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Abidin Zainal "Whayback"

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[El Da Sensai]

I calculate that eighty-five was the year
I first grabbed the pen, daydreamin of the cheers
Ahead from rockin shows, no Girbauds that sag
The windbreaker suits and backspins that was mad
I stress progress roll joints at my rest
til the ill wee hours, and I knew it was the best
I hit mad spots, many crews got dropped
While I was gettin props niggaz was dealin on the block
Stayin in crib on the weekends was Marley Marl
was freakin the cuts Mr. Magic was speakin
That's how I got my first taste, makin tapes
til the rhyme skill was great and my style would
escalate
Practice made my perfect tactics

Practice made my perfect tactics

Now my dap gets clap, cause I'm the rap snap fanatic

But now in nine-trey I got the T-Ray track

And my trunks, my roots are growin styles from

whayback

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[Tame One]

I flash back to fat Kangol hats, with plastic Back when steppin on kicks in eighty-six got your ass kicked

Bombers and sheepskins, were common when I first started rhymin

Still I found time to go bombin

Me and my pals rocked Cazals with no glass

Dark flavored Clarks, Lee Denims off the ass

Back when Mr. Magic had it goin all the way on

the beat with BDP, added flavor like a crayon

Indeed MC's would represent with the skills

But now in ninety-three a lot of them can get the dillz

It seems like a little sumthin missin in the mix

But now I got a deal, so it's up to me to fix

When niggaz put me up on, with funky raps to cut on

Word is BOND, if I hear another wack rap song

I might snap and it's an actual fact

that I'ma kick it like that, cause this is strictly bout the

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[El Da Sensai]

Aww man damn, whayback, things was kinda fat Had the Godfather knot, a Starter hat, things are kinda wack

now, packed up, my cardboard and stepped away I didn't have a choice, the culture was slayed B.D. had died, and things were dissapearin The West coast was here and all these wack beats appearin

DJ's were breakin down record store doors to get the Biz Dance and the Chante Moore's Peace to Buck Four, Rocksteady on the floor New York and Dynamic crews plus many more Remember the time when you didn't pack a nine Niggaz just came to hear some, funky ass rhymes But all of that's over, cause brothers wanna act up No clubs to go to, they'll just pack rap up That's how the media wants it to stop So peep the verse and last showin of Graffiti Rock So check it, the brothers wanna wreck it To get what's expected, cause hip-hop, should be respect

Gotta get it back, to get it on track Artifacts kickin styles illy on the whayback

[Tame One]

Like back when my Timberlands were only size sixes I used to take pictures shootin spitballs at bitches Cross New Jersey Transit just to see a rapper kick it But now I ain't with it, cause niggaz just ain't worth the ticket

Shit man, I remember jams that were slammin Gettin me and my man in, was harder than backgammon

DJ's would scratch back to back from boom baps And rappers with real raps, could drop shit real fat But now kid, as I recollect, rappers out who caught wreck

respected, just got stuck up in my tape deck
Real deal hip-hop, when Biz used to flip-flop
His fat ass, on stage'd do a dance, in busted Reeboks
Niggaz musta forgot, when real rhymes was hot
Cause now if you ain't gold, you ain't got no props
But fuck that, I'm above that, I don't play that
The Artifacts staff drops math about the whayback

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"It's a demo.." "Back in back in the days"
"You gots to chill.." "Back in back in the days"
"South Bronx" "The Bri to The Bridge"
'South Bronx" "Back in back in the days"
"Jimbrowski..
that's what it is" "Back in back in the days"
"Like that y'all, it's like that y'all
It's like thatta that, it's like that y'all" (4X)

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