Rock the Spot

Boom Bap Project

Homeboys take time and elevate your mind
We came to rock the spot, rock the spot
Homegirls inside, just let your nature rise
We came to rock the spot, rock the spot
Now Gabby got the verbal that'll get
Your little wifey out her girdle
In a session with me lightin' up a little herbal
Turtle shell, chool individuals that listen to me
Word it well, given to the rapper
Who is livin' through, be heard and held
In a high esteem, I get you drunker
Than your bourbon, ale, liquor, malt
My assault learned it well
Turn the tables of time with my perception
Building staples of rhyme hear my reflections
On a little life, I'm livin' in a universe
With no beginning to it, so it ain't an ending
And at times I get to diggin' into infinite
Subliminably spirited, a nigga
With a clip and send it rip [unverified]
Indigenous stork has just touched ground
Rapper's organizations get shut down
Not that I don't wanna see my brothers succeed
But rap its like a sport, I dominate, so follow my lead
I be the G I F T, test me, hefty, left's be gettin' swung
Cruise like a jet ski
Up in yo apartment and plop on your couch y'all
Undisputed heavyweight lyrical southpaw
Homeboys take time and elevate your mind
We came to rock the spot, rock the spot
Homegirls inside, just let your nature rise
We came to rock the spot, rock the spot
It's like a lime to a lemon, that rhymes
I assemble them, at times when I'm [unverified]
They shine you remember [unverified] divine forces
[Unverified]that refine men and women
And I rhyme for a livin', not just for the [unverified]
That isn't what it's all about, really now, valid clout
Uzi MC's I have arguments, n' fallin' outs wit'

About what it's all about, ain't about foamin' out the mouth
Like a walkin' tall can of Guinness Stout
[Unverified] when the battle cries soundin'
Ding ding, hit 'em like, bing bing
Eat 'em like, B-King, yet wit' no seasoning, bee sting
Wich yo girl dressed in a g-string, she's swingin'
My way, shorty, and it sure looks good
I'm cookin' up a batch of dopeness like a good cook should
I be the jack of trades, rappers pray
That I don't decapitate, after they cash his ass

Is that an irate? Great, Grade A, top choice lyricism
Hey, hit me wit' that shell shocked rhythm
One time fo' the funky rhymes I say
Two times for the beat and for my DJ it don't stop
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We came to rock the spot, rock the spot
I say we drop it on a
(One)
We drop it on a
(Two)
We comin' out
(Fresh)
And we do it
(For you)
You know the deal with Blackalicious, we don't play
(From New York, NY, to streets of L.A.)
To [unverified]
You know we leave the party wreakin' a disaster
For the new millie, rain like a shower
Let it seep in your pores [unverified]
Oh, Lord, that's scratch
Rock ya from the top and to the bottom
(From the bottom to the top, 'cause I grab the mic)
Wit' the intent to get ill
A natural that you know who is
(Still Mrs. Field's)
So slide to the side and
(Take it light)
And [unverified] all night
(Party people in the place)
I make 'em suffer, to the fallen MC's I'd be the
(Quicker pick 'em upper, galactic of a nebula)

I'm rappin' the spectacular
Attackin' whack amateurs n' back, stabbin' salamanders
Creepin' while I'm peepin' on 'em
(Party time)
Before I used to hit the meetings it was
(Thunderbird wine used to drink the Ole)
Now I drink Calistoga, sober and I'm older
But the world is still gettin' colder
(Colder)
The Gift of Gab don't stop
(The way I feel I have just got to rock)
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