

Icewater f/ Raekwon, Rhyme Recka

"Hip-Hop Tribute"

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[Chorus: sample]

I love you so.. never gonna let you go baby

I love you so.. never gonna let you go baby

[Intro: Polite (Stumik)]

Icewater.. (yeah dedication to my niggaz, I love y'all)

[Stumik]

I remember back when, a nigga first started rapping

Wu-Tang was the main attraction

Rae and Ghost was the illest team

Deck did his thing on C.R.E.A.M.

Meth made you wanna smoke weed

Dirt and Uey, spit with SWV

I used to rock Cuban Linx and go and double my
cheese

Duckin' the D's, RZA was the Prince Rakeem

So peace to the whole Clan and thanks for everything

[Cigar]

Yo, it's hip hop/rap, let's take it back, 1986

When MC Shan, Marley Marl, niggaz rocked the bridge

I watched video hot tracks on T.V.

Kool Moe Dee, Big Daddy Kane, down to Biz Markie

Remember UTFO and The Real Roxanne?

"Eric B. For President" was a classic jam

KRS repped the Bronx, Boogie Down, rap battles threw
down

From the roof top to Polo Grounds

I had the big boom box, thumping Scott LaRock

Hip hop was hot, had shorties doing the wop

And my niggaz used to break dance to Planet Rock

From doing the pop, spinning on the cardboard box

[Polite]

Aiyo, it seems it's all good, but the block is mean

It's like, hip hop, showed me how to rock my jeans

If it wasn't for this rap game, where would I be?

Gunned down, dead in the streets, or locked in the
beast

Yo, when Big died, that's the day the world cried

Peace to Pac and Pun, Aaliyah, we ride
Yo, I wanna take this rap game back to the beginning
Where Run-DMC and Jam Master Jay was spinning
Yo, it wasn't easy, niggas had a harder way
Doc The Roc, he spinning on Harbor's day
It's like, hip hop, showed me how to live my life
My name's Jason, but hip hop named me Lite

[Chorus]

[Raekwon]

Straight money, get a live lad, young seed, color me
bad
My wallabees red, the lobby, we would grab niggas
Selling mad smoke with caves on, brushin' my waves
My highway ninjas, fly the sensation
Black trenchers, e geoses, mad looses, come in the
booth
Doug E. Fresh and 'em, Rick and them suits
The raw lotto years, switch up the emblem, more color
bottles
Gold on a nigga neck, slidin' around cop Gallo
What? Playin' Union Square, chillin' with Ewings who
care
My first day, picture me scared
I been to high lite, and anarchy, can't rob me, all in the
train
The A, baby boy, blowin' on yard weed
R.C. Tone, K-Fin, J-Gosh
The nigga Rosh, Buddha Rob, Black Chavy and Marsh
Move on, I shout yesterday's dons, God love and
respect
I hope your dreams come true, word is bond

[P.C.]

When niggaz used to be in cyphers I was sittin in the
back
Never said nothin, I just used to listen to rap
Wu was still tryin to get on the map
I was a youngin', when I realized that I had a mission in
rap
So I grabbed my pen and my pad, gave it everything
that I had
I swear I used to sit in the lab
And write all night, niggaz used to make me hype
Freestylin in the mirror with a brush as my mic

[Rhyme Recka]

This is my music, it made me, taught me, raised me
Held me down, 24/7, when I need it from it it gave me
Put me on to the latest gear, put a durag on my hair

Throwback or baseball hat, Air Force One's, an Avirex
triple five vex' on my back
This is now but I still remember way back when
When we used to rock Puma's, Gazelles and back spin
Before 106 & Park, they used to throw jams in the park
Cheeba got sparked after dark, twisted in bamboo
paper
That was when that battle between KRS-One and MC
Shan was major
Kane was raw, what Rakim said on beat was never said
before
The streets was hot, on every ghetto on every block
And every radio you walked by was blastin off that real
hip hop {*echoes*}

[Chorus]

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