

## Pumpkinhead

### "Authentic"

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[Pumpkinhead]

Ha ha ha, yo where my Brooklyn crew at?

(We right here)

Yo where my Toronto crew at?

(Sayin we right here son)

This is where Pumpkinhead takes it back to the basics

A twelve inch single, to get you out of The Matrix

Away from the sellouts, lookin like Andy & Amos

I'm not a super duper star, but I'm almost famous

But wait, have patience, my flow is so sacred

The rebirth of a culture they thought was outdated

Love it or hate it I made it and reshaped it

And molded and folded it over kicks and sub basics

(Damn! )

Some places refuse to just play it

Cause I'm not rhymin about guns drugs and court cases

Or I'm hated cause my pigment is too shaded

And I don't wear trucker hats, me whack, is a false Statement

My raw cadence came with a call waiting

So I can switch over styles while you stand in awe

Jaded

Your jaw's breakin while you walkin the hall pacin

Thinkin Pumpkinhead's authentic, and y'all all fakin

[Chorus - sung]

This is hip-hop music for your soul

Original don't twist it or confuse it no no no

Authentic circa 1992 shit feel the glow

Of Pumpkinhead and Marco Polo's new hit oh oh oh

{\*scratched - female moaning "OHHH! \*}

[Pumpkinhead]

This is for all the DJ's from the East to the West

Authentic hip-hop music, this is as good as it gets

Marco laid down the tracks and I react with a flow

Just like I did for Sway & Tech on the Wake Up Show

Ohh, hold up you about to go nuts

When you hear Revolution wax and scratch this tone up  
Authentic, no Screw version or remix  
But Eclipse'll deep six and flea fick even if the beat  
Skips  
I'm your new neighbor, best friend to a crossfader

Beyond you by light years, so they play me on Future  
Flavors  
Marley Marl, Primo and Pete Rock  
And Evil Dee'll bless this heat rock until the beat  
Stops  
Beat Junkies flip the tune and Skratch Piklz  
Will bump this all night that's right, it's that simple  
Can't forget B-Mello, Seattle is on lock  
DJ Links in Canada got this record 'pon cock  
Non-stop, 'til 3001  
Can't forget Turntable Annihilists and DP-One

We got that vibe and sound to bring chills to your  
Bones  
Takin you back to the knapsack and headphones  
P.H. and M.P. straight keepin it live  
Authentic hip-hop, for 2005

Okay, you got the gist of what I'm tryin to do  
Is bring it back to the year of 1992  
My lyrics inhabit a spirit and image you all miss  
So I, give it and spit it and rip it, awww shit  
I'm what you call a purist so my fitted and kicks  
Flippin the script in the whip I want xzibit to pimp  
I'm an old man, I don't need diamond chains to make  
me  
Samuel Jackson's opposite, it's impossible to break me  
Since "Dynamic," my name's been well known  
Your career's Mr. Glass and could shatter like frail  
Bones  
Aww hell no! You know I'm up in the mix  
Reppin hip-hop like a race and I'm runnin the shit  
Marathon in Babylon whether you Bloody or Crip  
They're gonna scream out my name like, "You son of a  
Bitch!"

[Chorus]

{\*scratched - female moaning "OHHH! \*}

[Pumpkinhead]

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{\*scratched - "aww yeah!"\*}

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