

Reanimation

Blackalicious

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
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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 dayTake 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 dayIt's the gift, uh-huh
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The chief, uh-huhSlick-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 wizardrySplit-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 centuriesWit, 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 intermediateRappers, 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 giftIt's the gift, uh-huh
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The chief, uh-huh

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