

## 2 Pac "Old School"

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Here we go; we gonna send this one out to the old school  
All these motherfuckers in the Bronx, and Brooklyn, and Staten Island  
Queens, and all the motherfuckers that laid it down, the foundation  
Yaknowhatl'msayin? Nuttin but love for the old school  
That's who we gonna do this one for, ya feel me?

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]  
[repeat 3X]

Nothin like the old school/ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

I remember Mr. Magic, FLASH, Grandmaster Caz  
LL raisin hell but, that didn't last  
Eric B. & Rakim was, the shit to me  
I flip to see a Doug E. Fresh show, with Ricky D  
And Red Alert was puttin in work, with Chuck Chill  
Had my homies on the hill gettin ill, when shit was real  
Went out to steal, remember Raw, with Daddy Kane  
When De La Soul was puttin Potholes in the game  
I can't explain how it was, Whodini  
Had me puffin on that buddha gettin buzzed, cause there I was  
Them block parties in the projects, and on my block  
You diggi don't stop, sippin on that Private Stock  
Through my speaker Queen Latifah, and MC Lyte  
Listen to Treach, KRS to get me through the night  
With T La Rock and Mantronix, to Stetsasonic  
Remember "Push It" was the bomb shit, nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Heheheh, it ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Yeaheheh, it ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Heheh... I had, Shell Toes, and BVD's  
A killer crease inside my Lee's when I hit the streets  
I'm playin skelly, ring to leavey, or catch a kiss  
Before the homies in my hood learned to smack a  
bitch, I remember  
Way back, the weak weed they had  
Too many seeds in the trey bag  
I'm on the train headin uptown, freestylin  
With some wild kids from Bucktown, profilin  
Cause the hoochies was starin, thinkin, "Why them  
niggaz swearin?"  
I'm wonderin if that's her hair, I remember  
Stickball, pump the hoochies on the wall  
Or takin leaks on the steps, stinkin up the hall  
Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile  
A young nigga tryin to stay away from Riker's Isle  
Me and my homies breakin nights, tryin to keep it true  
Out on the roof sippin 90 proof, ain't nuttin like the old  
school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Heheheyah, that's right, it ain't nuttin like the old  
school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Hahah... remember poppin and lockin to Kurtis Blow,  
the name belts  
And Scott LaRock the Super Hoe back in Latin Quarters  
When Slick Rick was spittin La-Di-Da-Di  
Gamin the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties,  
I remem-ber  
Breakdancin to Melle Mel  
Jekyll and Hyde, LL when he Rocks the Bells  
Forget the TV, about to hit the streets and do graffiti  
Be careful don't let the transit cops see me  
It ain't nuttin like the old school!

[Grand Puba sample repeats every bar to end]

It ain't nuttin like the old school  
Hahahah, it ain't nuttin like the old school  
Hey, heheaha, on the real though, ain't nuttin like the  
old school

...

Remember seein Brooklyn go crazy up in the  
motherfuckin party?  
Member how fuckers used to go, "Is Brooklyn in the  
house?"  
And motherfuckers would lose they GOD DAMN MIND  
That's the old school to me; that's what I'm sayin (Su-  
per, Sperm)  
I remember goin places that motherfuckers was scared  
to say  
They was from anywhere but Brooklyn; that shit was the

bomb  
Back in the motherfuckin old school nigga  
Remember skelly nigga? Knockin niggaz out the box,  
poppin boxes?  
Member stickball? Member niggaz to run that shit like  
that?  
Member the block members screamin up at your mom  
from the window?  
(LL Cool J is hard as HELL...)  
The ice cream truck, member all the mother...  
Member the italian icey's yo?  
Yo remember the italian icey's the spanish niggaz  
comin down  
With the coconut icey's and shit?

I came through the door, said it before  
That was the SHIT!

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