

Tupac

"Old School"

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Here we go; we gonna send this one out to the old school

All these motherfuckers in the Bronx, and Brooklyn, and Staten Island

Queens, and all the motherfuckers that laid it down, the foundation

Yaknowhatl'msayin? Nuttin but love for the old school That's who we gonna do this one for, ya feel me?

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]
[repeat 3X]

Nothin like the old school/ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

I remember Mr. Magic, FLASH, Grandmaster Caz
LL raisin hell but, that didn't last
Eric B. & Rakim was, the shit to me
I flip to see a Doug E. Fresh show, with Ricky D
And Red Alert was puttin in work, with Chuck Chill
Had my homies on the hill gettin ill, when shit was real
Went out to steal, remember Raw, with Daddy Kane
When De La Soul was puttin Potholes in the game
I can't explain how it was, Whodini
Had me puffin on that buddha gettin buzzed, cause there I was
Them block parties in the projects, and on my block
You diggi don't stop, sippin on that Private Stock
Through my speaker Queen Latifah, and MC Lyte
Listen to Treach, KRS to get me through the night
With T La Rock and Mantronix, to Stetsasonic
Remember "Push It" was the bomb shit, nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Heheheh, it ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Yeaheheh, it ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Heheh... I had, Shell Toes, and BVD's
A killer crease inside my Lee's when I hit the streets
I'm playin skelly, ring to leavey, or catch a kiss
Before the homies in my hood learned to smack a
bitch, I remember
Way back, the weak weed they had
Too many seeds in the Trey bag
I'm on the train headin uptown, freestylin
With some wild kids from Bucktown, profilin
Cause the hoochies was starin, thinkin, "Why them
niggaz swearin?"
I'm wonderin if that's her hair, I remember
Stickball, pump the hoochies on the wall
Or takin leaks on the steps, stinkin up the hall
Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile
A young nigga tryin to stay away from Riker's Isle
Me and my homies breakin nights, tryin to keep it true
Out on the roof sippin 90 proof, ain't nuttin like the old
school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Heheheyah, that's right, it ain't nuttin like the old
school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Ain't nuttin like the old school

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way" -- [Grand Puba]

Hahah... remember poppin and lockin to Kurtis Blow,
the name belts
And Scott LaRock the Super Hoe back in Latin Quarters
When Slick Rick was spittin La-Di-Da-Di
Gamin the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties,
I remem-ber
Breakdancin to Melle Mel
Jekyll and Hyde, LL when he Rocks the Bells
Forget the TV, about to hit the streets and do graffiti
Be careful don't let the transit cops see me
It ain't nuttin like the old school!

[Grand Puba sample repeats every bar to end]

It ain't nuttin like the old school
Hahahah, it ain't nuttin like the old school
Hey, heheaha, on the real though, ain't nuttin like the
old school

...

Remember seein Brooklyn go crazy up in the
motherfuckin party?
Member how fuckers used to go, "Is Brooklyn in the
house?"
And motherfuckers would lose they GOD DAMN MIND
That's the old school to me; that's what I'm sayin (Su-
per, Sperm)
I remember goin places that motherfuckers was scared
to say
They was from anywhere but Brooklyn; that shit was the

bomb
Back in the motherfuckin old school nigga
Remember skelly nigga? Knockin niggaz out the box,
poppin boxes?
Member stickball? Member niggaz to run that shit like
that?
Member the block members screamin up at your mom
from the window?
(LL Cool J is hard as HELL...)
The ice cream truck, member all the mother...
Member the italian icey's yo?
Yo remember the italian icey's the spanish niggaz
comin down
With the coconut icey's and shit?

I came through the door, said it before
That was the SHIT!

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