

2Pac "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
Ya know what I'm sayin'? 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
What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way

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I remember Mr. Magic Flash, Grandmaster Caz
LL raisin', hell but, that didn't last
Eric B. and 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
(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
(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
(Yeah, 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
(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
(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

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 troy 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
(Ain't 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
(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

(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
(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
(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

Remember poppin' and lockin' to Kurtis Blow the name
belts
And Scott La Rock 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 remember 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

What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way
(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
(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
(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

What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way

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 goddamn mind
That's the old school to me, that's what I'm sayin'

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
Remembers screamin' up at your mom from the
window?

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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