

Black Eyed Peas, BACK 2 HIPHOP (feat Nas)

Ring the alarm, get on the horn and inform
Everyone from Oregon to Melbourne
That the funk phenomenon has been reborn and transformed
You coulda sworn that you wasn't warned 'cause we was
Trapped in the box that rap had spawned
It was a square until we kicked it to an octagon
We gotten strong from the pain it's undergone
Whereupon we kill the beat when the mic ain't on
That's my motherfuckin' procedure
I'm cold with the flow I will freeze ya
I'm the emperor, I'm Caesar
Can somebody tell me where the MCs are?
I violate over guitars, annihilate and operate like I'm on ER
Lyrically gang bang 'cause I'm behind bars
And rearrange DNA, play like God
I bring it back
Back to life, back to life
Back to life, back to life
Back to life, back to life
Back to life, back to life
It's dang credible, original, strong individual
Send a million decibels of sound through your physical
Alligator ritual turns out it was the visual
Proficient with the lyrical, a vision like a miracle
Damage all you mumblin' MCs rhyming 'bout decimal
Increasing no residual, why you still remain minimal
Maximize, utilize, my plan mineral
Do not try to bite 'cause my shit is not edible
Rhyme unforgettable like Nat King Cole
You can feel it on your neck like you in a choke hold
Unfold the mystery, unload the BEP
Bangin' on your speakers while you haters wait impatiently
What would be the next step, next move on set
Betting they're not sober, we haven't even started yet
More shit, raw shit, complex intricate
Resurrect the bitch and bring it back like this
Back to life, back to life
Back to life, back to life
Back to life, back to life
Back to life, back to life
One show, Jay go for the gusto
On a boat full of dope, goin' up flow
Ali when I float it's a KO
Face to the flo', go hit 'em with the payload
MOAB got 'em runnin' like Usain Bolt
Started lowdown, now I'm in they download
Slice through you slo-mo's like a Lambo'
Runnin' through these levels like I'm playing with a cheat code
Left right, left right, BEP mode
Stop, roll back on my dope shit
Pablo, white Esco mine shinin' like I'm Destro
Back to life with this death manifesto
Yeah, Nas, Nas, Nas, Nas, in your area
Yeah, Nas, Nas, in your area
(Back to life)
Fat boy had a nigga makin' noise 'til midnight
Then that 'gac poison and got us a fist fight
Hat low in a Regal, cracks all in that diesel
Pack corners, gat pointed at people, know I beef dude
Can't afford a funeral never
Mortician have your man face lookin' like leather
I'll be walkin' out the way shook and shiverin'
Lookin' so different from when he was just livin' man
Another 40-side killer, man

North side in the sixteenth building and
I'm on the corporate side, still pull off a New York walk by
Keep tryin' talk fly
I talk fly, verbalize a pilot
Poetic fertilizer that's lyrical shit
Hip-hop die but we resurrect it
Yeah bring it back, that mystic linguistic
Bring it back
It's a resur-re-rection bring it back
It's a resur-re-rection bring it back
It's a resur-re-rection bring it back
Bring it back (Back to life)
Bring it back, bring it back
It's a resur-re-rection bring it back
(Back to life) Bring it (Back to life)
Bring it (Back to life)
Bring it (Back to life)
Yo, resur-re-rection, yeah
Reassemblin' bringing it back with the pen, yeah
It all depends how I be feelin' when I descend
I'm prolly gonna go Kamikaze like Eminem
Look at them tremblin' when I stomp in Timberlan'
Boots, I come through and scoop you feminine
Vibration, we penetratin' your skeleton
Reanimation we bringin' it back again
Son of a bitch, they wanna take what I made from nothin'
Then the struggle to erase any proof that I came from suffrin'
Now they hate I survived every trick by hustlin'
I stay on my G, we don't cease fire or die
Get your whole family hog tied
Nigga you small fries
And you never should have started beef
You know I can't fall back like Ferrari seats
I'm in the mask all black, black hoodie and gloves
Strap with the fully, Dutch full of bud
I'm on that Hypnotic and Goose
And I ain't gotta shoot
I'll have you ass hangin' high from a noose, yeah