In Tha Park

Ghostface Killah

1, 2, yeah
Yeah, niggas don't know about Fatback
With the different color records they had back in the days
You know what I mean, the belt driven turntables
With Technics joints with the slip mats
Put nickels on the needles
So the motherfucking record won't jump
The needle won't skip and shit
Getting juice from the fucking light poles
Shout out to the Bronx, nigga
Aiyyo, this shit go way back like a Uni marker
Kid bombing the D train and hit the Bronx up
Krylon bandits attack, Planet Rock, Bambaataa
Peace to Pylon discovering rap
And the DJ that made the first scratch
Paved the way for Flex, Mister Cee, 'nuff of them cats
See, this rap shit came at a time that was accurate
Twenty something years later, I mastered it
Seen light poles get used for power, I was a little nigga
Couldn't stay out late, I was sour
So I sat by the window, heard the DJ cut
Impeach the Pres, Apache and just begun
Otis Redding, swing, the music stopped
Guess the system blew out one of his amps
It'd take a little while, then it come back on
Somebody stepped on the wire and shit, that's all
Now everybody's back in the groove, echo chamber
"Check one two, one two", that's my favorite
Strobe lights is live, Pink Champale
Little pink joints being lit up on the side
Couple niggas had two fives
Other than that, cleared a circle in the park and shoot five
Girls wore they Lees and jellies
Jordache and Lees, TF Lords fit the fellies
[Incomprehensible] and Kangol buckets, BVD's
Go to Sergio's like, fuck it
Seen the stamp on that Crazy Eddie
Niggas coming back from the Funhouse
Dusted, throwing bubbles on the wall

We must remind you
Where this rap come from
Yes, my brother, my sister
It's our duty, we must remind you
Hip hop was set out in the park
Hip hop was set out in the park
Hip hop was set out in the park
We used to do it out in the dark
Yo, it all started at the 'After Midnight Philly' but walk with me
Mad niggas coming down from New York City
Prolly hit the skating rink USA
Banging Schoolly, "Gangster Boogie" and "PSK"
I remember shells, Gazelles, top tens and lottos
Mega design, reefer smoke, Coqui nine bottles
Entire wore velours, call the boys with the Lucci wore?
84's from Atlantic City Gucci store
Linoleum break dancing, Rust-Oleum cans
I put the writing on the wall signed, "Truly yours"
Philly smashed '87 Music Seminar
Out on the battlefield like Pat Benatar
Hit the borough with Krown Rulers out of Camden
People Patty Dukeing in the party, all cramped in
Around the time Flav started cold lamping
"Rebel Without a Pause" was the street anthem
Old Memorex cassette, tape collections
Bright spotlights on all the fights at the Spectrum
When the Fresh Fest come, leather bombers and sheepskins
Brothers would bust they guns to get one
MC Breeze, Disco C, Jazzy Jeff
Cash Money and Miz and Lady B
Everybody banging "Sucker MC's" in '83
I was South Philly like St. Charles and Crazy D
Them wild North Side Puerto Ricans would snuff you
Twenty deep in a Ford Escort, pumping the Tuff Crew
I used to follow my cousin, he was a buck too
Y'all don't like how I'm living, well, fuck you
I been a G since a little kid
Sticking my head up into somebody's dollar party, getting into shit
And late nights, shoulda been in bed
Instead, I was running 'round with them downtown lemon heads
A little man, hanging where them grown women is
Under thirteen, seeing real strong images
And that's the reason for my real rap penmanship
That's where I started it and that's where I'mma finish it
We must remind you

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