

Mc Serch "Scenes From The Mind"

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Once upon a time ago, long before commercialized
Beats became synthesized and little girls were
mezzmerized
There was one mic and one light in a hip-hop shack
And you moved the masses or they moved you out the
back
Slack with the skills and you'll never pay the bills
Buying up the brands with the octagonal frills
But when a brother flexed, we called him the Flexor
Beats were the melody, lyrics were the texture
Rhymes were webbed and the Serch light got stuck in
So follow for the record or keep keep on truckin'
Maybe you need the method of finding what the vibe is
Recollect the whole nine just like the Prince of Tides did
Playing what's funny with Muhammed, Tip, and Phife
It's keeping it alive, not a dive from the live
But the dead so selector rewind
To the scenes that are imprinted in my mind

Recollect, the recollections, recollect
The recollections, recollect
The recollections, recollect
The scenes from the mind

Swing with the groove that got you swinging from the
rafters
808 state for the kids to the gafflers
Make an impact the community can check for
And if you're on the legend tip, nuff respect for
Coming back to the crew and not to every but T-shirt
Every lunchbox, wack record, don't give a damn
Fan club, yabba dabba doo dud
You can make the fattest record yo, and still be crud
Brothers want to keep you in the heart where the home
is
Where the dome is and definitely where the
microphone is
Serch knows the one light is bright and don't stench
and
Don't bend, so friend, I'll send the flowers to
The funeral home of the hip-hop devoured by the
Mass appeal, you get the seal of removal

Not approval, cause only Woodsy Owl gives a hoot
So nice casket nice suit
Loot can be got for the long haul by the six recs
Down the road and you can still hit the long ball
Out of there, over there to the spectators in aisle nine
Who ain't heard Quest when they told them "Check the
Rhyme"
I ain't eating no green eggs and swine
I ain't eating no green eggs and swine
I ain't eating no green eggs and swine
As I recollect the scenes from my mind, flute time

Recollect, the recollections, recollect
The recollections, recollect
The recollections, recollect
The scenes from the mind(Repeat 2x)

Back to the mic to the stand to the light
>From the globe to the lobe to the inner ear so all night
Different tracks can be heard in different arenas
For the clubs, the heads, the rides, the Beemers
Somebody starts checking for the fact Serch is long
gone
So I rip clubs from LA to Stretch Armstrong
Along the tribal road we lose parts too easily
So I say peace to Eric and Beasly
Bobbito and the '97 street crew
Sec Lover, my brother Honolulu
Which and proper Tom is the call for the firm grips
Serch fixes his rhymes, shoots 'em on the sperm tip
Milky is the flow, I hope it stays protected
A&R gets respect for being more selective
Cause gone are the days of the deaf, dumb, and brain
dead
And I close the book on the scenes from the head

Recollect, the recollections, recollect
The recollections, recollect
The recollections, recollect
The scenes from the mind(Repeat 2x)

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