

Dj Honda

"Old School New School (Feat. Black Attack)"

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F/ Black Attack

[Black Attack]

One two

What the fuck going on?

Black Attack, AMV

'98 worldwide

Knamsayin, knamsayin?

You 'bout to take a ride through the town

Some wild shit son

Word up, hold on

Yo, let me clear my throat like DJ Clue

Set it off for my niggas who be actin fool

Blackattack 'em, have they techniques on hold

Shut 'em down at the end where there's pots of gold

Let me dilly, dally, hit this alley

Puff an L with sally or this chronic from Cali

Wilin, comin straight from Rosevelt Island

That's how it is, dog nobodies smilin

Always on some cool out, neva get upset

Flow all over the track get my dough to step

They call me Blackattack I rep the AMV

And one thing I hate is a weak emcee

I gets it, going off, cuz I'm up next to flex

You bet I'm coming through, shit be rough like sex

Positive, and watch ya toes tap to this

And Blackattack make 'em clap to this

Chorus: [Black Attack]

Aiyyo, Old school, New school need to learn'o

I burn baby burn like disco inferno

Burn like disco inferno

I said I burn like disco inferno

Old school, New school need to learn'o

I burn baby burn like disco inferno

Burn like disco inferno

I said I burn like disco inferno

[Black Attack]

I be ya idol, the highest title, numero uno

Bigger nigga, break cats down like Frank Bruno
You know, new kid on the block rip tracks up
Check out my melody and the way I twist sacks up
I was fiend at the age of seventeen
Cash Rules Everything Around Me, CREAM
Wait a minute, ha, slowdown baby
I'm on a rampage for dough now baby
Sometimes I wonder what'choo lookin for
Can a I'll rapper make money any more?
If you tired cousin, go take a nap
If you rappin outta place then you will get smacked
Got thirty songs ready and I still want more
Kinda fallen ??? black four door
Always calm under pressure, don't need to act shook
Listen when I tell you boys...

Chorus (With Variations)

[Black Attack]

Now look, in this corner we have the raw buddha blazer
You bettin for ya style dog I raise ya
Double, confident, my shit on point
I got godfather trees while you rollin a joint
I know y'all wonderin, is black paid?
I'm broker than a motherfucka tryin to save
Cuz I ain't got cash, I can't flow neither
Kick ya best flow and I'll make you a believer
I live with rap, die with rap
Talk with rap, walk with rap, smoke with rap
Eat with rap, I do my thing and that's that
I don't think niggas fucking with the Blackattack
Smack the back of a neck of a wack emcee
I don't fuck with the crack, I smoke cranberry
Nigga please, all I'm tryin to do is get cheese
And own land in the sand in the West Indies

Chorus (With Variations)

[Black Attack]

To all the old school veter-ans
EMPD, Rakim, Redman, Special Ed
KRS-One, no doubt, what what
Old school, New School
Real deal nigga, word up

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