

Goodshirt

"On the Air"

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Yes {*echoes*} skills {*echoes*}
To all MC's.. with skills {*echoes*}
Yes {*echoes*}
For all MC's.. you're on the air
Yes {*echoes*} with skills, to all MC's
Yes {*echoes*} you're on the air {*echoes*}
To all, MC's.. you're on the air {*echoes*}

[Verse One: Yusef Afloat]

Now sit back, relax, put on your head gear
You're waiting, waiting and waiting but stop debating
And release the highs, just let them fly
While I say whassup to grandma, in the sky
Let the bass consume the place
I'm chillin in the studio, listenin to Ace
About platinum hits, and how high to climb
And how many MC's really can't rhyme
But I get a dime for the wax I press
It's all a mindstate that leads to stress
Them evil spirits, but I can't hear it
Like my girl Giant told me said you got to clear it
So I release and find my peace
Through a beat or some shit, and dream about hits
I gotta keep my thing on straight
Get my head together and wait 'til I get my share
At least I'm on the air

You're on the air {*echoes*}
Yes {*echoes*} you're on the air {*echoes*}
Yes {*echoes*} you're on the air {*echoes*}

Yes {*echoes*}

Skills, what I'm saying is like, it stems from
(To all MC's) From MC's basically, from beginnin to end
(To all MC's) And straight out your mental side
(To all MC's) Straight through, everything pieces
together, knahmsayin?
Put the mental thing together, everything equals out
Keep your head above water

[Verse Two: Nouka]

I got a cut for your crates, beats and rhymes
On black plates to pass around
With my nine to five, plus studio time
I got a radio slot tryin to get hot
Soonbe was the one that said that there was a flaw
When MC's blow up, and they get large
And forget, basin they styles on a hit
So I try to step around this twist
With acts like Green and my man Superb
Where rhymin is first and the fame is third
So I walk around town with the full cassette
Thinkin all the times of new ways to stay fresh
This is what I do daily
You might see the show and request me
Do an interview and speak about the West
And some whack MC, might try to test
Like 'Sef I got stress and sometimes I may
Smoke me a blunt with my man Kwame

Yes {*echoes*} you're on the air {*echoes*}

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