

## Cale Sampson

### "1994 to 96"

Visit "[1994 to 96](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro] Yo, I remember when I just a little kid Growing up, listening to hip hop Back in like 94, 1995, 96 These were the tunes that influenced me And that I was feeling [Cale Sampson] Let me take a trip down memory lane To 1994 when Tical brang the pain When all I needed was Common Sense And One More Chance, to Represent, Represent 'Cuz whose world was this, the world was mine The most beautifullest things in this world, to me were rhymes Intertwined over Premier beats That had Mass Appeal, teaching the Code of the Streets Questions remained, Black Moon asked this "How many mc's must get dissed!" Before they get it together and communicate ill Sure shot smiff-n-wessun, stray bullets that kill Confused, unorganized, just to let you know That was a metaphor for a freaky, freaky, freaky flow Like the one resurrected from I Used to Love Her A hip hop classic, matched by few others Do you want more, "I shall proceed!" To spark Mad-izm, on the mic casually 'Cuz that's how it was, and that's how it is In 1994 I was still a young kid Tip-toeing on the wrong side of the tracks Between a rock and a hard place, I found Artifacts They asked me to c'mon get down with the get down And give y'all a sample of how that year's hits sound So much Juicy, Flava in my ear From O.C. to Beatnuts an unbelievable year Although some Gravediggaz attempted suicide 9-5 showed the vibe wasn't yet Ready to Die Aceyalone had the earth's greatest show Still Wannabemc's act like they don't know It's Survival of the Fittest, man Rappers are in danger When the east is in the house, Oh My God, Danger Straight from Brooklyn, Brooklyn Zoo To the dirty south, come get some soul food Damn, we could go coast to coast With Alkaholiks, I'd like to propose a toast To the hip hip, the hop ya don't stop ( don't stop ) Das Efx brought the real hip hop ( hop ) Holdin' it down as The Pharcyde dropped Labcabin-california, Genius shadowboxed In a cold world, up against the wall I tried to be Livin' Proof, on how to not fall The pain I felt, I used to drink it away Then I recognized I can't keep Runnin' away 'Cuz music made me high, "How High!" So high that I could see

what my soul looked like From funky doobies that  
would make me trip The next thing I knew it was 1996  
\*\* Once again, my life was all about beats and rhymes  
Innovative albums symbolized changing times DJ  
Shadow and The Automator Played Instrumental roles  
in providing new flavor Bare witness, to Dr. Octagon  
Kept it real raw, "Blue Flowers was the song!" Along  
their quest Tribe felt Stressed Out And Akinyele told  
the ladies to "Put it in your mouth!" Ready or not, here I  
come Whooo-Hah, respect to all the true honey buns  
Not playin' themself, only out for the papes With no De  
La Soul, but y'all know the stakes I'm the C to the A the  
L to the E And can't no other MC cook these delicacies  
Just me and you, your momma and your cousin too A  
bunch of Outkasts, man it must be in The Roots R  
double O-T-S, check the flow Pushed up ya lighters,  
when they came for a show In your area, throughout  
your Section For three years, wait 'til they hear about  
the next ones Whateva Man, this is only the beginning  
Moving at the speed of life, my foundation I'm Xzibiting  
'Cuz this is what I think, when I sit and reminisce Of my  
inspirations from 94 to 96

Visit [Cale Sampson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.