

69 Boyz F/ 95 South

"Take it There"

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Take it there

Take em there

[VERSE 1]

I used to live Uptown, 2-1-9th Street
White Plains, everything was concrete
On my block up on the hill
Barnes Ave., yo, everything was chill
Till night fall, that's when they come out
(The freaks y'all) Watch the kid with the gun out
Now many people tell me New York City is horrific
It is kinda... scary, but let's be realistic
This is the part that started this music
When other people out there in the world couldn't do it
Party people had to wait to see
The DJ's go forth and back
We used to rock off these breakbeats
Way before they called it rap
Matter of fact, now that I think back
Hip-hop was the start of somethin big
The way we took this art straight from the parks
To where you live

[CHORUS]

Now this story had to be told
About how we came in from the cold
Played my hand and refused to fold
We made somethin new out of what was old
And what we make no man can break
So I took my time cause it was mine to take
Now low and behold, I heard my tape just sold
1'000'001, son, now I'm draped in gold
I took it there

[VERSE 2]

Now years ago when I was 9
Pops said, "It's time to rise and shine"
He said, "New York City ain't the place to stay"
We packed the ride and left and headed for L.A.
Took us west straight through the country

See, California is the place to see
So daddy put us inside his Cadillac
We hit the West coast, I thought we'd never come back
Now I'm walking green grass, 3 years went past
Palm trees, ocean breeze, where the summers last
You see ah, that's the life that I lead
It taught me home is just a place where you lay your
head
Now get packed, we're makin tracks and stretch across
the map
And there's nothin in this world could ever hold us back
And I still hold my body in a b-boy stance
And rock on the mic to make the world wanna dance
It's fly for the clubs, hardcore for the thugs
When Ak is on the mic it's definitely all love

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

'82 was the year
We touched down in Chi-town, I see it all so clear
Motel hell, livin life so poor
Six of us in the studio, we slept on the floor
Vice Lords swingin swords, G.D.'s bust they gats
Latin Kings on the corner with the baseball bats
But life this way could only get you so far
When I hopped the train I rode on the last car
And all I did was puff cheeba, it took my thoughts
deeper
Dropped out of school, found a job so I could keep a
Roof over my head, shoes on my feet
Many nights I didn't eat, I learned to hustle in these
streets
They say it's all about money sellin crack to these
junkies
But now I got somethin that they can't take from me
I'ma push my tape just like it's cocaine
Let these rap fiends shoot me up in they vein
They play my jam out in the park
Gimme ghetto gold, keep your Billboard chart
When I walk through the [Name] I get love and respect
Keep one ear to the ground, greet my fam with a pound
Feels good comin out y'all, book my first world tour
LP's in the store, I spit it if you want it raw

(*scratching of*)

(You better recognize who you're talking to)
(Crushing the competition that I stomp from east to
west) --> Prince Poetry
(Who you're talking to)
(Crushing the competition that I stomp from east to

west)

(Let's get it on, ock) --> The RZA

(Crushing the competition that I stomp from east to
west)

(Now watch the spot get blown) --> The RZA

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