

# Old School (Cookin Soul Remix)

## 2Pac

What more could I say, I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
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If the old school didn't pave the way I remember Mr. Magic, Flash, Grandmaster Caz  
LL raising hell but, that didn't last  
Eric B. & Rakim was, the shit to me  
I flip to see a Doug E. Fresh show, with Ricky D  
And Red Alert was puttin in work, with Chuck Chill  
Had my homies on the hill getting ill, when shit was real  
Went out to steal, remember Raw, with Daddy Kane  
When De La Soul was puttin Potholes in the game  
I can't explain how it was, Whodini  
Had me puffin on that buddha gettin buzzed, cause there I was  
Them block parties in the projects, and on my block  
You diggy don't stop, sippin on that Private Stock  
Through my speaker Queen Latifah, and MC Lyte  
Listen to Treach, KRS to get me through the night  
With T La Rock and Mantronix, to Stetsasonic  
Remember "Push It" was the bomb shit, nuttin like the old school What more could I say, I wouldn't be here  
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If the old school didn't pave the way I had, Shell Toes, and BVD's  
A killer crease inside my Lee's when I hit the streets  
I'm playing skelly, ring to leavey, or catch a kiss  
Before the homies in my hood learned to smack a bitch, I remember  
Way back, the weak weed they had

Too many seeds in the trey bag  
 I'm on the train headin uptown, freestyling  
 With some wild kids from Bucktown, profiling  
 Cause the hoochies was starin, thinking, "Why them niggas swearing?"  
 I'm wondering if that's her hair, I remember  
 Stickball, pump the hoochies on the wall  
 Or taking leaks on the steps, stinking up the hall  
 Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile  
 A young nigga tryin to stay away from Rikers Isle  
 Me and my homies breakin nights, tryin to keep it true  
 Out on the roof sipping 90 proof, ain't nuttin like the old school  
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 Remember popping and locking to Kurtis Blow, the name belts  
 And Scott LaRock the Super Ho back in Latin Quarters  
 When Slick Rick was spittin La-Di-Da-Di  
 Gaming the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties, I remember  
 Breakdancing to Melle Mel  
 Jekyll and Hyde, LL when he Rocks the Bells  
 Forget the TV, about to hit the streets and do graffiti  
 Be careful don't let the transit cops see me  
 It ain't nothing like the old school!  
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Songwriters

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