

â€ˆdown 155th in the MCM Snorkel

Shabazz Palaces

We was
Escaping the bleak, pursuing a feeling
Pressure pushed them towards the instinct of brilliance
Capture then scraping the breaks off to build songs
They was in the park between the buildings
And they dancing face like "ah-hah" and "mm-hmm"
Voice would echo, calling--slap off the buildings
Anticipating ceremony to begin
Food provided by the neighbourhood dealers
They phrase nothing-words like "biting" and "chilling"
"Biting" meant that you was stealing and illing
And so thusly you were def'ly not "chilling"
They wouldn't fuck with you just fuck with the real ones
We had sayings called like 52s and "fair ones"
Ya'll just got it all you ain't have to kill, huh
9's Calibers, for bullshit you air huh
And your music make us real niggas tear up Now my girlfriend name is And her door knockers was bamboos,
believe that
And our two-tone leans of course they was creased up
Seen a god--Dapper Dan, down, and trucked up
The type of MC you be back then is "sucka" Dons call 'em honey dips
Gold and grey money clips
Selling out was not the lick
Of anothers clique
Wasn't cool just cause you rich
Sit here, bang shots, [??]
Black and Puerto Rican stars
Twin rock the baddest furs [??] polo [??]
Maximas was kitted up
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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