

Back On the Block

Quincy Jones

Back
Back on the block
Back
Back on the blockBack, on the block, so we can rock
With the soul, rhythm, blues, be bop and hip hop
Back on the block
Back on the blockIce-T, let me kick my credentials
A young player, bred in South Central
L.A., home of the body bag
You wanna die, wear the wrong color ragI used to walk in stores and yell, "Lay down"
You flinch an inch AK spray down
But I was lucky 'cause I never caught the hard time
I was blessed with the skill to bust a dope rhymeAll my homies died or caught the penzo
Lost their diamonds, cops towed their Benzos
Livin' that life that we thought was it
Fast lanin', but the car flippedI'm not gonna lie to ya, 'cause I don't lie
I just kick thick game, some people say why?
'Cause I'm back on the block, I got my life back
So I school the fools about the fast trackI get static from the style of my technique
Profanity, the blatant way in which I speak
But the Dude knows the streets ain't no kiddie game
You don't know the Dude? Quincy's his first nameHe told me, Ice, keep doin' what you're doin', man
Don't give a damn if the squares don't understand
You let 'em tell you what to say and what to write
Your whole career'll be over by tomorrow nightRap from your heart, and your heart's with the street
Rap on my record, man, Kimiko, send Ice the beat
The Dude is def no doubt, what can I say?
The man can roll with Ice-T or Michael JBack
Back on the block
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Back on the blockBack, on the block, so we can rock
With the soul, rhythm, blues, be bop and hip hop
Back on the block
Back on the blockI'm back, on the block, on the screen
I'm on the wax, I'm on the stage, I'm on the scene
I'm on the case, just like an attorney
The Dude took me on a magic journeyTo dance in France, alone in Rome
On the farmlands of Nebraska, the cold of Alaska
The heat of the motherland to be with my brother man

On top of a snowcapped mountain I'm scoutin' What another man saw in a race of people
 To see him give his life for the price of equal
 The highest wisdoms, the richest kingdoms
 The song of songs we heard David sing them He showed me me when I was young and hung out
 He showed me makin' love, even showed me strung out
 He showed me poppin' nines, standin' on a rock
 But tears came to my eyes when he showed me my block Ba-ba-back on the
 Ba-back on
 Ba-ba-back on the block
 Ba-ba-back on
 Ba-ba-back on the block Stokie's just Stokie, mama
 (Stokie's Stokie)
 And one by one each woman he kiss
 (He kiss her and she gon' fall in love) Stokie's just Stokie, you know?
 (Stokie's Stokie)
 Till someone shows that they care enough
 (Ain't nothin' gonna bother Stokie much) Some say they can't take it no more
 (Comin' here, comin' here startin' stuff)
 But Dude is back on duty fo' sho'
 (Back on the block to stay) They say he ain't gonna be with it
 (Comin' back, comin' back to the street)
 But Dude he know you'll never forget it
 (Back on the block to stay) Back up and give the brother room
 To let poetry bloom to whom it may concern or consume
 As I reminisce before this the bliss that exist
 But now we brought about a twist 'Cause I remember of my people bleedin'
 Put through slavery and killed for bravery
 We shoulda got our freedom much sooner
 You never seen a Blackman on the honeymooners But now somehow we've learned to earn, to grow, to show
 The elevation of a people built is so
 Jesse Jackson, Miss America a black one
 No more livin' for just a small fraction I was once told by the Dude that knowledge is a food
 To nourish, so to conclude
 This from an Asiatic descendant, Big Daddy is shocked
 Yo Q, we back on the block Back
 Back on the block
 Back
 Back on the block Back, on the block, so we can rock
 With the soul, rhythm, blues, be bop and hip hop
 Back on the block
 Back on the block An everlasting omnipresence is my present
 State of being, seeing the unpleasant
 Sight of righteous souls live like peasants
 The mind stunts growth in adolescence My insight enables me to enlight
 The weakest of minds, and I put 'em in flight

As I transcend, a-scend or de-scend
Re-create, re-incarnate and re-send
The powerful spirits of our ancestors
For those that don't know how God blessed us
Because man messed up, the media dressed up
Lies perpetrated as truth, and it left us
Confused, but I've seen it all before
From Babylon to the Third World War
I'm more than a man, I'm more like an entity
Back on the block, and this time my identity is the Dude
Ba-ba-back on the
Ba-ba-back on the block
Ba-ba-back on
Ba-ba-back on the block
Stoki, ke Stoki, mai-bo
(Stoki, Stoki)
Wam babma, wam bamb'u mandisa
(Wahm bamba wahm bamboo mandisa)
Stoki, ke Stoki, mai-bo
(Stoki, Stoki)
Wam babma, wam bamb'u mandisa
(Wahm bamba wahm bamboo mandisa)
M'yeke, yeke, yeke, wena
(Kha'mye, kha'myeke wena)
Yo khala, khala, khala, u mama
(Yo khal'u mama khe)
M'yeke, yeke, yeke, wena
(Kha'mye, kha'myeke, wena)
Yo khala, kha, 'yok 'shaya u baba
(Yok shaya u baba khe)
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Ba-ba-back on the block
Ba-ba-back on the block
Now I would, I would contend that ah
The rappers rap is here to stay

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