

Billy Vera % the Beaters

"Return of the B-Girl"

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[Kool Keith]

Yeah whassup T-Love
A lot of brothers be freestylin (right)
Blowin smoke at your clothes
Girls be out there with, weaves with
glue in they scalps, tryin to get loose
But it's time to drop gooses! (true dat)
Youknowhatl'msayin?

"T, hit it off!"

[T-Love]

There's a lot of girls rhymin on the mic with no direction
Don't know why they flexin, forgot rules and lessons
The essence: beats and rhymes and shit
I'm about to show these bitches that I'll die for this
With more than the skills to pay the bills at ?, I rock it
Nobody knows my name, at least I'm hittin pocket
It's been a while.. "been-been-a, been-a, been a long
time" -> Ra
Yeah, it's been a long time since B-Girls got down
Now I be, mannered like Janet, Jack-me when I'm not
lookin
Cause iffin I'm lookin, then you get YO' shit tookeen
A hundred degrees of heat, under emcees who sleep-
walkin
in some bibles since the age of three
See I be a rap editor, rhymer et cetera
to the letter or competitor, not in it for the cheddar
A calligraphist, envisionist
Yeah it's been a long time but I'm back to make a diff'

Chorus: Kool Keith

That girl is wack.. That kid is wack..
That producer's wack.. Your whole family's wack..
"So wack that it's bound to show"

[Kool Keith]

I'm systematic, graphic, outspoken, master past a
certain MC

Abilities of enemies, construct nine million quintrillion
makes a brother brilliant, strong like Einstein
I find the underlying, words with verbs herb
Make me famous when I pull up on your anus
It's disaster for the tri-state actor, in a circle like Urkel
Yo T-Love, these assholes are dirt specks on my rugs
Smokin blunts with stomach pumps
Pick up the mic, your crew'll only rhyme once
For the budget, 70,000 Monopoly money
With a wack producer, usin Sonny Spitz
You on that "Keep it Real" list, you're broke
You're name is Captain Provoke, better know you ain't
never eatin Tony Rhomes, files of culture I'm still dope
even not with Ultra -- back you saved this from Casio
samples
I'm raw like green apples
Fly smooth, I ain't got nuttin to prove
Your album has been out for forever
You didn't even go plether
Plastic was your quota, Mr. Spiritual Philosopher
Prepare for your release for foul speech
You weak, like Cream of Wheat
I step to you and blow out assholes like Miami Heat
Yo, take off those boots, it's ninety-five degrees out
here
It's fuckin hot

"So wack that it's bound to show"

Chorus

[T-Love]

Return of the B-Girl promises
nothing less, than spectacular, with vernacular
Peep how T mackin the verb
like hoes strollin, on Pharoah, I'm givin you the narrow
The L-Down, I mean the skinny, this Pickaninny
went to rock battle, while she rides up to Denny's
Nah I ain't really tryin to diss nobody
But old school B-Girls swore in the Goddess
In studded Gazelles, they did windmills
West had on the Pumas, East had on the Shells
Rock the Bells sell prevailed by L's lips
Serious about the type of styles we flipped
We get closer to millenium, B-Girls dwindle
You don't have to stress because "I'm, comin!"
It's been a long time, I shouldn't have left you
Sorry for the wack shit you slept through

Chorus 2X

[Kool Keith]
Yeah, it's return of the B-Girl
T-Love in the house for the nine-seven
Pullin all, glue off wigs
That's right, damagin skulls
That's right it's all beauty parlor skills
That's right
Touchin up on the weaves and cuttin ends off

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