Ayo, MJ Let me tell these people why i'm old school, man, I am not a Myspace MC, i'm a pirate MC, From flava to dasha, From rinse to major, Rude boi, don watch dat, When it comes to da roadz, i lock that, Coz when it come to the flowz i got dat, Got cash, you could neva try rob dat, So move, the guy don't know u, Dat means you aint old skool, From one pound-piece to notes, boo, K-A i'm old skool, Look, im vocal, but a lot of blokes chat a lot of bres, But the niggas, emotional, I'm old skool, Like opal fruits, Gob-stoppers or new- born babies, I'm a vet but they know they're cool, They spittin through they headphones, I go back like flava FM, Tells stories by paper, Way before asia, Imitates were AB and M, Sound stars, turntabling top ten, And i was housin G like closer than closer, Till i found the MIC, And the vocals i wrote, I'm so cool wit my old skoole shit, Addidas show shoes and my Stan smiths, I'm the man with a PH, 337, From cassettes to my CD seller, Rude boi, now watch dat, When it came to the scene, i locked dat, Coz when it come to the green, i stomp that, Gos cash, you can never ty rob that, So move nigga, i don't know you, Dat means you aint old skool, From one pound pieces to notes, boo, K-A, so old skool, Beggas hate old skool life, and me? Niggas know why my boss on da beat, Hardcore, neva go soft on the street, From "boys love girls" to "London Town", I told the world and knocked London down, Total reputations aint deservin, From MCs that put the work in, I had a few tunes before Youtube, And i was a known face, before channel U, PP, reps to EQ, And my prada straps, so fuck to these suits, Nigga danger-bound, but i'm no pimp fool, And my intro do i play? N O Look, Look, dats one of my old skool lyrics, And i was an eskimo, Reloadin it, Now my disk gone clear, And year i could win that battle on da stairs,

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