

Blackalicious f/ KWEEN and Lyrics Born

"Give it to Ya"

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[Chorus - Gift of Gab and KWEEN]

Rhyme for rhyme and line for line

The lyrics from the mind that's prime, arrive on time

and rip into you fine as wine, sublime the kind

of spitters who would shine divine

with rhymes and life, is what you make it

Rhyme for rhyme and line for line

The lyrics from the mind that's prime, arrive on time

They rip into ya night to night, recite the type, of written

Come inside the light, tonight's the night, we give it to

ya

[Gift of Gab - Verse One]

Comin' back to stay, when I rap this way

Blowin' minds wit' these lyrics out my fact-oray

That are practic-ally, on some maste-ray

Show you all how a funky record has to be

Not to toot my horn, I'm from Californ

It's the +cheese+, not the kind that's grown from cows
in barns

But the kind that meets your needs in like a thousand
forms

As we dance to the ever flowin' masquerade

Homey, pass the J, homies pass away

Over pride when another nigga blast a K

Evil thought hearts chilly, Dickie Dastard-lay

All his people mourned deeply as the pastor prayed

Come though from out of town, you wouldn't last a day

All they know is long money and assassination

Get it now, not tomorrow, don't procrastinate

This is my grind, verbal slangin', I'm a master fate

In a drastic way, this is class so pay

Close attention, write all night 'til I gasp and faint

Get my people out this struggle of that Section 8

If you want it, hey we got it, you don't have to wait
because...

[Chorus]

[KWEEN - Verse Two]

Golden voice wit' style, spirit poised for power

Definition of a goddess, I'm a poster child
As I boast about, here's a dose fo' trail
Evil spirits don't concern me, tell the ghost be out!
Shine my light to dim, all the spite within
Competition, 'cause at times, I know we frighten them
All we really wanna do is give some sight to them
All my people, New York City to the coast of Cal
I'm the toast of towns, I'm the cat's meow
Movin' faster than your mind, come and catch me now
Niggaz see me on stage and wanna ask me out
I'm the true original never a hand-me-down
When I flash no doubt, know that ass is out
Nefertiti, Mama Zulu, try and pass the Nile
Take your breath away it's like you're catchin' asthma
now
In this verbal marathon, you couldn't last a mile
because...

[Chorus]

[Lyrics Born - Verse Three]

Lyrics Born to rap, I put it all on that
Twelve years deep, my foot ain't comin' off the gas
We walk the chosen path, close the culture gap
O.G. like the Figure-Four the Boston Crab
All across the map, beyond the almanac
You see the backstage posted lookin' so relaxed
Lady wit' me, open toe, lil' shoulder bag
Hat tipped just a bit, ooh she cold like that
Where my ballers at? If you can call it that
Potna' both you and me know that shit is boulderdash
We see right through yo phony ass like youse a
holograph
We so real, when they see us, it's like they pause and
gasp
Cat's lookin' like they see a flyin' saucer pass
Cross they arms, turn they heads like they was
Ultraman
We gotcha whole clique surrounded in a cul-de-sac
So baby get ta jump-ropin' over a broken glass
because...

[Chorus]

"The Craft"

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