

Redman "Bridging The Gap"

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The light is there, yeah yeah
See I come from Mississippi
I was young and runnin' wild
Ended up in New York City, where I had my first child
I named the boy Nasir, all the boys call him Nas
I told him as a youngster, he'll be the greatest man
alive

Let's go, hey hey hey hey
Tribary of these rap skits, styles I mastered
Many brothers snatched it up and tried to match it
But I'm still number one, everyday real
Speak what I want, I don't care what y'all feel
'Cause I'm my own master
My Pop told me, "Be your own boss keep integrity at
every cost"
And his home was Natchez Mississippi
Did it like Miles and Dizzy, now we gettin' busy

Bridging The Gap from the blues, to jazz, to rap
The history of music on this track
Born in the game, discovered my father's music
Like Prince searchin' through boxes of Purple Rain
But my Minneapolis was The Bridge, home of the
Superkids
Some are well-known, some doin' bids
I mighta ended up on the wrong side of the tracks
If Pops wouldn't've pulled me back an said yo

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alive
Greatest man alive, gre-gre-gre-gre-greatest man
alive

The blues came from gospel, gospel from blues
Slaves are harmonizin' them ah's and ooh's
Old school, new school, know school rules
All these years I been voicin' my blues

I'm a artist from the start, hip-hop guided my heart
Graffiti on the wall, coulda ended in Spoffard, juvenile
delinquent
But Pops gave me the right type'a tools to think with

Books to read, like X and stuff
'Cause the schools said the kids had dyslexia
In art class I was a compulsive sketcher of
Teachers in my homeroom, I drew pix to mess them up
'Cause none'a them would like my style
Read more books than the curriculum profile
Said, "Mr. Jones please come get your child
'Cause he's writin' mad poems and his verses are wild"

I was born in Mississippi
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Moved to New York City, where I had my first child
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I told him as a youngster, he'll be the greatest man
alive
Greatest man, the great-greatest man alive

Hey hey hey, my Poppa was not a Rollin' Stone
He been around the world blowin' his horn, still he
came home
Then he got grown, changed his name to Olu
Come on, tell 'em 'bout all the places you gone to

I been to Saudi Arabia, Mozambique
Madagascar, Paris, Greece
The Middle Africa is where we lived
Better known as Queenbridge

Nas, Nas you don't stop
Olu Dara in the house, you don't stop
Muddy Waters' Howling Wolf you don't stop
From the Blues to Street Hop you don't stop
Tell 'em Pop

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Rest in peace Ray Charles

