

# Reanimation

## Blackalicious

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It's the gift, uh-huh  
Here to give your mortal mind a lift, uh-huh  
Mack rap verbally pimp, uh-huh  
Lace another rhythm with my signature  
The gift, uh-huhIt's the chief, uh-huh  
Tearing up the drum and bringing heat, uh-huh  
Block shock, thunderous beats, uh-huh  
Blazing on your local ghetto street corner  
The chief, uh-huhEyes in my mind, pulse signs in my rhymes  
Lines are inclined shine, dine in my shrine  
Warring time, mortifying, sauna flying lines  
Borderline Einstein, horrifying timesOrdered like slaughter fights for the fight-type  
Sure to strike, pouring like water might, I  
Smoke like a sack of that northern light hype  
Swerving off a nitro ice-cold quarter pintSaw the bright light, rappers caught a night-night  
Bona fide nice ice, Dolomite type  
Sorta like Border Heights, what a sight, yipes  
Showing motherfuckers how to hold a mic rightPhoto light images Yoda might bite  
Soldier-like stripes, word to Spike, build a vice is  
Photo volt bright light, hold the funk inside  
Glowing like solar kites, sho ya right quiteIt's the gift, uh-huh  
Here to give your mortal mind a lift, uh-huh  
Mack rap verbally pimp, uh-huh  
Lace another rhythm with my signature  
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Tearing up the drum and bringing heat, uh-huh  
Block shock, thunderous beats, uh-huh  
Blazing on your local ghetto street corner  
The chief, uh-huhBeats to the rhythm, rock raps in the day  
Feast on adrenaline, master the way  
I'm the verbal hunter going after my prey  
They Running for the highest mountain yelling out, "Mayday"G-A-B, the great annihilator of the way they

Be all on sacred scepter jocking, like a Pele  
 Soccer ball, kick 'em all, drop 'em in the Bay say  
 Fatter than your nigga Albert yelling, "Hey, hey, hey" Putting on apprentices like Brandy did Ray J  
 Shutting down your business like 15-80K day  
 If you ain't efficient you'll be all up in a melee  
 G-A-B'll bring the richness of the sun into your gray day Take your AK, put it in a little tray  
 Lay it underneath the surface of the earth and let it stay way  
 Out of sight and mind so you can focus on your time in climbing  
 Rhyming, hey that beat like grime and shining be my pay day It's the gift, uh-huh  
 Here to give your mortal mind a lift, uh-huh  
 Mack rap verbally pimp, uh-huh  
 Lace another rhythm with my signature  
 The gift, uh-huh It's the chief, uh-huh  
 Tearing up the drum and bringing heat, uh-huh  
 Block shock, thunderous beats, uh-huh  
 Blazing on your local ghetto street corner  
 The chief, uh-huh Slick-slippery, quick ripping these, shift physically  
 Drift with a kick kicking me  
 Hickory dickory, emcees are sick of me  
 Zen trickery, get the gist, sent wizardry Split-lickety, spit it could be lit  
 Like this, into me, it is a secret  
 Emcees pretend to be kin to the gift  
 I'm mentally shitting the wisdom of centuries Wit, go on like a centipede's length  
 Rappers want flames, man, I injure these shrimps  
 Skew 'em on the barb' with some hickory chips  
 I'm a level higher than the intermediate Rappers, I don't care about your gender, descent  
 Background, police records, history, rent  
 Unpaid evictions, charge penalties sent  
 Merciless in battle leaving enemies bent, it's the gift It's the gift, uh-huh  
 Here to give your mortal mind a lift, uh-huh  
 Mack rap verbally pimp, uh-huh  
 Lace another rhythm with my signature  
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 Block shock, thunderous beats, uh-huh  
 Blazing on your local ghetto street corner  
 The chief, uh-huh

Lyrics provided by

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