

Dred Scott

"To Da Old School"

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featuring Tragedy

[Tragedy]

Yeah this is gonna be fat.

Hold up ayo what happened to the track man?

[Dred Scott]

Ayo the drum machine is broke man.

[Tragedy]

The drum machine is broke?

Then how we going to...

yo I came down here to make this song

how we gonna make this song if the drum machine's broke?

[Dred Scott]

I know Trag. But I was thinking

maybe we can take it back to the old days

and I can do a little beat box.

Know what I'm sayin, the human beat box?

[Tragedy]

The beat box? You're not serious, kid.

[Dred Scott]

Check it out, though, here's what I was thinking,
listen to this. (Starts beatboxing)

[Tragedy]

That's kinda funky right there

Awww yeah, come on, yeah, yeah

Check him out, come on!

Live and direct in the place to be

It's the beat, we got my man Dred Scott

And the brother Tragedy, and this is how we do

I'm a get busy and drop my flow

For the year '94, trying to make the dough

Brothers try to act like they don't know

You'd better act like you know because I'm on the go

Rolling through your crowd like an army tank
I wanna get loose so I can put it in the bank
Yo Dred, keep em going, and I'll keep em flowing
Doing what I'm doing while my pockets keep growing
On to break, and we're hard to shake
Yo Dred, you're hitting harder than an earthquake
Tragedy, hitting harder than an earthquake
Cause I drop the lyrics, I drop the lyrics
I drop the lyrics with shake 'n' bake
I got he flavor, check him out, come on
Check him out, yeah that's fat

[Dred Scott]
Ha ha, see what I'm saying?

[Tragedy]
True, true, true

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