

## **Dom Pachino f/ Buddha Monk, Layza Life, Lee-Major**

### **"Let's Go Back"**

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[Chorus 2X: Buddha Monk] Let's go back, back to the way things were Let's go rapping, let's go battle rapping [Layza Life] So you wanna fuck with the Layza? I sink your battleship Slam you like Shaq when he starred in Blue Chips Drink for the fuck of it, smoke, cuz I be loving it Pour some out if you die, keep the living loving it I gets God when it gets to this With that no holds barred, black throw his fist Them Brooklyn Zu cats, thugs for real I got the, hot shit that melt the man of steel You know the deal, L.I.F.E. never empty Run through one in the head, let off three Heart attack, catch ya breath or get left Eating M.C.'s til they're ain't none left You wanna battle me, dun, watch ya mouth Uppercuts to your jaw, coming from down south, son My caliber, proton shells, shot from Galactica I laugh at ya, let off lines, to break a back in ya Hacking ya, silence yo lamb, Hannibal Lector Protect ya, neck and your CREAM, duck, my nigga [Chorus 2X] [Lee-Major] I will rule, yeah, but never never mind Smack that thing up, so I can insert these lines Actually, for my fraction, I'm crashing your contraction Grabbing mics, then I passing Back and forth and, open up your coffin This ill fluid, you can't maneuver, when I bust a ruger Make you take your promo face, stays down in the sewer Yeah, you can't stop the tantrum When the Zu slam dance on your face for an anthem Anthem, ansem, ante up, handsome Fake thugs get real slugs, cuz this is what I love So tell Rollo to swallow my mah-nozzle When battles like this, make you wanna stop Rewind the tape, and see what you missed [Buddha Monk] It's Daddy Warbucks, the verbal murder gatcha Spit twenty bars at rap seminars You niggas wanna fuck with me, that's negative G. Die from the first line, and deaded in my rhymes It's bad news vet, when this God come through Stopped you from thinking, that your shit was banging I object, dog, honor this God with battle bars Who spit more harder shit, than all of ya'll You don't think so, you hater, let's do this, not later That way the talks done, when I spit, you know who won I was born with this gutterish shit Under my balls, never fit a battle, so fuck all of ya'll, nigga [Chorus]

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