

# Cisco Kid

## Octoberman

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 naturally  
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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