

## Eighty-8

Brother Ali

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 mont  
hs 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 h  
ad 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 girfted  
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!