Off the wall but my skin ain't turn white You just entered the chamber of a thousand falls Shit, we gon' be here all night Peace to Metro, he gave me the insight Me blessing the mic that's my birthright Style's so ill it'll turn rocks to sand Come a little closer and I'll show you unseen hand Son, we on our own Pig Latin We be on some infe kimpe Now everybody sounds like Jay And everybody loves moving the purple and ye' You know! [Break] I'm not a rapper I just talk a lot I'm not a rapper I just talk a lot

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