

## 3rd Bass "Product of the Environment"

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Alright coming up now another request (this one)  
This time from the boys down at Anna's Pizza Paradise  
A new arrangement of a great oldie in rhythm and  
blues

Verse One: Pete Nice (Prime Minister)

In the heart of the city you was born and bred  
You grew up smart or you wound up dead  
Things moved fast, but you knew the scoop  
And your savior was a rhyme and a beat and a rap  
group  
A modern day production of the city street  
You said I didn't have it that I couldn't compete  
So the sleeper did sleep but the sleeper shoulda woke  
up  
Now you're in my sight, the buddha sess you smoke up  
That's the element you carry your rhymes on  
That style of rhyme won't let you live long  
Cause a strong song to you is what I sent  
Cause I'm a product, of the environment

Chorus:

There it is, black and white (2X)

Verse Two: MC Serch

On the streets of far Rockaway Queens  
Seagram Boulevard, B-17  
Redfern houses where no MC would ever go  
Is where I did my very first show  
Had the crowd had the rhymes going, I never fess  
(His reward, was almost a bullet in his chest)  
And on that stage, is where I first learned  
Stick out my chest to be a kid and get burned  
You're so foolish, but I think you knew this  
That on the the microphone punk I can do this  
And doing this, is what life meant  
Cause I'm a product, of the environment

Chorus

Verse Three: MC Serch, Pete Nice

Back in the days when kids were mack daddies  
Striped Lee jeans, playboys and Caddies  
Long Beach, the M.O.K. center  
He almost caught a bad one when he tried to enter  
our way  
Bang!  
Bum rush the back door  
Then scatter, onto the dance floor  
Me and my boys, skeezin the cuties  
Never had static, cuz everybody knew me  
Local DJ's, tearin up the wax  
And out the corner, some kid gets taxed  
After the party, crack open a forty  
Vicked it from the store yo the man never caught me  
Went up to the arcade, cranked the bass  
And then the five-oh chased us from the place  
Hop on the railroad, play the conductor  
Everywhere I went, I always tucked a  
marker in my jacket to tag where I went

Cause we were just products, of the environment

Chorus

Verse Four: MC Serch, Pete Nice

I wanna tell you something that gets me kind of mad  
...it's about my dear old dad  
He's tired, and worn, and works a nine to five  
Clockin thirty G's a year to survive  
But I know kids who in a month or so  
Make that money sellin ya-yo  
Pushin a drug, I can't understand  
Destroyin a life with a buck in the hand  
Play rotten slum chain, local street hero  
But if you ask Serch, you're just a bunch of zeroes  
Too bad cause when you're older, you won't have a  
cent  
Cause you're a product, of the environment

Chorus

Verse Five: Pete Nice

You hear it in the strength of my voice and in my  
rhythm  
Now you know, how I was livin  
It happened to me, like it happened to Serch

Prime Minister Pete Nice'll kick the verse  
in Bed-Stuy with my boy, Kiwai Height  
The K to A Kingston, Wednesday night  
To the Empire, show slammin  
Open for Dana, crew flammin  
Mouth open wide, or listening  
Dumb dope with a forty in my system  
Unprotected but respected for my own self  
Cause of talent, no shade, or nothin else  
A time of tension, racially fenced in  
I came off (and all the brothers blessed him)  
I left more than a mark, I left a dent  
Cause I'm a product, of the environment

Outro: K.M.D. and Serch

Aiyyo Serch, skin is just a color of the mind and the  
soul  
And a brother ain't a brother if his heart is cold,  
youknwhatl'msayin fellas?  
Word  
And I think we need a positive Kause in a Much  
Damaged society  
Word up man nubians killin nubians, brothers just don't  
understand  
Word maybe it's some of that crime that's stoppin the  
growin  
the drug pollution and all needs to calm down  
Word man, cause that's what we need, we need Griff  
Productions  
We need a K.M.D. man to uplift the race and bring  
Kause in the beginning  
And a Posse called Get Yours  
There it is, to all y'all bigots who want us to bend  
We're just products of the environment, peace!!  
Hopefully...  
(There it is, black and white)

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