

Dj Maj "Uappeal"

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Ooh...we done did it now...let's go
DJ's, MC's, from the 615 to London streets
Turn it up hip hop

We still doing it legitimate
Still stick with it
Wackness still gets the brick hit in it
This is for my people three decades strong
From the streets of the Bronx, New York to Hong Kong
With this million dollar fad and look we're all laughing
We're attacking the masses with passion
We are the babes of the Kool Herc crates
Peace to Biz B, Sup C, JMJ
And all the veterans who never did Letterman
Who never saw the city from the top of a Sheraton
And all my heroes who never did Leno
Who never rock a demo in the back of a limo
But now it makes more sense because it's making
more cents
And I can eat fine because the streets said gimme
mine
(Maj) with manChild and uncle Ed in charge
I thank God for 93 Tribe Quest Maraud

DJ's, MC's, from the 615 to London streets
Turn it up hip hop
Universal appeal we don't (stop)
Ladies - DJ's, MC's
Represent for the mummies and all the poppies
Turn it up hip hop
Universal appeal you don't (stop)

Universal appeal had chuck searching for steal
At a hour of chaos that brother worked to reveal
Gotta personal feel for players serving them deals
Still murk and they steal with a blurred version of skill
I'm certainly ill in the first person until
Searching frequencies that burn and turn the virtual
reel
Wheel spinning style with a hundred miles and running
FBI files reads manChild is up to something
My punishment is time served when I'm locked in the

booth

And realize that the wealthy never buy stock in the truth
Discipline there mini-men and they rock for the youth
Cause the veterans that raised me gave a positive view
(Mars III) top of the pile still I lies on the bottom
But without your (Africa) Bambaataas the whole column
is falling
It's bigger than right now so put up or pipe down
If you're liking the sound then you're running with
the right crowd

DJ's, MC's, from the ATL to overseas
Turn it up hip hop
Universal appeal you don't (stop)
Ladies - DJ's, MC's
From east coast saggy to west coast crease
Turn it up hip hop
Universal appeal you don't (stop)

(Solo section)

DJ Maj, DJ Kutt, Paul Point
My raps stay rooted by the corners and curves like a
ghetto rose
Y'all need better flows get a pose
Heaven knows you need a whole new gimmick
Cause now a days dudes throwing old school in it
Flow for two minutes blow a few digits
They even got a little image but it ain't the same
It's like I almost hate the game but I live it
Y'all only came to visit I stayed with it
I got kids in Cleve and believe
And in Oakland they open and hoping and hoboking
And they all knowing where I'm from
And I ain't gotta flash my gun and act dumb
Y'all like scene three act one
While y'all act I executive produce
To tell you the truth I had a feeling in my gold tooth
You're only real when you go in the booth (Special ED
y'all)

DJ's, MC's, from the 718 them Brooklyn streets
Turn it up hip hop
Universal appeal you don't (stop)
(Everybody) DJ's, MC's
Took it from nothing to something so respect these
Turn it up hip hop
Universal appeal you don't (stop)

