Cisco Kid

Hoctor

Way, way, way back days, the year, 1983
Had to get a job, had to make some mon-ne-ne
Picked up a pen and a pad, droppes reality
Never thinking that I would live to see the day I rocked my own CD
We used to do the dance we called wobie-wobie
Now S.T.P. 1993, so Hollywood get out my way
My mom's words seems like yesterday, "Love Jesus, don't forget to pray."
She most have gone with the boss D.J. Right?
Next thing you know, skinny coming with the 9 mm
'Cause he who has the money has the authority
And respect to the man with the ozi
The 808 kit is on my hit list
And this beat's cooking like a piped out bliss
It wasn't hard to do, it so easy
Because to me loops come naturaly
Mom's words seem like yesterday
And now in '94 we got an S.T.P
A half pack of smokes, and oh yes, aunt Bea
A fifteen pack of Old Millwalkee
A Dalmation and a girlfriend, but I ain't got no mon-ne-ne-ne
The 808 is within my reach
Sublime beats are comin' straight from Long Beach
If you think that hollywood didn't get what he deserved
Call 808 kid to get served

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