

# In Tha Park

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, niggas don't know about Fatback  
With the different color records they had back in the days  
You know what I mean, the belt-driven turntables  
With Technics joints (with the slipmats!)  
Put nickels on the needles so the motherfucking record won't jump  
The needle won't skip and shit  
Getting juice from the fucking light poles  
Shout out to the Bronx, nigga!

Ay yo, this shit go way back like a Uni marker, kid  
Bombing the D train and hit the Bronx up  
Krylon bandits attack; Planet Rock, Bambaataa  
Peace to Pylon discovering rap  
And the DJ that made the first scratch  
Paved the way for Flex, Mister Cee, 'nuff of them cats  
See, this rap shit came at a time that was accurate  
Twenty-something years later, I mastered it  
Seen light poles get used for power  
I was a little nigga  
Couldn't stay out late - I was sour  
So I sat by the window, heard the DJ cut  
Impeach the Pres, Apache, and just begun  
Otis Redding - slam! The music stopped  
Guess the system blew out one of his amps  
It'd take a little while, then it come back on  
Somebody stepped on the wire and shit, that's all  
Now everybody's back in the groove, echo chamber  
"Check one two, one two" - that's my favorite  
Strobe lights is live, Pink Champale  
Little pink joints being lit up on the side  
Couple niggas had two fives  
Other than that, cleared a circle in the park and shoot 5  
Girls wore they Lees and jellies  
Jordache and Lees, TF Lords fit the fellys  
Sams and Kangol buckets, BVD's  
Go to Sergio's like, fuck it  
Seen the stamp on that Crazy Eddie  
niggas coming back from the Funhouse dusted  
Throwing bubbles on the wall

We must remind you  
Where this rap come from  
Yes my brother, my sister  
It's our duty, we must remind you  
Hip hop was set out in the park  
We used to do it out in the dark

Yo, it all started at the After Midnight Philly, but walk with me  
Mad niggas coming down from New York City  
Prolly hit the skating rink USA  
Banging Schoolly, "Gangster Boogie" and "PSK"  
I remember shells, Gazelles, top tens, and lottos  
Mega design, reefer smoke, Coqui nine bottles  
Entire wore velours, call the boys with the Lucci wore  
84's from Atlantic City Coogi store  
Linoleum break dancing, Rust-Oleum cans  
I put the writing on the wall signed, "Truly yours"

Philly smashed '87 Music Seminar  
Out on the battlefield like Pat Benatar  
Hit the borough with Krown Rulers out of Camden  
People Patty Duke-ing in the party, all cramped in  
Around the time Flav started cold lamping  
"Rebel Without a Pause" was the street anthem  
Old Memorex cassette, tape collections  
Bright spotlights on all the fights at the Spectrum  
When the Fresh Fest come, leather bombers and sheepskins  
Brothers would bust they guns to get one  
MC Breeze, Disco C, Jazzy Jeff  
Cash Money and Miz and Lady B  
Everybody banging "Sucker MC's" in '83  
I was South Philly like St. Charles and Crazy D  
Them wild North Side Puerto Ricans would snuff you  
Twenty deep in a Ford Escort, pumping the Tuff Crew  
I used to follow my cousin, he was a buck too  
"Y'all don't like how I'm living, well, fuck you!"  
I been a G since a little kid  
Sticking my head up into somebody's dollar party, getting into shit  
And late nights, shoulda been in bed  
Instead, I was running 'round with them downtown lemonheads  
A little man, hanging where them grown women is  
Under thirteen, seeing real strong images  
And that's the reason for my real rap penmanship  
That's where I started it, and that's where I'm a finish it