Back On The Block

Quincy Jones

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
Ice-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 rag
I 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 rhyme
All 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 flipped
I'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 track
I 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 name
He 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 night
Rap 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 J
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
I'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 journey
To 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-back on
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)
Back on the block
Ba-ba-back on the
Ba-ba-back on the block
Ba-ba-back on
Ba-ba-back on the block
Ba-ba-back on the
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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