

Back To the Basics

Twista

I'm about to take everybody back to the basics
I'm historical an oracle event is about to occur
Because a motherfucker put these raps in the matrix
And I'm a terror when I spit it on tracks full of hatred
But there's beauty in the dark, just put it in yo mouth
And the flows like hmm, like that when you taste it
Commin' at niggas like a disciple of death, you would think
I'm poppin' a rifle or tech, I'm aimin' right for the neck
Yo' momma might as well call up the funeral home so she can
Right em' a check, a vile of dialect. That's why they feelin' me
A trilogy, a horror is what I become so they call me Jason Vorhee
Oops I mean chasin' more cheese, niggas gotta pay some more fees
Hot enough to brake a thermometer from another planet I kill em'
From here to Andromeda, astronomer because I'm out of the galaxy
Challenge me I will disintegrate yo' body like a particle
Follow you into a corridor at 4 in the mornin' so I can horrify you
Rite before I slaughter you. My boys sayin' they don't think I'm comin'
So you know a nigga gotta get em' all. Then Ima' be murderin' em'
Like a serial killer then Ima hide em' in the sealing and the wall
Fuck em' all. Niggas will never get next to this
I rock a rollie so I flex the wrist. Ima blow up and sit in yo' place
Then through up shit in yo' place like the exorcist
You can't mess with this Now let's take shit back to the basics
How we used to do shit
With the original sound but still
Somehow comin' with that new shit Now let's take shit back to the basics
How we used to do shit
With the original sound but still
Somehow comin' with that new shit Talk about the way there ain't no morals or respect in the streets no more
Don't pause with the heat no more
Cause there really ain't nothin' out here to eat no more Now a days niggas actin' like they lovin' the dime, used
to be some respect
But now they just kill em' and stack em'
'cause Benjamin Franklin the governer now
Theoretically you better be ahead of everybody around you
'cause a nigga might fuck you
Don't need to be nothin' but killers in yo' family
That always surround you 'cause a nigga might touch you
Since the recession It's been hard on the streets

So a nigga comin' hard on the beats, no order in the hood
I remember when niggas would get into it,
They would have to take problems to chief
Now they don't give a fuck who they be shootin'
Or who they be robbin' or what you ride
All they really care about is you got that
And if you let one of these knuckle headed bitches
Know you sittin' on somethin', motherfuckers guna' be at that
It's those south side murderers
It's them west side killas'Up north and over east is a beast
What they release be leavin' you deceased
Fuck up anybody that try to do damage
The block is the planet and shorty is too buck
For there to be peace, so I carry a piece
But I don't wana' shoot cuz' I already wana'
See some of my niggas locked up in jail home
Instead of hollerin' at em' on a cell phone
R.I.P cuz' my lil' brother Rel' gone
We need to find another way to get it instead of always
Being on the attack full of hatred
Or get smacked in the face with the reality of death
If we don't get back to the basics
Now let's take shit back to the basics
How we used to do shit
With the original sound but still
Somehow comin' with that new shit
Now let's take shit back to the basics
How we used to do shit
With the original sound but still
Somehow comin' with that new shit

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