

eMC**"Winds of Change"**Visit "[Winds of Change](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Winds of change have blown What goes around is sadness] [Master Ace] I love rap music, I spit it from the heart I did it a lot of years, been in it from the start As time has gone by, to whom it may concern I paid close attention, let me tell you what I learned Today and tomorrow's a reflection of the past Life's like a cycle and nothing ever lasts And bein' that we human, we forced to play the game The more things change it seems the more they stay the same [Verse] From MJ to Usher, from Heav' D to Bonecrusher Hip hop culture, new school to old lovers Soul brothas, James Brown to Pete Rock Timbos, 5411 Reeboks Jordan to Bryant, try to triumph The winds of change all revolved around science From Walkmen to iPods, long as I'm breathin' Game changes like the Earth with the seasons [Wordsworth] From summer to fall, from winter to spring From gold ropes to platinum chains and rings Coleco and television, Atari to PS3 From Gameboy to a PSP Beta to DVD, tape to CD Plasma and LCD from black and white TV Every day life's destined to change forever But some things are never better than their predecessors Come on [The past, the present, the future] [Master Ace] From the fur Kangols that I wore as a kid To the headbands and fitted hats a few sizes too big From OshKosh, Jordache and Benetton To Rocawear, Phat Farm and Sean John From suede Pumas and goin' back with the Keds To Jordan 20s with the strap, black and red From sharkskin slacks and some mean gabardines To Akademik, ENYCE and G-Unit jeans [Verse] From Wild Style to Krush Groove and Tougher Than Leather To Turbo and Ozone, no one did it better From Breakin' an' Beat Streat, Ramo and Lee To Paid in Full and Eight Mile, Life in the D From Murphy to Richard Pryor, funny as hell To Martin and Chris Rock and Dave Chappelle Time flies and it feels so strange You've got to love to ride the winds of change [Wordsworth] Holdin' a picture frame wishin' that we didn't age Photo album cellophane, shocked as I flip the page Snapshots on stage and the tour van that we wrecked Videos and DVDs of us rehearsin' our set In my sixties: bald, grey beard, wrinkled skin Glasses,

gettin' thin, jaw line sinkin' in Thinkin' then were
different times, young, in my prime At fifty-five started
forgettin' lines, mumblin' rhymes Wrote books, scripts,
screenplays, stayed lyrical MP3's digital, vinyl is now
minimal It's critical, still freestylin' with my grandkid
The beats and the flows are new, but I understand his
Old school, not bitter, I don't have a grudge Not that
my era was better, just tell 'em how it was It's noon, the
car's here, headin to the studio The Garden sold out a
week straight for our reunion show [Master Ace] Today
and tomorrow's a reflection of the past Life's like a
cycle and nothing ever lasts But bein' that we human,
we forced to play the game The more things change it
seems the more they stay the same

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