

Marc Live f/ KutMasta Kurt

"This is Street Music"

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[Marc Live]

Check it out now, uhh

Marc Live, KutMasta Kurt

Episode two, yeah, "Attack of the Grunge," c'mon

{*scratch: "Listen, to the situation my son"*}

Yeah, this is the story, listen up, get ready

{*scratch: "Listen, to the situation my son"*}

{*scratch: "I'm as serious as cancer, all fun done"*}

[Marc Live]

I started out in ninety-three, check it

When the game was the illest, you had to come with
crazy flow

Look, nobody had yo the doper dough

We didn't speak on it, we drugged the beat and gained
fiends from it

Redman, C.L. and Pete Rock

We threw the guns up, we tore the club up

Three 6, way before the South, look

And kids was freestylin, street corner battlin

One blunt had 10 heads street whylin

Palladium, Danceteria, {?}

No politics, before The Source was named yo the street
bible

Before the rap game was cliques and clothing

That's right - and Flex spun at Mars

And played in the littlest bars

Before Angie could rap - tell 'em

Huh, and chicks got smacked for talkin a lot

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

They call it rap right, nah this is street music

The street choose it, the hood need it, gutter love it

The public want it, the kids use it

I eat from it, listen I'ma speak on it

[Marc Live]

You see everybody's "King of New York" - that's right

And every year kids pass the title, every year kids are
soft like Michael

Uhh - label bought, never taught

It's sad to see, they don't think they life through
No advance, just a chain and a gassed brain
At your mom's house, thinkin you a big name
No assets, no house no whips
The game got him hoein, the kids is not knowin
It's not a fitted hat, shell-top Adidas and rap
It's the block party, boombox, spin on your back
It's the chain snatchin, drug dealers
The gun clappin, close your spot, what happened?

[Chorus] - 1/2

{*scratch: "Listen, to the situation my son"*}
{*scratch: "Sucker DJ's got somethin to say"*}
{*scratch: "Listen, to the situation my son"*}
{*scratch: "Rhymes are pathetic, they think they
copacetic"*}

[Marc Live]

Yo I remember when nice kids had deals, no talent
search
No Star Search, yo you had to be real ill
When it was about yo the beats and the sick flows
No boats and yachts, no dopes and drops
A promo budget was enough to
fill the streets and make the people love it
And one producer didn't control the game
And, cats made tracks and didn't care about the fame
And dance music was the hardest beats
And radio spun your wax, you didn't have to buy a week
And cats showed love for bein in the game
And not how many rastas stealin your chain
And when a hot joint meant somethin
Look, whether you signed or not, kids was still jumpin
And when you sampled a track, somebody else did
You was whack whether you sing or you steal raps

[Chorus]

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