

Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill

"Wonce Again Long Island"

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[Pos Plug Wonder Why]

(What the hell do you wanna be when you grow up?)
I wanna be a supa emcee
(Well you're already that) so let me step up to bat
Attack a hit to go beyond this age of rap counterfeits

Out of the heavens August one-seven, sixty-nine
Born I, wonder why with the thoughts to rhyme
Til there was no longer thoughts to dream
When an unpolished demo led to limos at the age of
eighteen
Accompanied by the screams, Plug One
Shot up with fame like novacaine it made me numb
So numb I wouldn't been able to feel
Niggaz diggin in my pockets for my currency reels
But still, I make girls brown eyes blue at will (until)
my ass was no longer mass appeal
Oh shit, I guess that was all the fame I was allotted
Wait a minite, new video, like a leopard I'm spotted
in a night club chillin with Kamaal and Phife
I be that farmer cultivating owning acres of mics
And I likes to make it known Strong Island stylin
for a while, so do that dance

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be
(Showin others they do not?) Yes I be
(Havin then towed from the lot?) Yes I be
That's my job as a supa emcee, I'm from Long Isle
Mobile, make it worth your while
If the jam needs motion I'm the one to dial
(Goin beyond ninety watts) Yes I be
(Well are you rockin it?) Yes, yes I be (rockin it!)

I can stress the makin of loot to feed the fam
While the voices impersonate the true who I am
Buzzin in my ear, oh you one of those wannabees
Always buzzin in my ear you down with supa emcees
Steppin to me with your pleas that you gots, butter
rhymes
Man the only thing butter bout you is your spine

mad yellow, you can't rock the Mardi Gras, my mellow
Cause my stealth show more than knowledge of self
I got knowlegde of you, to know you a wack em-crew
(You mean wack emcee) Nah, a wack em-crew, see you
a crew of wack niggaz
You should have never tried to test
These words that I Man, with the eye/I to Fest
While you sayin one thing really meaning the next
You're just a contra-DICK, your mind's been tampered
WITH
Like some holy boooks, but looks to the sky
Cause Wonder Why's here to save the day

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be
(showin others they do not?) Yes I be
(Havin then towed from the lot) Yes I be
Cause ultimately, I'm lettin all MC's know that
what's the name of this crew? (De La, De La)
Well alright, and what be the dish we servin?
(We servin pos-da!) Posdanos help the next get loose

Like an alcohol scenario rap be on the rocks
Authenticity that missin fee to pay to join the flock of
MC
These niggaz stand lower than knees
Dramatized in they eyes as the ones to please
When rap kids apply violent pressure to father, brother
and son
for fun to say they inflict pain
R&B niggaz lie to mother, sister, and daughter
to have sex disguised as lovin in the rain
Their words are more hallow than October 31st
what's worse, hate to see the females
switch to sexual mentality, it doesn't match with they
given anatomy
Man they rather be hoes like that male emcee
Who walk around like they got nuts
And use the tits and ass like a crutch
Man the underground's about not bein exposed
So you better take you naked ass and put on some
clothes

man this be goin out to the kids from East Smash (Long
Island)
Amityville (Long Island)
To all my people out in Wyandanch, Bayshore (Long
Island)
C.I.'s in the place (Long Island)
Brentwood, Hempstead, all my (Long Island)
brothers out in Roosevelt, Freeport (Long Island)
Uniondale to Long Beach (Long Island)

To them girls out in Huntington (Long Island)
Long Island for real (Long Island)

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