

C-Rayz Walz "'86"

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Hip-Hop...

'86, '86, '86

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Yo

[C-Rayz Walz]

Yo when C-notes and deep throats

I'm from the era of sheep coats, manilla envelopes and

Weed smoke

Block parties in 22

Graffiti artists like Tru, Two and Jewel, just to name

A few for you

Now or Later and son dudes, you hear son?

Fair ones, before niggaz learned gun fool

Yeah +Run+, D.M.C.'s were original

Now we got pretty thugs, and sore criminals

I remember hip-hop, not dominated by visual

Your rap was critical, or the crowd got rid of you

(Booo)

Now it's pseudo-pitiful, plus punks be 'fessin

Sellin records, talk about what they dressed in

I'm sayin that's a part of it (what) but not the start

Of it

The livest show, used to be in your apartment kid

Hip-Hop! Started out in the dark

Now it's mainly focused, to where the fly cars is

Parked

But it's still in my, still in my heart

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[C-Rayz Walz]

Busy Bee told y'all, now I'ma Kurtis Blow y'all out the

Art

So fresh you jet from perfected darts

Mic projection sharp, your heart pump Kool-Aid

You whack, what? Bring the noise! I got crazy backup

Pow-Wow was my neighbor, Rasheim had flavor

I was pumpin Sugarhill, on my sister's record player

When the Y opened, "The Message" was blatin
UTFO was next, then Inspector Gadget

Had to be near a bastard to see mean shots
Never was a killer, couldn't make it to my 13 box
5 cent refund, brung change for video games
Now I see the youth, the scenario changed
It used to be the truth, only rappers had big change
We argued who was nicer, Rakim, KRS or Kane
I'm havin +Nightmares+, I had to speak to Dana Dane
Told him I remember the days, and how they made me
Wanna say
Wanna say, wanna say

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[C-Rayz Walz]
I was body poppin, rockin shockin, plottin to splash in
Class
Girls said I looked like Lakim Shabazz
My homegirl Roxy was Manhattan's daughter
So slick she bought a bag of chips with a +Latin
Quarter+
Word to Big Bird herb, and the Izod gators
Let's take it +Back to the Future+, without the flux
Capacitators
No backsees, no penny taps for clones
On my tracks, I would die over spit, like Ramone
You WHACK and get no dap for your rap
Shot through the bottom of your feet, now that's my
Soul clap
So go gold or go plat', but don't go back
Unless you down by law, cause you might get slapped
and
Jacked
Smash your turntables with a hammer (one two)
Now, how's that for breakbeats, knowledge my
grammar
At the rally with my Ballys when it's time to show and
Prove
On some old school shit like make me, make me move

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