

# Nas, MC Shan, Raheem , Doctor Ice & Kangol , Kool Moe Dee

## "Where Are They Now"

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[Sample of the late James Brown's "Get Up, Get Into it, Get involved"]

("GET INVOLVED!!!" GET INVOLVED!!!" GET INVOLVED!!!" GET INVOLVED!!!"- Bobby Byrd }

[Intro: Nas]

Hold up, hold up, hold up man, this is Nas, hip hop still dead  
1980's, I need all my pioneers to set it off on this one right here  
I asked where they are, here they are

[Verse 1: MC Shan] (Nas)

Hip Hop when niggas knew the art of war (Shan!!!)  
Rough rhymes that's what gave the hard the core  
Now it's all good best friends became gladiators  
Matter fact you blow more steam than hot gladiators  
Some niggas is ghost written but I ain't hatin (80's!!!)  
Cause I still spit fire like the Son of Satan  
Shan motherfucker and I'm Queensbridge bred  
Check Myspace (Queens!!!) Forever will they bare my face

[Verse 2: Raheem from The Furious Five] (Nas)

Who said lightnin can't strike in the same place twice  
Trailblaze the game, made for life stayed nice  
Yeah you made the Top 50, don't mention my name  
(Here they are!!!)  
I had you open before crack, cocaine grow-in  
Before The Fever, before +Missy's+ first  
+Misdemeanor+  
Before Run's, first pair of Adidas, got heaters  
And I pop pop, pop, pop, heaters  
Stop dealers, on my block was the first hot wheeler

[Verse 3: Doctor Ice from UTFO] (Nas)

You never knew (1980's y'all!!!) Somethin so butter  
could come from the gutter  
I'm, Doctor Ice the diamond the cutter  
Like, Jacob The Jeweler and Rick is The Ruler (UTFO!!!)

Boogie Down Kris is The Teacher but Doc run the schoolin  
Y'all got y'all, sneakers and beepers, your dutches and reefas  
We got our, eight tracks and sneakers, our hookers and reefers  
My work is, never in vain, born to insert  
So even when I'm buried, I'm still the diamond in the dirt, let's work

[Verse 4: Kangol from UTFO] (Nas) (\*Ladies Screaming Kangol's name)

(\*Go Kangol!!) Yeah what's up fam?  
My chick for twenty years tried to cut your man  
She tried to take the house, the kids, the pots and pans  
I'm on to project Plan B, nigga fuck Roxanne!!! (Get focused y'all!!!)  
Tried to take the pot I piss in, now the chick outta my system  
The whooped niggas need to listen listen listen listen  
Cock aim fire don't you miss 'em miss 'em miss 'em  
And every chance you get you diss 'em diss 'em diss 'em  
'em diss 'em

[Chorus: Nas]

HEY!! Where are, where they noooooow,  
huuuhhhhhoohhh HEY!)  
(\*Aww man, make me feel like I'm back in the days with my cassette player, tape in the radio y'all!!!\*)  
(Where are they now?)  
(\*Your man Nas, I asked y'all where they at? The pioneers I got love for them man that's why I'm doin this)  
(\*I got love for them man, so here they are two thousand and seven, yeah)  
(HEY! Hit me! Where are they noooooow?)

[Verse 5: Kool Moe Dee] (Nas)

Where am I? On high with a pen  
Blessed manifest rhyme god transcend (Pay attention y'all)  
You call him God's Son, I call him God sent  
First the God sent me, then the God Rakim  
How can Nas not win when the God sent him  
To resurrect true rhyme God kingdom  
You should say amen when you see me  
When you pray I'm him then you believe me

[Verse 6: Sha Rock from Funky Four +1] (Nas)

Yeah! Sha ready to rise, ready to blaze somethin  
Mother of the mic so I'm here to claim somethin

I got the munchies for the vultures that crushed the culture  
Yo Nas brought us back on this track so bring it back  
(They don't stop y'all!)  
From dusk to dawn equip the mic on my palm  
I bring the love so you can get it on  
Got the books on lock, mother of hip hop  
For realla, come under from some of you niggas

[Verse 7: Tito from Fearless Four] (Nas)  
You cats is foul frontin like you hard as a rock  
When these brothers were the buildin blocks, that  
made you turn up the box  
Doug E. Fresh and The Get Fresh Crew, To Markie D  
and Cool Rock (Know your history y'all!!!)  
Rest in peace to the Human Beat Box (Know your  
history!)  
Like when I first heard Jay, Darryl and Joe, saw a UTFO  
I knew right then and there I wanna blow  
There need to be a museum where everybody could  
see 'em  
Said everybody take some pedium, and get respect

[Verse 8: Grandmaster Caz from The Cold Crush  
Brothers]  
You got another thing comin if you think me and my  
man ain't sellin  
Got more gold than Mr. Drum and we sellin  
Through Welcome To The Terrordome, niggas are ever  
wrong  
That's why you get no ends, but just in case  
you got a death wish, for flare for the dramatics  
There's some static in the attic {?} hid it looking at it  
I'm a 'matic, nice to the fifth power son and I'm still at it  
I was about to flip power son 'til I saw a vision, Caz!!!

[Chorus: Nas]  
HEY!! Where are, where they nooooooow,  
huuuhhhhhooohhh HEY!)  
(\*Grandmaster Caz, y'all know what this is do y'all  
know what this means!!!\*)  
(\*The fact, that each brother got on this track, the fact,  
that each sister got on this track\*)  
(Where are they now?)  
(\*To rap, took time out of there schedule, when y'all  
ain't even got no love\*)  
(\*But they still givin y'all love, that's hip hop y'all\*)  
(HEY! Hit me! Where are they nooooooow?)  
(\*Give it up to the OG's the original gangstas of Rap,  
yeah\*)

[Verse 9: Linque AKA Isis from X-Clan]  
Nas you had to ask Linque, where you been?  
Rippin on the mics with the devilish grin  
Sort of like a tack cause I stay under they skin  
Cause when I open up my mouth I blow them chicks to  
the wind  
Don't get besides yourself like you Siamese twins  
("This is protected!" - Professor X)  
Still got the pen to make the ?message of sin? ("By the  
red, the black")  
You bring it back I do it over again ("and the green")  
Exposin those who pretend, stay on my grind 'til the  
end

[Verse 10: Dana Dane] (Nas)  
First there was a tree and a MC grew and became  
(Brooklyn!)  
Another rapper born in Queens, 9/6 the b-day  
Moms moved and born {?}, dad hit the freeway  
My young life was screenplay, better yet a cliché (I  
can't believe it!)  
To rap in the eight-tay, no lenses in the east-say?  
They say we were a fad but fad don't add reggae  
We played by the D-Day, everyday, Eve's day  
Capital D-A-N-E and hip hop, must be in it

[Verse 11: Pebblee Poo from Def Committee] (Nas)  
C'mon! Well I'm the ?wa-say-why? with the with the  
same crew  
First name Pebblee, last name Poo (Oh!)  
Gina Parks? says a {?} I'm a leader, theiver, greeter  
Last mark the game like Run and them Adidas (Do the  
history ya'll!!!)  
I'm a real estate investor but, I still blessed her  
Microphone teacher outta Alpha Four ?"Beavers?  
Hold on I get deeper, dope b-boy speaker  
Practice what I preach-a, DAMN I'm a keepr, huh

[Verse 12: Just Ice] (Nas)  
Just the mic and make 'em stand up [RAW!]  
Lyrics are legendary status so get ya hands up  
Clap to the freestyle (Just Ice!) dance, but in the  
meanwhile  
Cool calm collected, smooth that's how I get down  
Then at the stage, hold 'em up like a twelve gauge  
Page after page, all you see is a pure rage!  
So pass the gat, grab ?taps? for the beat  
Just Ice signing off [Whaaat?!] Yo I'm out y'all,  
PEACE!!!!

[Outro: Nas]

Yo that's incredible man play that again!!!

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