

## **Sway & Tech f/ RZA**

### **"Intro"**

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Ayyo, I think it's time we give them a sign  
Take it back to seventy-nine when hip-hop would shine  
Of a good times and the hood felt fine  
I mean, we came from pro kegs, to Bally's to  
afrocentric dreads  
From nappy heads, to now we being prawled by the  
feds  
From low-top fades, to baldheads to braids  
To doo rags with tilted hats  
And cats carrying razor blades inside their mouth  
Before we was gettin crunk and going dirty dirty south  
Know what I'm sayin, It was all about what a nigga  
would spit from his mouth  
How much weight to a hole  
Back when the Cold Crush Brothers was fresh, fly, wild  
and bold  
Kool Moe Dee versus Busy Bee, Force MC's and the  
Fantastic Freaks  
Mc Spoony G, on the wheels of steel Grandmaster D  
Or Flash and DST, sparking their wild style  
With that spinback that made the other cats go wild  
Let me tell you son, we goin back to porce tapes to four  
tracks  
when we always wanted more tracks  
From the SP-1200 with two point five seconds per  
sampling pack  
That was all we had but niggaz was glad  
They could loop the beat, so maybe they could scoop  
the street  
This is back when Marley Marl first dropped the  
"Symphony"  
The eighty-six MC era, when Rakim struck all y'all crap  
MC's with terror  
And Kool G Rap and Kane flipped track to argue who  
was better  
And yes, some would stress it was KRS from the Bronx  
And he proved that MC Shan from Queens was no conte  
Then we flash to the nineties, when shit got all grimey  
And everybody was claimin they was thug, gansta or  
crimey  
When WTC just appeared on the scene

This was the first time when everybody start to make  
some real cream  
And New York niggaz walked around with fronts in their  
teeth  
The next thing you know, east coast and west coast  
caught beef  
And noone knew how far it would go  
'Till we lost two great soldiers and now we cherish their  
souls  
Two heroes, hip-hop industry now resorted down to  
numbers of ones and zeroes  
From mono to stereo, from analog to digital  
Now hip-hop life support's stuck on critical  
Let's take it back before MTV and BET  
Before the commercials by KFC, ATT and Mickey D's  
Before all you gangstas and G's, pimps and hoes  
Let's take it back to the original flows  
Of an MC, his DJ, the mic and the show  
The crowd yelling Hoooo  
And off on the way we go  
Let's take it out of the matrix  
Ayyo Tech, yo Sway, let's get back to the basics

\*Heavy breathing\*

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