

I was raised on the hip-hop
More raised in more ways than one
This is back when hip-hop was still fun.
When Public Enemy was still number one.
Before all the pro-black cats discovered guns. (No funds!)
Countin' money so me and my man skate to Kool Mo' G records
Makin' up hand-shakes
He's a damn fake to say he can't relate to Mike Tyson
Punch out, drinkin' up the Kool-aid and getting' cussed-out
Bust out in the evening, I'm free when I'm breathin' incense
And got the EPMDin'.
Back then an album was something you could listen to for 6 months straight
(Somebody slap me if that isn't true)
When my religion was hip-hop, Chris dropped the testament
That to this day got me wanna be intelligent

We didn't have a ... back then
We had a ... back then
I rock the green, black and yellow back then

When Foxy Brown was droppin' in the first train of thought we had dreams
But (rosy carrez?) is who we saw
Never said that I was old school but let me get it straight
This game has never been as straight as it was in '88

Doin' my thang with an '89 swing
Kick this one here for me and my king
'89 the number, another summer
One one one one
The mic the man, the master plan
And if you need 'em I got crazy prophylactics
Had to climax when I max, relax and chill
Sit down eat your slice of pizza and be quiet - [Slick Rick-Mona Lisa]
Buddy Buddy Buddy all in my face
The J to the A to the M to the E
I'm talented yes I'm gifted
Nigga' please, you work for UPS
It's not about a salary, it's all about reality -
And the J-U-N-E-L-Y
I don't slur my words when I rap 'cause that's wack
Kick a hole in the speaker pull the plug than I jack
Crashhh! 2000 sucka's!