

Live from the New York underground but I'm now London-bound  
I come to town to light up the mic once the flight touches down  
But it's not just me it's Us3 so it must be funky trust me  
Fingers still dusty from digging in the crates for jazz breaks  
Master tapes or acetates  
Low fi so I use a high sample rate to compensate  
Pure bass not from concentrate  
Now you wanna taste so you salivate  
Just grab a plate and dig in  
We're dishing food for thought from the soul kitchen  
No chicken but the drumsticks are hitting the spot  
Gotcha licking your chops  
Don't bite cos it's sizzling hot  
See we're mixing a pot of gumbo  
Funk, soul, with some hip hop and a little drop of jazz on top  
Just add some rock some be-bop ah scooby doo  
Guess what Europe, we love you too  
And it's just for you  
Come on every 1  
Who you're listening 2  
Us3 the crew  
Playing just 4 you  
Way down in the concrete jungle of Harlem  
There was a young man on the road to stardom  
He had many raps and it wasn't a problem  
To rock shows in winter, spring, summer and autumn  
Now I don't like dissing people like most do  
I'd rather speak freely on the struggles we go through  
So listen up close if you see me approach you  
And just pay attention cos you know you're supposed to  
Too many people in this world are jobless  
Or work long hours even though they're impoverished  
I'm not preaching I'm just trying to be honest  
Cos it's not for me to treat people like objects  
Forget opinions let's get to the facts  
I'm trying to end world poverty like Jeffrey Sachs  
So don't try to tell me to relax  
When we base our education on a property tax  
Come on every 1  
Who you're listening 2  
Us3 the crew  
Playing just 4 you  
Now keep in mind you'll find this time it's a live band  
No hype man all I need on stage is a mic stand  
And Wiseguy by my side, but now it's Akil  
And DJ First Rate on the wheels of steel  
Cutting scratching but Gaston's what's happening  
Just rapping for you cos you're the main attraction  
Time for me to punch in like Action Jackson  
Crafting raps with a passion like I'm Gaston  
But it's Akil D and I know that you feel me  
The real G's chill on my block on 115th street

I rock beats for the people that cops beat  
I'm on a hot streak and competitors got beef